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been referred back for alteration, or the plainest hints have been given that they should not be written in that particular strain. Germany has had great advantages, not merely from the information she has received from her Consuls and other agents in all the Balkan States, and from the more intimate connection which exists between the two Services, but from the princely connections of some at least of the royal families.

In order to understand the present conditions in the Near East, it is well to remember the story of what has passed there during the last four or five years. The Balkan League was formed on March 13th, 1912. Its object was to settle the Macedonian question by introducing better government. It originally consisted only of Serbia and Bulgaria. During twenty years the condition of Macedonia occasioned anxiety in every European capital. The population were akin to their neighbours. The majority were Slavs, and those of Southern Macedonia almost all Bulgarians, but with the addition of an important Greek element. Many thousands of refugees fled into Bulgaria and Serbia. Meantime there was also a steady emigration going on to America. The disorder in Macedonia became intolerable, and honest attempts were made by the Powers to induce the Porte to introduce elementary reforms for the protection of life and property. These were steadily opposed by Abdul Hamid and his gang. Let it be said in justice to Hilmi Pasha, Ferid Pasha the Grand Vizier till 1908, and a few other enlightened Turks, that they were opposed to the Sultan's methods of mis-government of Macedonia. Hilmi Pasha, indeed, sent a series of reports pointing out the disastrous effects of the misrule, and suggesting drastic measures of reform. His proposals were those of a strong man who knew the country well. They would have been efficient, so far as one could see, if they had not been deliberately put aside by Abdul. The representatives of the Great Powers prepared various projects of reform, but though they were usually mere half measures they were steadily blocked. They represented, indeed, as we can now see, the division in European counsels. It was only after the advent of the Young Turk party in the Revolution of July, 1908, that even the Embassies learned how thorough had been the suggestions of Hilmi, and how utterly stupid the action of the Sultan in disregarding them.

Meantime the condition in Macedonia went from bad to worse. Everyone remembers that Southern Macedonia was the cradle of the Revolutionary party. The Committee of Union and Progress sat at Salonica, a real working committee, though nominally under the orders of one in Paris. It was in Macedonia that Enver Pasha, the present Turkish Minister of War, took to the hills and was the first to offer resistance to the Sultan's troops. Macedonia

continued loyal to Young Turkey until the dethronement of Abdul Hamid in April, 1909. Then came a series of blunders on the part of the Young Turks. They were seized with the mischievous idea of Turkifying all the Empire. The leaders of the party were inexperienced, and probably such an idea would never have been entertained by practical statesmen. Albanians and Arabs, Armenians, Greeks, and Turks were all to be compelled to use the Turkish language. All legal documents were to be in Turkish. The step was retrograde, and as ill-advised as any which the deposed Sultan had undertaken. I have only here to speak of it as regards the Balkan Peninsula. The Albanians were alienated, The men by whose aid the Revolution had been brought about were told that Turkish must be the first language taught in their schools, and were given to understand that they were Turks and not Albanians. The first result was that the disorders in Macedonia continued to be as serious as they had been before the Revolution, and constituted a special grievance to Serbia and Bulgaria. The second was the formation of the Balkan League. The Powers had failed to introduce reforms. Young Turkey's effort had not been more successful. The two States who had suffered most from disorders would try their hands. It was for this reason that the Balkan League proclaimed as its object either to establish an autonomous State, or to expel the Turks from Macedonia. Greece was not a party to the League signed on March 13th, but on May 29th, 1912, signed a treaty of defensive alliance with Bulgaria.

A few months later the fighting began. The Bulgarians at Liliburgas defeated the Turks and cleared them out of Thrace as far as Chatalja. A stouter resistance was made by the Turks in Northern Macedonia, but after a hotly contested fight at Kumanova they were defeated. After the successes of their allies, the Greeks took possession of a large district in Epirus and Southern Macedonia. In order to provide against anticipated difficulties in the division of Southern Macedonia, Bulgaria and Serbia had wisely provided in the agreement of March 13th that the territory north of a line fully described in your pages last year should be Serbian, while a portion of Macedonia further south should be Bulgarian. Between the two was a district where the population, though entirely Slav, was divided between the two races. The partition of this district, which is conveniently called the "contested zone," was left, on the completion of the war, to the arbitration of the Czar of Russia, who accepted the task. It was under such arrangement that the first Balkan War came to an end. Its object had apparently been accomplished. Turkish rule in Macedonia had ceased to exist.

Then came the second Balkan War, in which all the three Balkan

Balkan wars. England and France made no objection to her retaining them. Indeed, a peaceful Greece ought to be the ruler of nearly all the islands of the Ægean. Their people are all Greek in race, language, and religion, but if Greece is going to become a traitor to her liberators she may easily be made to suffer the penalty of her treason. Her possession of any islands will be determined by the will of the Entente Powers. Her fleet, of which the "Averoff" is the most important unit, is a respectable one, but of course could not compete for a week with either the French or the British Mediterranean squadron. The Allies not being barbarians, the sacred stones of the Acropolis would be religiously respected, but the Piræus is a fortified town, and is full of factories, which would be tempting in case of a naval blockade. The sober-minded men of Greece, therefore, could entertain little doubt of the powerlessness of their country in presence of the combined fleets. Germany, no doubt, has been profuse in her promises. As likely as not she has promised Constantinople itself to the King. The *Levant Herald*, the only English newspaper in Constantinople, was suppressed two or three years ago because it quoted a Greek newspaper which hailed Constantine of Greece as the destined successor of his namesake, who fell nobly in 1453 at the siege by Mahomet II.

There is a curious strain of boastfulness in the section of the Greek race side by side with another characterised by level-headedness. The first, which is the noisy section, are liable to be carried away by an enthusiasm based on their belief in the invincibility of a race which has such glorious traditions. I travelled with one such Greek, an intelligent and wealthy man, who, having made his fortune in Egypt, was returning to his native land. His enthusiasm was charming, his belief in England unbounded, but his judgment may be estimated by his declaration, seriously uttered, that if only Greece and England would unite their forces, they could dominate the world. It was this foolish portion of the community which forced Greece into the unhappy war of 1897, in which she cut a very poor figure. The Greeks never had a chance of success against the Turks. I was in Constantinople at the time, and seeing the careful preparations made by the Turkish army, led even then by the Germans, wondered at the persistency of Greece in clamouring for war. Neither her army nor her fleet was in a condition to fight, and when war was declared the Greeks' resistance was futile. I regarded the matter then as a farce, and on a visit to Athens obtained an explanation. The leaders of both political parties recognised that Greece had no chance against Turkey, but they both agreed that the cry for war had become so clamorous that if it were not satisfied there would be a revolution in

Athens, which would at once drive away the royal family. In such case the Piræus at least, and possibly even Athens, might have been left by the Powers at the mercy of the Turks. In other words, the Government went into war with the certainty of defeat, but with the knowledge that they could obtain European intervention in their favour. They would and did suffer a smaller loss by the sacrifice of certain strips of territory than would be the loss of a royal family which had the support of all Europe. This state of things is now reversed. Russia and England, with no personal ill-feeling towards the Greek Royal Family, would not be likely to interfere with the will of the Greek nation, if they determined to get rid of Constantine because of his adhesion to the party of his brother-in-law, the Kaiser.

But side by side with the clamorous and ignorant section of the Greek nation there has always been another composed of thoughtful men. This was greatly strengthened by the arrival of Venezelos. At its head at the present time is Mr. Skoloudis, whom I have known for forty years. When the troubles commenced in Bulgaria, in 1876, he was resident in Constantinople. When Lord Hartington visited that city he had long interviews with Mr. Skoloudis, whom he described subsequently as the best informed and most statesman-like man he had met in the East. His career has always been marked by good judgment and cautious patriotism. So long as he is Prime Minister I have full confidence that he will advise wisely in the interests of his country, and that the Greek Government will keep its promises. If he should resign, except to give place to Venezelos, the Allies would be wise in dealing with Greece as an enemy.

In the Treaty between Serbia and Greece for the partition of Macedonia, these two States allied themselves for mutual defence against Bulgaria. I do not know that under the circumstances they were not justified in so doing. Bulgaria was presumably to blame in provoking the second Balkan War. There is, however, much to be said on both sides, but it appears to me that the version recently given to the world by Mr. Gueshoff, the Premier of Bulgaria until shortly before the outbreak of the second Balkan War, is trustworthy. On May 30th, 1913, he resigned. A month later the war, which humbled Bulgaria to the dust, broke out. His statesmanlike project of keeping Serbia, Greece, and Bulgaria together, of having recourse to the Arbitration provided for by the original Balkan Treaty of March 13th in case of differences between them, had been defeated. The current story of the rupture of negotiations between Bulgaria and her allies probably fairly represents what happened. Gueshoff and his Serbian colleague, Passitch, had settled the points of difference between the two countries, differences

Germany had anything apparently to do with the formation of the Balkan League, but when the First Balkan War was ended and the Balkan States were satisfied with the result, it was then that King Ferdinand took the steps which led to the Second Balkan War, and to the interference of Rumania. Bulgaria was beaten to her knees. Possibly this defeat was not unwelcome to Austria, even though she herself had induced Ferdinand to enter upon the unjust war.

Meantime the developments in the Peninsula, the defection of Bulgaria, the hesitation of Greece and of Rumania, the driving of the Turks into war on the side of Germany, all pointed, in the view of the adherents of the Kaiser, to the accomplishment of his great object, the creation of an Empire from Berlin to Bagdad. It is stated already that German experts have arrived in Hungary for the establishment of direct railway communication between Berlin and Constantinople. Nor is it desirable to overlook the *ballons d'essai* which Germany is constantly sending forth. The New York correspondent of the *Times*, telegraphing on December 6th, says that "America is regaled with a new version of "Germany's terms of peace, the new version being furnished by "a 'German long resident in America, but in close touch with "Berlin's policies.'" Its first condition is that "Germany is to "have full power over the Balkans, ensuring her a road to "Constantinople and Asia Minor, and a place in the sun, independent of British sea-power."

Whether this demand be authorised or not it is at least plausible and in my opinion fairly formulates the hopes of the Kaiser and of the war party. These hopes and designs are more clearly stated by a great Pan-German publicist, Herr A. Dix, who went without delay to Sofia and published his impressions in Count Reventlow's journal. He sees before the two Central Powers two great roads, one of which will conduct German arms across the Suez Canal into Central Africa; the other through Mesopotamia to Persia, Afghanistan, and Turkestan. The great anxiety of England was due to the fear that the Central Powers should obtain these roads, because these roads would touch British zones of influence, and then it would be all over with the British world empires. Evidence is coming in daily showing that Germany either intends or wishes the Western Powers to believe that she intends to push forward with the utmost energy on these lines. The Suez Canal is to be captured or destroyed. Von der Goltz, one of the ablest of Germany's soldiers, is going to take charge of the expedition designed to annihilate the British one, already checked, which arrived as far as Ctesiphon in the first week of last month. Constantinople is being organised as if it were already a German city.

THE GERMAN VIEW.

I can well imagine that a German writer in defending the policy of his country should say something like the following: Germany has need for expansion. For twenty years the Kaiser had made up his mind that her place in the sun was in Asia Minor. Her future lies in the East—in Asia Minor, Syria, Mesopotamia, and Palestine. To obtain this he had directed all his efforts. He had allowed the Moslems of Syria to persuade themselves that he had become a convert to Islam. He had waved his sword at Damascus, and declared himself the protector of the three hundred millions of Moslems. His Ambassadors and Consuls had used all their influence to gain the confidence of Abdul Hamid. While they had no illusions about the character of the deposed Sultan, they yet recognised that they should do nothing to lose his favour. While the other Christian Powers of Europe were protesting against Armenian massacres twenty years ago, Germans, loyal to their master's ideal, remained silent. It is true that there were ugly stories in Constantinople about Armenians being expelled from the railway station in order that they might fall into the hands of murdering Kurds. But, of course, no Germans had any personal hostility towards Armenians. They were the victims of Abdul Hamid's tyranny, with which it was not our business to interfere. While the other Powers were working for reforms in Macedonia the agents of the Central Powers, though sometimes having to appear desirous of them, saw that in the realisation of the German ideal general disorder was not an unfavourable factor, and refused to lend any aid to the projects of reform. Austria was slow but subservient. The Kaiser in due time perceived that in order to realise his ideal regarding Asia Minor he must (1) break the power of Russia, and (2) attach to his cause as many of the Balkan States as possible. Russia, England, and France were the traditional protectors of these small States, and by their long-continued policy had indeed enabled them to come into existence. The Kaiser foresaw that these three Great Powers must be so weakened that they should be powerless to render assistance to the Balkan States, and further, that as many as possible of these small States should be either coaxed or driven to declare in his favour. He recognised that England's sea-power would constitute a formidable obstacle, but he had carefully prepared his plans. He probably concluded that he would have to strike his blow against Russia and her ally France some time during the year 1914. The brutal murder of the Austrian Crown Prince precipitated the conflict. It was no doubt a surprise to him that he had not succeeded in persuading England to remain neutral. England

quarter of a million into the field. The Bulgarians are excellent soldiers, but 350,000 is about the outside number they could put into the field. I am aware that in presence of an external enemy, internal troubles constantly disappear. But the exceptional circumstances of both these States are in favour of the Entente. In Turkey there are elements of discontent so great that had the Dardanelles expedition been otherwise than a fiasco, there would have been a revolution which would have expelled not only the present Government, but all the Germans in Turkey. The drain of taxes and forced contributions from all classes is terrible. The Armenian massacres, terrible as they have been, have not had the approval of all the Moslem population. There are regiments which are believed to be disaffected. Every available man has been in the field for eighteen months. Then as to Bulgaria. The majority of the people believe apparently that they are fighting only Serbia. In spite of the execution of soldiers unwilling to support the King, I do not believe that Türks and Bulgarians will be found fighting on the same side. The presence of a Russian regiment would be the signal for hundreds, perhaps thousands, of Bulgarians to change sides. The people are as unwilling to fight the Russians as General Savoff declared them to be a month ago. I know little of nothing of military affairs, and there are therefore some military operations on which my opinion is worthless. Whether it was wise for the French and us to choose Salonica as the base for our defence of Serbia is one with which only experts are able to deal satisfactorily, but when General Sarraill and Sir Bryan Mahon are agreed that it is, we laymen can only accept their decision. I of course see that in retaining ships and men on the Gallipoli Peninsula, we are keeping the best remaining Turkish troops fully occupied. Moreover, I know sufficient of the story of our Peninsular War to remember that Napoleon claimed it as the cause of his undoing. England, as now, had its base on the sea, and a small army on shore always ready with the aid of Spanish guerillas to keep the enemy fully occupied. The Central Powers are aiding Bulgaria in resisting England, France, and Russia. But all the time the German and Austrian armies are being drained of men and munitions. It seems to me as a civilian that those Powers are playing a dangerous game. England and France, without any brilliant dash into the plains of Sofia or Philippopolis, being in command of the sea, can make certain of winning by sitting tight until the favourable time comes for action; working with the by no means despicable Serbian remnant of its army, with the Montenegrins; and, now that they have come in, with the Italians. Whether to sit tight around Salonica or to "slog on" be the game to play is, however, for Generals Sarraill and Sir Bryan

Mahon to decide. They may count with certainty on the action of the Bulgarians when they learn how they have been deceived by their King.

Now as to the Turks. No one has a keener sense of their shortcomings. These have culminated in a series of massacres of the Armenians which are the worst recorded in modern history. They are apparently worse than those of 1892-8, because the organisation has been more complete. The Turkish population was apparently not merely let loose, as under Abdul Hamid, but was so organised that the slaughter was more effective and merciless. Nor do I forget the abominable way in which the Greeks who were Ottoman subjects were treated during the two years preceding the war. I wish it were possible to think of the Turks apart from their treatment of subject races, in which they have proved themselves hopeless. Considered simply as soldiers, they compare favourably with any others in their general conduct. Numerous recent letters speak even of a certain chivalry towards their enemies which recalls the estimate of the Crimean War when the Turk was spoken of as a gentleman. British prisoners speak well of their treatment. As I have already suggested, I believe the mass of the Turkish people, Moslems as well as Christians, remain with friendly feeling towards Englishmen.

Little can be said usefully about Rumania. I have never seen it even asserted that the population is friendly to Germany and Austria. I believe that its sympathies are with the Entente, but its statesmen have to face facts. The population greatly desire the addition to their numbers of the three and a-half millions of their countrymen in Transylvania and Bukovina. There is a strong sentiment, also, that Bessarabia ought to be restored to Rumania. The Central Powers promise Bessarabia in case Rumania joins them. It is not doubted that Russia and the Entente Powers would willingly consent to Rumania's annexation of the Provinces under Austrian rule largely occupied by men of the same race, language, and religion as the Rumanians. If the Russians, when they had occupied the passes of the Carpathians, had been successful in their forward movement, possibly the Rumanians would have declared in favour of the Entente Powers. It is known, however, that Rumania, which possesses the largest army in the Balkan Peninsula, an army which proved its value in 1877-8, was short of munitions. One of the surprises of the war has been the enormous quantity of munitions required in modern warfare. This cause alone would have made Rumania doubtful about taking sides. It is believed that during the last three months the country has received large supplies through Siberia. But in the actual conditions Rumania judges that her wisest course is to remain strictly

ITALY AND THE TRIPLE ENTENTE.*

CONFESSION UNTO SALVATION.

SUBSTANTIAL identity of final aims and continuous co-ordination of military and diplomatic effort are of vital moment to the Allies. But geographical situation, a more highly organised political mechanism and the vast variety of their national needs and aspirations make it impossible that they should ever attain that marvellous cohesiveness which adds so enormously to the enemies' forces. But at least they have sunk their differences and are at one in essentials. Further to foster and intensify by every available means such singleness of purpose and combination of endeavour as are attainable is a fixed aim of all the Allied States, and in especial of Great Britain, who mostly discharges the duties of lubricator of the Entente machinery. Not only, therefore, are all contentious matters which would accentuate the points of difference among the Allies sternly set aside, but also journalistic comments calculated to weaken public confidence in the complete harmony of all those Powers among themselves are deprecated and even suppressed. And for that procedure intelligible grounds have been adduced. Whether they are also adequate is questionable. One of the main objects of German Press organisation, against which our people are too proud to organise a counter-agency, is to sow distrust between Ally and Ally, and also between the Allied peoples and their Governments. The ways in which our enemies set about this corrosive labour are characterised by rare ingenuity and perseverance, while the results stand out in bold relief, telling a plain story and pointing an unwelcome moral.

That moral is a warning against over-confidence in the efficacy of our methods, and against the suppression of moderate patriotic and timely criticism. For even though our common ends be lofty, and our means hallowed, it boots us little if the latter prove inefficient and the former are not attained. The failure of our exertions to keep either Turkey or Bulgaria neutral is amply

* This article was written in November, before Baron Sonnino had read out his declaration to the Chamber, and when his instructions to his subordinates were still in vigour, that the report of Italy's adhesion to the Convention of London must be neither confirmed nor denied.

accounted for by our ignorance of the psychology of the Balkan peoples and our defective conception of the way in which the leaders of those States required to be dealt with. And light enough might have been shed on this subject had it not been shut out deliberately. In both these cases the neutrality, and, indeed, the co-operation of the peoples, were to be had if only we had bid the full price to the accredited salesmen. But we preferred to rely upon stirring appeals to patriotism and to address these either to uninfluential persons, or else to men, the mainspring of whose political action was personal interest, abject fear, inordinate ambition, or vulgar greed.

But satisfactorily or not that problem has now been solved and nothing can be gained by finding fault with the Ministers who still enjoy our confidence and should be able to rely absolutely on our wholehearted support. It may, however, be permissible withal to draw such conclusions from our experience as are likely to bestead us in the future. And one of these is that, in withstanding the onslaughts of an enemy as ruthless, powerful, and unscrupulous as is the Teuton, we are not the sole judges of the spirit in which the struggle must be carried on, nor can we always select our weapons. He has it in his power to modify our manner of waging war just as he forced us to abandon the pacific aims that had for years inspired our policy. When choosing our methods of conducting a life and death struggle against a foe who spreads fire and poison, and the contagion of deadly plague, dread of ethical censure should be reduced to its lowest power. For in war waged under such conditions the instinct of self-preservation is necessarily dominant, and should reconcile us to the absence of gloves, of pauses, of displays of chivalry, and of the so-called "rules of the game."

WHERE THEY DO AGREE THEIR UNANIMITY IS WONDERFUL.

Again, their dealings with the Balkan States should have taught the Allies the advisability of taking stock from time to time of the basis on which rest their relations among themselves, with a view to widening and strengthening it. And in this order of ideas one of the most salient facts with which we are confronted turns upon the differences in the character of that basis according to the various groups of Powers. Without belittling the marked solidity and closeness of the understanding among them, it is fair to say that the interests of all are neither identical nor absolutely parallel. Italy and Russia, for instance, or Italy and France, cannot be expected to see eye to eye the problems which crop up in the course of their common campaign, whereas France and Britain are, at

This overpowering awe, and the extreme wariness to which it gives rise, will not astonish those who are acquainted with the temper of the politicians and the delicacy of the situation with which they have to deal. Indeed, the conduct of affairs under the circumstances might aptly be likened to an egg-dance performed in the garish light of a single candle. For the Parliamentary Opposition under Giolitti is still intact, and although many of its members were temporarily converted by the thunder and lightning of last May, they are not yet immune from a lapse from grace, and in time they may visit their political adversaries with Egypt's seven plagues. At present they are watching and waiting and keeping their powder dry. Too astute to hamper the Cabinet, which is thus scrupulously hampering itself, they are reserving their forces for the emergency which will, they believe, tax Italian patriotism to the straining point.

The Cabinet which is performing the egg-dance is composed of upright, earnest and patriotic men, who, despite the circumstance that there is no Cavour at their head, would fain leave a deep and glorious dent on the history of their country. Conscientiously, if slowly, they conducted the negotiations which led to the dissolution of the Triple Alliance, and with patriotic timidity they now shrink from certain consequences of their co-operation with the Entente. Although members of a class whose vision seldom reaches beyond surface forms and appearances, they helped by setting forth facts in eloquent language to stir the nation to sharp consciousness of its highest interests and most pressing duty. In this they were efficaciously aided by the Nationalist Press of Rome and Milan. Professor Salandra is a respected Parliamentarian and one of the least pretentious of Ministers. Having studied and taught jurisprudence for many years, he achieved the distinction of never having written a book. This in an age when the world is swamped with worthless publications, is surely something to be proud of. Modesty is the Professor's favourite virtue, and in his historic speech at the Capitol he truly described himself as "a modest burgher" of Apulia. For in his national policy, as well as in his educational activity, exemplary modesty has characterised his conceptions, ambitions and methods.

THE ROUGH HEWER OF ITALY'S FORTUNES.

Baron Sonnino, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, is a political Bayard. Like ex-Premier Luzzatti, he is the soul of honour. His word is equal to a Government bond. Hence with him thought is seldom speech, but speech is always truth. His besetting virtue

is silence, and his growing malady anthropophobia. If Italians were taxed for superfluous talk, Baron Sonnino would go scot free. So solicitous is he about substance that he cares little for mere form. He vies with his present chief, who for many years was his partisan, in this, that if M. Salandra can boast that he never wrote a book, Baron Sonnino can take credit to himself for having never delivered a speech, at least in the rhetorical sense of the word. Unlike men of the Italian race, he is not an orator, neither can he declaim.* He often writes out what he wants to say and reads it to the Chamber. Those are all virtues which have little vogue in the political world of to-day. They are not even appreciated there. Indeed, Baron Sonnino has been severely blamed by his former friends and colleagues for cultivating them. It is perhaps less surprising on that account that he should have gradually restricted converse with the world, and his relations with his fellows to the absolutely necessary. The economy of time and effort which silence and solitude enable the Minister to effect is enormous. Cavillers point to its drawbacks. And truth compels us to admit that the most perilous of these is the duality always felt in a State where the rulers and the people are out of touch with each other. M. Sonnino's friends candidly make answer that every virtue carried beyond a certain point leads to its opposite. For in the moral as in the political world, extremes meet.

But, on the other hand, the Italian Foreign Secretary has the rare advantage of political experience. He has exercised a noteworthy influence on the conduct of public affairs, and has seen at close quarters the working out of his own principal pet scheme. A financier by choice and temperament,† Baron Sonnino has from an early stage of his career been a journalist, whose political interest at first centred in foreign affairs. And from that day to this he has never ceased to be a journalist when in Opposition and a boycotter of Pressmen when in power.‡ His first recipe for Italy's national happiness and progress was that she should break with France and strike up an alliance with the Teutons, Europe's predestined culture-bearers. In those early days—before he had contributed to create the Triple Alliance—the Baron founded a

* Baron Sonnino is half Jew and half Briton. He possesses some of the characteristics of both races, but none that mark the people whose destinies he has done so much to influence.

† Baron Sonnino's father was a banker and commercial agent in Egypt.

‡ Baron Sonnino and Prof. Salandra are the chief shareholders of the *Giornale d'Italia*, and when not in power the Baron spends many hours of an evening in the office of his paper. He founded the *Rassegna Settimanale*, which contributed to the alliance with Germany and Austria. He also founded *l'Italie*, which he afterwards sold. To the *Nuova Antologia* he has long been a valued contributor. One of his best-known articles, *Quid agendum?*, appeared in that leading review. It is a calumny, therefore, to accuse him of not knowing the Press, in which he has so little confidence.

politics, he dreads to see it repeated on a grandiose scale. Therefore he is resolved to take no chances. For if the present speculation—which can hardly be termed his own, although he materially contributed to it—were to come to nought in consequence of further rashness, the results to the country would be ruinous. It is easy to rail at the glacier-like movements that are said to characterise Italy's policy. But before passing final judgment on the statesmen responsible for them, one should bear in mind that the caution they display is inculcated by military experts who are bitterly opposed to rashly planned expeditions, and that the Italian nation stands to lose more by a crushing defeat than any other great Power save Austria—and Austria can hardly be termed a nation. One of the main cares of the Italian Foreign Minister, therefore, has been to lessen the risks, to whittle down the stakes, as far as may be, and another is to adopt such measures as will ensure certain and positive, if slight successes, rather than to seize tempting opportunities of making a great haul coupled with the risk of correspondingly heavy losses.

ITALY IS THE BEST JUDGE OF HER OWN INTERESTS.

Those main aims partially explain what the shy, taciturn Minister has never explicitly accounted for, the circumstance that Italy is at war with the shadow, which is Austria-Hungary, but at peace and doing business with the substance, which is Germany. Various attempts have been made by partisans of the Cabinet to deprive that policy of its seeming incongruity. But they all fell short of the mark, and left the doubters sceptical. "We have no common frontiers with Germany, and therefore cannot well make war against her. Why then declare it?" is one of the ways in which some friends of the Cabinet look at the matter. But one may object that neither has Italy common frontiers with Bulgaria, yet she declared war against King Ferdinand's realm without much hesitation. And the reason for hostilities alleged in the royal decree was that Bulgaria is Austria's ally. Therefore . . . But Germany, one may urge on the other side, is also Austria's ally, wherefore . . .

Some critics whose zeal outran their discretion have gone as far as to accuse King Victor's Government of a policy of double dealing worthy of the Bulgars. The charge is utterly false. Baron Sonnino's name is an adequate refutation of the shameless calumny. Not only is that Minister incapable of any act which Rhadamanthus in his most acrid mood could reasonably carp at, but he would not remain for a day in a Cabinet which was known to have engaged the country in a policy of moral obliquity.

It is true that no adequate grounds have as yet been authoritatively assigned to the tactics by which war is waged against Austria and Bulgaria, while peace and forbearance are maintained towards the real criminal on whose head is the blood of the millions who have been slaughtered since August last year. But this omission may be ascribed to the constitutional taciturnity of the eminent Minister who affects mystery, dreads publicity, and is given to hiding things under a bushel.

The other principal trait of the Salandra-Sonnino Cabinet is readiness to content itself with modest military advances, slow if sure, rather than to aim at a really big success to be achieved only by incurring the risk of heavy loss. It is fair to acknowledge that these tactics have their root in the respectable virtues of prudence and modesty. That they are responsible for the slow, plodding and solid way in which the military campaign has been prosecuted hitherto and for the corresponding circumspection with which Italian diplomacy has confronted all current problems, is self-evident. War restricted to the Isonzo and the Carso, gradually extended to Albania, and waged primarily for the redemption of Italy's enthralled peoples, and collaterally, too, no doubt for the purpose of weakening Italy's enemy, who happens to be ours, is the painfully close translation of that heroic prudence into military acts. Its correlate is the steady demurrer hitherto elicited by every suggestion made by the Allies that she should lend them a helping hand in the Dardanelles, at Salonica, or in Serbia.*

"We are the sole judges," the Italian Government virtually says, "of how, when, and where we can best further our cause, which in some of its aspects is common to us and the Triple Entente. For as our aims and striving are not identical, it is meet that we should further our own in the first instance. And it is not for a foreign State to tell us what to think and do in a matter which concerns the vital interests of our nation and our race. We went to war not for the sake of the Triple Entente, but to gather together all Italians into one political fold, and to create conditions favourable to the nation's growth in prosperity, power, and prestige. And we gave our motive a name—Sacred Egotism. Our enemy is also one of the foes against whom the Triple Entente is fighting. Therefore, every Austrian soldier we kill, and every division, brigade, and regiment we keep immobilised represents a gain to the Entente. We may truly

* For this refusal there were serious grounds, not merely pretexts. The Italian military authorities were convinced from the outset that the conception and the equipment of the enterprises in question were inadequate to secure their realisation. And Italy, who differs from the other European Powers in many respects, is unable, like them, to risk the loss of considerable resources without reasonable hopes of success.

and unfair to blame for this bitter and costly disappointment public servants who are zealously devoting their best efforts to the service of their respective countries.

Every argument that might weigh with Italians has been put forward by the Entente, every form of suasion has been essayed by their representatives, but in vain. "If Constantinople is of supreme importance to Russia," writes a French Nationalist journal,* "because it is the key of their house, is not Salonika of supreme importance to the Italians, inasmuch as it is the key to Greece, and that a Great Power, mistress of Greece, would suffocate Italy?" But the Siren's voice dies away at the walls of the Ministry behind which Italy's two Leaders are weaving prudential plans or scanning the hastily devised enterprises of the Allies. It seems probable, however, that before these lines see the light, the Italian Government in the Chamber will have satisfied at least partially the curiosity of the Allied peoples and also their desire to see the number of fronts against the common enemies increased. For the Italian expedition to Albania is rapidly assuming concrete form.

ORLANDO MISTERIOSO.

In November it was announced that the Cabinet would at last raise the veil and show its hand, whereupon all Italy—nay, all Europe—was agog. The rôle was assigned to the Minister of Justice. For weeks in advance the declarations to be made by him were imagined and discussed. The discourse in which they were embodied is said to have been moulded and modified by the author and the Premier, and remoulded again. The speech when delivered† was truly eloquent and inspiring, a masterpiece of verbal refinements, of exquisitely subtle word-shadings and marvellously balanced qualifying propositions. One cannot help admiring the skill with which provisos were set in ambush, restrictive conditions interwoven with seemingly sweeping affirmations and the expectations of every political party taken into account. The upshot of the message was that Italy is resolved to continue to co-operate with the Allies in the same energetic and concentrated manner as heretofore, and that the accord between her and the Entente is quite as perfect as it has been from the outset.

Several sections of the community declared themselves dissatisfied with this oracular pronouncement—the cavillers who want reasons for every important move made or eschewed by the

* *Echo de Paris*, November 22nd, 1915.

† On Sunday, November 21st, at Palermo.

Minister. They are still impatient to learn why the guiding motive of the Government, whether it is the "Sacred Egotism" preached by Professor Salandra, or the selfless idealism ascribed to the nation, has not been productive of action. The latter would, it is added, send Italy's armies to Salonica to rescue the heroic Serbian people from irreparable disaster, and so, too, would national egotism, sacred or profane, were it only because Italy's future is said to lie in the Mediterranean. Why, it is complainingly asked, has neither motive prevailed?

The chief organ of the Opposition Press, stripping the speech of its rhetorical ornaments, analyses it thus: "One must conclude that with the exception of the war which is a fact, we have no other realities in common with our Allies save that one, two, or three of our enemies happen to be also their enemies, and that for other reasons of a superior order our war and that of our Allies tend towards a common goal . . . Signor Orlando affirms that Italy will never make a separate peace. But where is that assertion written? In the intentions of the Government or on a scrap of paper, or in the reality of things, such as it may appear to those who gauge facts and draw natural consequences from them? . . . Our object, national union, is not of the same nature as the object of France, which is before all else the liberation of the occupied territory. To our thinking, the Palermo speech has not shed any more light on the political state of things than was diffused before . . . Neither have more brilliant rays been thrown on the foresight of the Salandra Cabinet as applied to the character or the duration of the war or to the present specific position of Italy among the Entente Powers, or even to the burning, momentous problem of the Balkans. To treat this last theme, Salandra has found the mysterious eloquence of the Delphic oracle which, as everybody is aware, possessed the art of hiding from mortals their destiny."*

In truth, the mainspring of Baron Sonnino's policy is less difficult to reach than the writers of the *Stampa* affect to believe. That it is capable of full justification is the contention of his partisans in the press. That no serious attempt has yet been made to justify or explain it, is one of the grievances of most peoples and parties. Italian nationalists, for instance, are now clamouring for war against Germany. Why should the Teutons, it is asked, who are the real belligerents in this vast struggle, be objects of consideration, of respect, of awe, while the Austrians, who are mere strawmen, are singled out as enemies—unless indeed Italy is bent on fighting only for her own little claims, and taking

* See *Stampa*, November 23rd, 1915.

in Lybia there is now no special column in the newspapers, but for the Italian soldiers killed and captured there are still graves and cells and bitter laments. And they are many. In spite of the financial aid promptly rendered by Britain, the pinch of poverty in the Peninsula is become painful and chronic. The whole economic life of the nation is upset to an extent, and with results more disquieting than outsiders have any notion of. And the tenderness and the generosity of the Entente towards Greece, to the neglect or detriment of Italy, produced a soreness that sought and found vent in certain unwelcome aspects of Italy's attitude.

But in spite of the grounds, real enough at present, for viewing Italy's relations towards the Entente as casual and unsatisfactory, I see good reason for hoping that circumstance which is stronger than ministerial prudence will shortly give a favourable turn to things, and draw the four Great Powers into more harmonious accord and closer combination. The important declarations read out by Baron Sonnino in the Chamber on December 1st, announcing that Italy had at last signed the London Convention forgoing her right to conclude a separate peace, has contributed to clear the air. The spirited articles of the *Idea Nazionale* calling on the Government to make common cause with the Allies and declare war against Germany have also contributed to reassure the public mind.

E. J. DILLON.

SEVEN POSTULATES OF INTERNATIONAL LAW.

IT is a commonplace to-day to say that International Law has been discredited by reason of the events of the war. I have heard the question asked: Does International Law exist? I have read statements to the effect that it is at an end, or that it is for the time suspended, and that we must wait for a distant and improbable future before it becomes a reality. Such statements are doubtless new to those who make them. They are familiar to anyone with knowledge of the subject. They were common more than a century ago when the high-handed arbitrary acts of the Directory and of Napoleon and his marshals seemed to their adversaries to be the destruction of the public law of Europe. The burthen of the writings of Burke and Gentz, of the speeches of Pitt and other spokesmen of the Allies of those days, was that treaties had become "scraps of paper," that the usages of war were violated, and that the sea law as established by long usage was contemned.* What has become of the teaching of Grotius and Vattel, asked the adversaries of France, just as the adversaries of Germany are asking: "What has become of the Hague Conventions and of the Declarations of Paris and of London?"

Generally this language says more than is meant by those who use it. They do not think—and, indeed, there is no ground for thinking—that many of the important rules of conduct between nations in time of peace, when it returns, will not be observed by the States now at war; or that between States now at peace with each other they are at present inoperative. We know that most of those rules are, in fact, observed between neutrals, and I doubt whether ever more faithfully. Nor is it meant that the rules

* For example: "France has trampled under foot all laws, human and divine. She has at last avowed the most insatiable ambition and greatest contempt for the law of nations, which all States have hitherto professed most religiously to observe; and unless she is stopped in her career, all Europe must soon learn their ideas of justice—law of nations, models of Government, and principles of liberty—from the mouth of the French canon"—(Pitt's speech, February 1st, 1793.)

rules as to search, contraband, and blockade do not fit present exigencies. It is small surprise that in applying them to novel circumstances there should have been many violations of them. What is the controversy now going on between our Government and the United States as to contraband and blockade and the Orders in Council but a dispute as to the construction of old rules in wholly new circumstances; Sir Edward Grey insisting upon the changed conditions of maritime warfare, the President and Mr. Lansing relying upon old precedents? Would our municipal law be well obeyed if it were much in the same condition as it was in 1800? Would our criminal law work satisfactorily if it stood to-day in many respects as it did before the labours of Bentham, Romilly, and Mackintosh?

I have thought it right to recall these facts as correctives of over-statements which are very common, and preparatory to approaching in a fair spirit some fundamental questions. But I should not be candid if I did not add a confession of keen disappointment at many incidents, and an admission that the international lawyer who has watched the course of events finds himself confronted with some serious difficulties. So much, apparently, brought within the region of International Law has been lost and again given over to the reign of violence. There have been so many brutal and wanton breaches of international convention—and, what weighs with me more, so many avowals by statesmen of principles subversive of all law—that those who speak in the terms which I quoted at the outset seem justified, to an extent which I shall endeavour to define.

I shall not attempt to complete a list of the various kinds of notable breaches of International Law committed in the course of this war: I merely recall the crimes perpetrated by the German soldiery upon civilians, especially in France and Belgium; much in excess, so far as I can judge, of the worst achievements of the Napoleonic wars and equalled, if anywhere, only in wars between people of a low order of civilisation; the imposing of vicarious terms of punishment, to a degree and on a scale, so far as I know, unknown; the wanton bombardment of open towns, and the attacks on civil population by Zeppelins, and otherwise, it would seem, merely to intimidate; the destruction, sometimes without warning of any kind, by submarine of vessels carrying inoffensive non-combatants; the employment of poisonous gases, and other means of destruction hitherto believed to be forbidden.

Brutal things have been done in other wars, though, so far as I can make out, never on so large a scale. The point of urgent present interest, the ominous fact for the future, is that these deeds

have been justified. The notable fact—that which I desire to emphasise—is that there have been put forward excuses for such crimes; there have been taught doctrines which, if tenable, undermine or modify some of the postulates of International Law.

Let us look at some of the foundations of International Law. Let us see whether the Prolegomena of the science are, in view of present experience, all that could be desired. Of the postulates of International Law, which have varied from time to time, the first which need be mentioned is that which is prominent in the Prolegomena of Grotius's great work, and which was repeated by many writers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the assumption that there is binding between nations a body of rules known as the law of Nature. There has been endless controversy as to its actual value; but the modern opinion is that there is no such thing as a law of Nature in the sense in which it was understood by Grotius and his contemporaries; that there was no state of Nature in which these rules originated; that there is, in fact, great diversity among nations and communities as to the so-called laws of Nature. Translated into modern language, the phrase means that the rules of morality as understood between men among civilised nations, are much the same, and are binding in international relations. But to-day there is a body of opinion flatly denying this. For the State there are no moral rules. It is an end in itself. It is outside or above morals as well as law. At many points we come face to face with the antagonism which runs through history—the eternal antagonism between the principles of Grotius and Machiavelli. Even when this extreme position is not taken up, it is not uncommon to hold that morality for statesmen is wholly different from that between man and man. He may lie—it may be his duty to do so. He may break his word—he may be bound to do so. Deceit may be for him a fair weapon. To overreach an adversary may be quite legitimate. I am not thinking of the writings of hot-headed partisans, of pamphleteering historians, of the authors of emergency theories thrown hastily up to protect or justify some political enterprise. The point to be noted is the large body of opinion openly favourable to systematic international immorality; to diplomacy as the art of deceit; to war untrammelled by chivalry or any *temperamenta*. I cite a publicist of great knowledge, moderation, and wide culture, the late Gustav Rümelin, who in his essay on "The Relations of "Politics to Morals"—"Ueber Verhältniss der Politik zur "Moral: Reden und Aufsätze" (1875) (p. 144), draws this distinction with less exaggeration than is usual. Not merely does he advert, as would be fair, to the differences between the State whose existence is permanent, and the individual whose life is short;

in these words (*Principles of Sociology*, III., p. 600): "While the entire assemblage of nations thus fulfils the law of evolution by increase of homogeneity—within each of them contrast of structure, caused by differences of Government, and entailed occupation—which up to the present time has been displayed in the formation of larger and larger nations—will eventually reach a still higher stage and bring yet greater benefits. As when small tribes were moulded into great tribes; as, when small feudal lords became subject to a King, feudal wars were prevented by him; so in time to come, a federation of the highest nations, exercising supreme authority (already foreshadowed by occasional agreements among the Powers) may, by forbidding wars between any of its constituent nations, put an end to the rebarbarisation which is continually threatening civilisation." Spencer did not foresee the obstacles to a higher evolution which this war has made plain to every eye. The transition from the family to the tribe, from the tribe to the State, lasted long, and was not always easy. It was often imperceptible and was facilitated by the existence or supposition of a common origin and a common history. It was made easier wherever there was a common language and religion. The transition from the Nation or State to a larger political unity we now see is beset with difficulties which, far from diminishing, seem to be increasing. The unifying forces which brought into existence great social organisations have created elements of reciprocal repulsion and discord. The very existence of nationalities evolves high explosive passions. The movement which began all over Europe after the Congress of Vienna, for the satisfaction of the aspirations of nationalities, and which had acquired increasing force until 1848, has created divisions, sharp and deep, which Spencer did not anticipate; which would have amazed and disappointed the leaders of the *Aufklärung*. While Socialism, Collectivism, or anti-Individualism is going on within the borders of States, as between themselves there is Particularism.

Looking round at the Europe which we know can we see many signs of "the federation of mankind," or of the federation of Europe? The elevating words proclaiming the unity of mankind which came down the ages from the Stoics and the humanistic poets—in some gnomic saying of Zeno or some lines of Menander or Terence, which were repeated with new emphasis by Christianity, and which were an article in the *credo* of the best spirits of the eighteenth century—have little meaning for a generation which has heard much of the claims of nationalities and little of the cosmopolitan spirit, and much of the pretensions of certain

races to a right divine to rule others. To turn from Lessing, with his conceptions of the highest life being outside the restrictions of any one State, or from Herder's letters upon Humanity, or some pages of Diderot or Voltaire, to modern literature championing the supreme claims of this or that nationality, is to step back into tribal conceptions. Centuries ago Bartolus could speak of "*Mundus est universitas quædam*." He could say so with some show of reason in view of the vague universal jurisdiction claimed by the Emperor, the existence of a spiritual head of Christendom, a common religion, and, with certain reservations, a common law. Europe has become little more than a geographical expression. There is not such a generally accepted theory, such a bond of union, even as the balance of power; and the conception of a law of nature supreme over all States is gone.

I come to a different kind of assumption from the postulates which I have named; one perhaps not so common. It was generally conceived that, in the event of war taking place, there would always or often be States observing strict neutrality; States which would form a sort of jury of impartial bystanders, which would reprobate every grave breach of International Law, and whose disapprobation expressed by their Government would be a real sanction for the laws of war; that the necessary automatic action of neutrals would lead to strict observance of those rules. It was hoped that self-interest would prompt protest against acts directly inimical to those interests, especially the policy of belligerents as to contraband and blockade which touch the pockets of neutrals. It was hoped that as disinterested spectators, they would be impartial censors, condemning all flagrant breaches of International Law, even if they were not the actual sufferers. There may have been circumstances in which this supposition was realised; and they might recur in the event of a war of no great magnitude between second or third-rate Powers. But the experience of the past sixteen months does not encourage these hopes or confirm this assumption. Neutrality may, we find, be understood by responsible statesmen to demand silence on their part, even when horrors such as have rarely polluted the earth are being committed. Neutral Governments may conceive that it is their duty to leave it to their subjects to express on such occasions the indignation of mankind. That sharp distinction to which I have adverted, between morality regulating the conduct of man and man, and morality governing the conduct of States, is recognised by neutral Governments, with the result that the grossest crimes may be allowed to pass in silence. That was not the conception of neutrality of Cromwell, or Pitt, or Palmerston. I am not sure that it was quite the conception of

doctrine, espoused and put in practice in some quarters, that small States, unable to protect themselves, ought not to survive in the struggle for existence.

Besides these seven postulates, there are others which recent experience has modified. To name only a few of them: It was assumed that dynastic wars, so frequent in the eighteenth century—wars begun by rulers for their personal ends, and without reference to the wishes of subjects—had ceased, and that consequently in future wars must be much rarer than they were, and would generally be only for grave reasons. It was assumed that democracy must always and everywhere work for peace. There was no account taken of the proneness of crowds to be overmastered by sudden gusts of passion. It was assumed that the marvellous extension of commerce must conduce to the maintenance of peace; and Sociologists, such as Comte, told us that all Europe was passing into the industrial stage. The trader, it is found, may be a man of war. The competition for markets may be the prelude to hostilities. It was often assumed that the peace ideal of life must everywhere be viewed as the highest. We know that by some it is questioned and rejected. To Professor Sombart "Militarism is German heroism made visible." It is "a holy thing, the holiest thing on earth" (quoted by Professor Nicholson in *The Neutrality of the United States*, pp. 62, 63). To Professor Lueders, war is part of the divine order, and as such wholesome and good. Such expressions of anarchical doctrines have shaken the belief in some comfortable assumptions to be found in the Prolegomena of text books.

Now, if I am right in my analysis, each and all of them must be brought nearer to the truth than they are, if International Law is to be what it ought to be and might be. To take the first of these, that a society of nations, a *civitas maxima*, exists. As yet there are only the rudiments of such a society, and such as it is, it from time to time falls to pieces. How to make it more of a reality—how to reconcile the pretensions of nationalities with the larger international interests; how to create a permanent unity out of separate or repelling parts—that is a task which the present war has shown to be more urgent than ever. To pass to the third of these assumptions, there must be consent, not, as now, often ambiguous and implied, but clearly expressed, to rules of conduct, so that the books shall not be as they now are—armories from which belligerents can each draw weapons for their own purpose and to support opinions diametrically opposed. To come to a permanent source of discord, I mean the antagonism between the

morality of the statesman and that of the jurist. If the chasm between them is to continue to be as wide as it has been, there can be no stable foundation for International Law. If the doctrine of military necessity, which has passed from manuals for the use of soldiers into some legal text books, is to be accepted, treaties are mere delusions. They may sometimes only serve to conceal from us the fact that there is no real agreement. If there are to be stable international relations there must be within communities the true international spirit, for out of the inner life of a nation comes in the long run its foreign policy. If there is to be real equality among States, there must be respect, such as does not now exist, for the rights of small States. If the influence of neutrals is to be a potent restraint, it must be clearly exercised without regard to political considerations. In short, the postulates which I have mentioned must rest much more than they do on facts.

In these remarks I am concerned with things as I find them. I admire the confidence with which certain jurists are able to forecast the future. I am unable to imitate them, and I hazard no precise prediction as to the course of development. But it seems to me that there are several possible lines. As to some parts of International Law, each State may frame for itself its own rules, which may or may not agree with those followed by others. Or what is more likely, there may be, as foreshadowed by Lord Haldane in his address to the American Bar Association, a development along group lines; certain States adopting certain rules, while other groups adopt different. It is possible that, while general agreement exists as to the rules to be observed during peace, there will for a long time be no unanimity as to some of the rules of war; certain States standing out for complete military discretion, untrammelled by conventions.

I have thought it right and seasonable to examine these postulates in the light of late events, and to point out serious shortcomings. There is no need for despair. In the first place, there is the ever increasing intercourse of nations in time of peace, which this war cannot permanently interrupt or diminish. Steam, electricity, the telephone, and many other modes of communication necessitate the adoption of common rules. The industrial and financial world is more and more organised, if the political is not. Then, too, there is—and it works for solidarity more than even the necessities of trade—there is something which may be called the formative sense of justice; that which, whenever men, few or many, are habitually brought together, establishes practices and customs hardening into law. That sense of justice affects even its worst enemies. The marvellous copiousness of the terminology of

political hypocrisy, the homage paid by evil doers to better things, the pains always taken to prove that States are acting in accordance, not with the low, but with the higher standard, the eagerness with which they seek to demonstrate that their worst conduct is justified by the rules of International Law—these facts, while showing that some of the above postulates are still far from realities, show also the recognition of that higher standard. The violators of International Law are, even in these days of examples of barbarism, generally on the defensive. Its very enemies testify to the presence of that sense of justice which first created International Law, and which will perpetuate it.

JOHN MACDONELL.

THE PRESS FETISH.

RECENT events have called attention to a peculiar survival, in British public life, of what appears to be definable only as a late form of fetishism. It has been there for a long time, but has never, so far as I know, been scientifically identified. Nor would it be easy to say when it began. Newspapers originated as commercial or propagandist enterprises, or as both; and when the commercial side of the enterprise came to be well understood and well handled under stress of competition, the other side likewise underwent evolution. Already in the eighteenth century England was a land of newspapers; and according to Dr. Johnson "all foreigners remark that the knowledge of the common people of England is greater than that of any other vulgar. This superiority we undoubtedly owe to the rivulets of intelligence which are continually trickling among us." About the same time, the lexicographer, recalling the classic definition of an ambassador, pronounces that "a news-writer is a man without virtue, who writes lies at home for his own profit. To these compositions is required neither genius nor knowledge, neither industry nor sprightliness; but contempt of shame and indifference to truth are absolutely necessary." From such beginnings grew "the engine of the press."

In the next age, Canning could declare that "He who, speculating on the British Constitution, should omit from his enumeration the mighty power of public opinion, embodied in a free press, which pervades, and checks, and perhaps in the last resort nearly governs the whole, would give but an imperfect view of the government of England." Canning had freely acquiesced in Pitt's measures for curtailing or strangling the lyric freedom in question; and he knew as well as any man, having experimented, that the main function of the press was to *make* public opinion. In the early days of constitutional government, we know, journals or their writers were subsidised by Ministers anxious to create and shape opinion, and to counter the attacks of other journalists. Thus slowly grew up the procedure of the "leading paragraph," which, however, long remained a humble enough activity, securing neither distinction for its producer nor institutional status for the

clashes with his views, he simply stops his subscription, and subscribes to another paper. Of course, there are such Englishmen still: every journalist knows them—at least every Liberal journalist does. But Taine cannot have studied the phenomena of the *Times*. The news that, at a certain date in the past year, a number of city men, who had been in the habit of buying and reading that journal, publicly burned copies of a certain issue, was far more astonishing than the outrage itself. It seemed to tell that fetishism was at an end. But the moral flame was the analogue of the physical combustion. It did not last, as regarded the majority of the fetishists. Not in a day, nor in a year, does an English fetish die, because not in a day is it made.

If we ask, What is the *Times*? and seek an answer in terms of tangible facts, we find that it is a name printed every week-day on certain sheets constituting a newspaper. As a simple newspaper the publication was once really valuable, and is still of some importance. For threepence it once gave an amount of varied information such as no other daily journal could show; and its early "influence" was in that way maintained, while the resulting advertisement revenue gave a power of commanding useful services which preserved the whole *præstigium*. Threepence had been the common price of a century ago, when the *Times* sought to facilitate its footing by charging only twopence-halfpenny. Before the tide of penny newspapers which marked the removal of the stamp-duty and other hindrances to a cheap press, it held its old ground; it had become an established institution, in virtue of English habits of mind and the cast of English society. And all the while it was but the name of a newspaper in which the leading-articles, the opinion-makers, were strictly anonymous.

Ability of many kinds had certainly gone to create the fetish. There were the born men of letters who, like Thackeray, wrote articles for which they were poorly paid when they were poor, well paid when they had become famous. There were the competent leader-writers who had culture and conscience, and wrote like scholars and gentlemen. But what constituted the practical "influence" was, first and last, the writing of the men who could bang the drum political, typified by the elder Sterling, who stands out known in a long series of mostly unknowns. They were neither thinkers nor writers; as politicians they were neither original nor thoughtful; and, whatever side they might take, they contributed little or nothing to national progress. And from first to last they wrote to order. Independence of thought might be left to those who wrote on "side" topics: the political leader-writer, from the days of the first Walter onwards, was an animated pen which was directed by the "policy" of the moment.

In the main, that policy consisted in keeping in touch with the supposed preponderance of opinion in the class which subscribed. Every vitally innovating movement, accordingly, was more or less brutally fought. But when a cause—such, for instance, as that of Free Trade—had fought its way to a majority, the order for a right-about face would be duly given; and the manœuvre would be executed with what semblance of decency and dignity could be mustered. All the while it was only a “we,” a voice with an abstract name, that was speaking, and there was no personality to be discredited. The formula: “the *Times* says,” covered the fact that the nameless leader-writer had had his orders to tack. And when the *Times* tacked, a large proportion of its readers, with or without grumbling, tacked with it. If there was ever anything in English public life that could properly be called a “herd,” it was that shepherded by the crook labelled the *Times*.

So thoroughly established became the usage of speaking of newspapers of all kinds as abstract moral entities that to this day we keep it up. We speak, as a rule, neither of proprietor nor editor, still less of the leader-writer, the animated pen; though we know that the proprietor either gives orders to the editor or leaves that personage to give orders to his pens at his own discretion. And every day thousands of adult Englishmen read the result with a strong tendency to acquiescence, very much as they read the speeches of their political leaders. The pen—that kind of pen, that is: there are better kinds—like the proprietor and the editor, is a person who in a signed book, on a platform, or in the House of Commons, would carry no more weight than the average member, probably not so much. With all the advantage of pen and desk over the speaking debater, he rarely frames an original argument, never a memorable sentence. There are no Coleridges or Mackintoshes in the business nowadays, though some journals employ very good writers. But the fetish, the oracle, still carries for its herd a weight which Coleridge and Mackintosh, in the nature of the case, carried only for the better brains.

That this relation of fetish and fetishist still subsists is due, in the case of the *Times*, to a series of causes. In his valuable history of the British press, Fox Bourne remarks how, about the middle of the Victorian era, the “supremacy” of the *Times* began to wane. Other newspapers, more intelligently written, were coming into control of “public opinion,” the more intelligent readers backing them. When the “Jupiter” machine began to function with the aim of recovering influence, it took the perilous path of Liberalism, thereby regaining some of the attention it had lost, while retaining at least the subscriptions of the older orders of mind, partly by the chronic pose of independence, partly by maintenance of simple

economic conditions of journalism, partly a concomitant of the fetish habit. It does not exclude the activity of honest and able men who, having perforce to write anonymously, nevertheless write only what they honestly believe. But the man who is ready to write for pay what he does not believe, to panegyrisé or vilify to order, is of a tribe that will not be moralised by any machinery of registration. Ordered to "run" Lord Kitchener over the signature of John Doe, he will when ordered asperse Lord Kitchener over the signature of Richard Roe, if necessary. As for a proprietor who sets the chorus of his herd against the contempt of thinking men, he must remain immune while "public opinion" is what it is.

The usage of signature, now slowly establishing itself even in the great quarterly reviews, after ruling for forty years in the monthlies, will gain ground precisely as men become intelligent enough to appreciate and expect it. As it is, the most really influential editor in London, for intelligent readers, is one who is known to write his own articles, and to be both wise and honest. Many anonymous leader-writers already eschew the fatuity of the "we," if not the kindred pretence that they speak for "the country"; even reviewers use the plural less and less. Further purification will come in time, as men realise more and more the essential cowardice of anonymous aspersion. Fetishes will disappear only with the fetish-worshippers.

J. M. ROBERTSON.

THE HOHENZOLLERNS AND THE GERMAN NATIONAL CHARACTER.

THE Germans, and particularly the North Germans, the Prussians, were until comparatively recent times a nation of ignorant boors. To-day they are the best educated or at least the most educated, people in the world. They have been made what they are by their great rulers, especially by Frederick William the Great Elector, King Frederick William I., and King Frederick the Great.

It would, perhaps, lead too far to study the government and the influence of the Great Elector. He ruled from 1640 to 1688. It requires some mental effort to appreciate his educational activities at the present day. It will perhaps suffice to say that he introduced in Prussia the *régime* of enlightened absolutism. He destroyed the independence of the nobility, of the towns, and of the estates, and made the whole people a willing instrument in the hands of their ruler.

The Great Elector died, and was succeeded by his son, Frederick, who became the first King of Prussia. The son was a worthless monarch. He sacrificed the welfare of his country to his vanity and his lust. Under his rule Prussia declined and decayed. He was succeeded by his son, King Frederick William I., a coarse-mannered, ignorant brute. Frederick William was as uncultured as was President Kruger. At the same time he possessed, like Kruger, great natural abilities. He allowed himself to be guided by his instincts. He ruled Prussia absolutely in accordance with his will, in accordance with the precedent which the Great Elector had created. Frederick William loved the Army. He was fond of order and cleanliness, and he was extremely thrifty and parsimonious. He founded in Prussia a model administration and a model army, and he moulded the character of the people upon his own.

Frederick I. had tried to imitate Louis XIV. of France. He spent the money of the citizens lavishly and almost ruined the country. His son was outraged by the outlandish elegance and luxury, the waste and immorality, which his father had introduced in Prussia. His instinct rebelled against his surroundings in his

duties. Frederick William listened to all complaints, and investigated them in person if possible. While he insisted that all the citizens should be industrious and thrifty, he was always pleased when he saw hard-working men enjoying innocent amusements. Once he came, on one of his walks, to an inn where people were playing at ninepins. He watched their game and praised them for spending their leisure hours in such a healthy way. The players told their friends, and when the King happened to pass the ninepin-alley a few days later there was a crowd of loafers who waited for the King's applause. Immediately the King grew red in the face, rushed among them, and drove them to their business with his stick.

Frederick William I. died in 1740, and was succeeded by his son, Frederick the Great. Frederick the Great is known to the world chiefly as a soldier and as a diplomat. Like Napoleon I., he was his own Commander-in-Chief, Minister of War, Chief of the Staff, and Secretary of Foreign Affairs. It is not so much known that Frederick the Great, like his father, administered in person all the principal offices of State, that he was a great administrator and, before all, a great educator in the widest sense of the word. He was an indefatigable worker. He rose in summer at three o'clock in the morning, and in winter at four o'clock, and his servants had instructions to get him out of bed by force if he did not rise immediately when called. A quarter of an hour after having been awakened, Frederick was at his desk, reading his correspondence and dictating replies. He, like his father, became to the Prussian people a model of industry, thoroughness, and economy.

Frederick the Great left numerous hitherto unpublished writings for the guidance of his successors, as well as printed essays and books scarcely known in England, in which he explained the principles which guided his numerous activities. His enlightened views as to education in the narrower sense are extremely interesting and valuable, especially as they have had the greatest influence upon Prusso-German educational policy. He wrote in his *Memoires Depuis La Paix* :—

“ Custom, which rules the world, holds imperious sway over the narrow-minded. Still, a Government must not restrict its activities to a single aim. It must be prompted to action not only by the consideration whether action is profitable. The public welfare has numerous aspects, and the Government should interest itself in all. Among the objects which the Government should further with particular care the education of youth is one of the most important. . . . Unfortunately teachers strive merely to fill the memory of their pupils with facts and dates, and omit to strengthen their intelligence and their judgment.”

Frederick the Great believed that by a wisely-directed education a nation might be raised rivalling the ancient Greeks and Romans in bravery and general ability. He wrote in his pamphlet, *Lettre sur l'éducation*, written in 1769:—

“ The vast number of great men which Rome and Greece have produced have influenced me in favour of the education of the ancients. I am convinced that by following their methods one can create a nation superior in character and ability to the generality of modern nations.

“ The education given to the children of the nobility throughout Europe is extremely bad. In Prussia they are given their first education in the parental house, and an intermediate and higher education at the schools and the universities. In the house of the parents, blind parental love prevents them giving their children the necessary correction. Mothers particularly, even if they rule their husbands with despotic severity, have a boundless indulgence for their children. These are handed over to servants, who flatter and spoil them, who inspire them with pernicious ideas, and who thus fatally influence minds so tender. The educators who are generally chosen for the children when they are a little older are, as a rule, either clergymen or young lawyers who often themselves need educating. . . .

“ Children are trained to habits of idleness by being allowed to be idle. Men who wish to get on in the world require a hard and laborious education. Boys should be given work of composition, which should be corrected and recorrected. By forcing them to rewrite and to improve their work, they will be taught to think correctly and to express their ideas with facility. Instead of following this method, teachers cram the brains of the young with facts, and allow the working intelligence of their pupils to remain inactive and undeveloped and to become atrophied. Children are made to accumulate knowledge, but are prevented from acquiring that discriminating intelligence with which alone they can make good use of the knowledge which they have acquired.

“ The softness of their first education makes boys effeminate, comfort-loving, lazy and cowardly. Thus, instead of rearing a hardy race resembling the ancients, a race of pleasure-loving sybarites is created. Hence young men lead lives of idleness and of self-indulgence. They believe that they have been born to enjoy comfort and pleasure, and that men of their position are under no obligation to be useful members of society. Consequently, they will commit follies of every kind, run into debt, drink and gamble, and ruin their families.

“ Young men cannot be too well educated. They cannot possess too much knowledge, whatever their calling may be. The profession of arms, for instance, requires very vast knowledge. Nevertheless, one often hears people say: ‘My boy will not learn. I shall therefore make him a soldier.’ He may become a private, but not an officer qualified to fill the highest posts.

“ In the administration of justice and of the national finances, in the diplomatic service and in the army, illustrious birth is an advantage. However, all would be lost if birth should become more potent than merit. A Government which would exalt birth above merit would no doubt experience fatal consequences. . . .

"Carefully worded laws leave no room for chicanery. When they are vaguely and obscurely expressed, it becomes necessary to discuss and to determine the intention of the law-givers, and judges, instead of adjudicating on the facts, have to waste their time in expounding and interpreting the law.

"One can limit the addresses of lawyers to the recital of facts which can be supported by proofs, and their addresses may be concluded with a short recapitulation. Nothing is more powerful and more moving than an appeal to the passions, to sentiment, made by a man gifted with eloquence. An eloquent advocate can move his hearers in any way he likes, and can thus obscure the truth. Lycurgus and Solon prohibited the use of eloquence in the law courts. . . . Prussia has followed that wise custom of Greece. Eloquence is banished from our pleadings.

"When the laws of a State have not been collected in a code it is only natural that the existing laws frequently contradict each other. As they have been made by different legislators at different times, they lack that unity which is essential in all important matters."

In his *Essai sur les Formes de Gouvernement* Frederick wrote:—

"Good laws must be clearly expressed. Otherwise trickery can evade them, and cunning take advantage of them, and then the weak will become a prey to the powerful and the cunning. Legal procedure should be as short as possible. Otherwise the people will be ruined by protracted law suits. They should not have to spend vast sums in litigation, for they are entitled to justice. The Law Department of the Government cannot be too watchful in protecting the people against the grasping greed of the lawyers. The whole legal apparatus should be kept in order by periodical inspections, when those who believe that they have been wronged by the law can place their complaints before the visiting Commission.

"Punishments should never be excessive. Violence should never displace the laws. It is better that a sovereign should be too mild than too severe. Laws must be devised in accordance with the national character. A docile people does not require severe laws."

More than 150 years ago Frederick the Great endeavoured to make the laws plain and clear to all by compiling a code. Great Britain is still devoid of a code. Contradictory laws and all the evils described by Frederick the Great abound. The law in England, and in America too, is a scandal, and the lawyers oppose the compilation of the laws in a code in their own interest.

The old Prussian Code, which was inspired by the ideas of Frederick the Great, is a model of clearness and brevity. It is interesting not only because it shows how plain and simple the law can be made by a government which has the will to simplify it, but also because it shows how powerful an educational instrument legislation can become in the hands of a wise government. The

old Prussian Code established clearly the rights and duties of ruler and ruled, of the State and of the citizen. While England and the United States are swayed by individualism, while in the Anglo-Saxon countries the interests of the individual are placed above those of the community as a whole, Frederick the Great impressed upon his people throughout his Code the fact that the whole is more important than the part, that the State is more important than the individual. In an Introduction to the Code we read, in the beautifully clear and brief language which makes it a model of style:—

“ Every citizen is obliged to promote the welfare and security of the community in accordance with his position and means. If the rights and duties of the individual should come into collision with the promotion of the general welfare, the rights and advantages of the individual citizen must range after the interests of the community. On the other hand, the State is obliged to make good the damage which individuals may suffer by sacrificing their rights and interests to the general welfare.”

It will be noticed that the State, the community, was given enormous powers over the individual, powers which might be abused. To prevent their abuse, the citizens were enabled to proceed at law against the State with the same ease with which they could proceed against one another. The Code stated:—

“ Differences between the head of the State and his subjects will be settled before the ordinary law courts, in accordance with the law, and will be decided by them.”

That was not an empty assertion. While in England and in the United States the popular representation is all-powerful, and can, with impunity, act unjustly towards the citizens, the Prussian people were enabled by law to place their differences with Government and Ruler before the law courts. When Frederick the Great had built the *château* of Sansouci he found that a windmill close by disturbed him at his work. He offered to buy the mill, but the miller refused to part with it at any price. Annoyed by his refusal, the King threatened to seize the mill, paying the miller compensation, whereupon the proprietor fearlessly replied that the King could not act against the law, that he would take the matter to the law courts if Frederick used violence, and the result was that the miller remained in undisturbed possession of his property.

By the action of the Great Elector, of Frederick William I., and of Frederick the Great, the ruler and the Government of Prussia had been given the greatest powers. Frederick the Great was no doubt a despot, but he was an enlightened despot. He claimed for the State the most far-reaching rights, but he insisted that ruler and Government, being endowed with the greatest power, were

obliged to fulfil their duty towards the citizens, that they should act towards them the part of Providence. The old Prussian Code lays down :—

“ All rights and duties of the State towards the citizens are united in the sovereign.

“ The principal duty of the ruler of the State consists in maintaining peace and security towards other nations and in the interior of the country, and in protecting every citizen in the enjoyment of his life and property against violence and against disturbance.”

The duties before mentioned were generally recognised by conscientious sovereigns. However, Frederick the Great went farther. He was of opinion that the Government should not only protect the citizens, but should also promote their prosperity by wise interference, and come to their aid when in distress. The Code states :—

“ It is the duty of the ruler to provide measures and create institutions whereby the citizens will obtain means and opportunities for developing their abilities and powers, for using them and for increasing their prosperity.

“ Hence, the head of the State is possessed of all the privileges and powers which are required in order to obtain this object.

“ The State is obliged to maintain the security of the subjects and to defend their person, their honour, their rights, and their property.

“ Hence, the State is obliged to take the measures and to create the institutions necessary for providing justice, for taking care of those who cannot help themselves, and for preventing and punishing transgressions and crimes.”

Germany was the first State to introduce a system of National Insurance. As Bismarck inaugurated the first national insurance laws, it is often believed that he originated Germany's social policy. In reality he merely carried out the duties which Frederick the Great had recommended, and which were laid down in the old Code. The old Prussian Code distinctly states that those citizens who are in need are entitled to employment, and that they are entitled to support if employment cannot be found for them, or if they are unable to work. On the other hand, citizens were not allowed to live in idleness by begging, and institutions which encouraged idleness and dissipation, even if they were charitable institutions, were not to be tolerated. The Code states :—

“ It is the duty of the State to provide for the maintenance of those citizens who cannot provide for themselves, and who cannot obtain maintenance from those private persons who, according to the law, are obliged to provide for them.

“ Those who lack means and opportunities to earn a living

for themselves and their dependents, are to be supplied with work suitable to their powers and capacities.

"Those who will not work, owing to laziness, love of idleness, or other disorderly inclinations, shall be made to do useful work by compulsion and punishment.

"Foreign beggars must neither be allowed to enter the country nor to remain in it if they have entered it, and if they should have succeeded in entering it by stealth, they must be sent back across the frontier.

"The native poor must not beg. They must be sent back to the place to which they belong, and must there be provided for in accordance with the law. The State is entitled and obliged to create institutions and to take measures which prevent destitution among the citizens, and which prevent exaggerated expenditure and waste.

"Arrangements and institutions which promote idleness, especially among the masses of the people, and which are harmful to diligence and industry, must not be tolerated within the State.

"Charitable and other institutions which favour and promote inclination towards idleness, may be dissolved by the State, and their income may be used for the benefit of the poor.

"Those who deliberately live by begging, such as tramps and idlers of every kind, must be made to work; and when they are useless they must either be cheaply provided for or be expelled from the country as strangers.

"Thieves and other criminals who, owing to their evil inclinations, may become dangerous to the community, shall not be allowed to leave prison after they have served their sentence unless they have shown that they are able to make an honest living.

"Authorities and officials who neglect the preventive measures outlined will be held responsible for themselves and for their subordinates, according to the circumstances of the case."

Germany does not swarm with tramps, touts, and idlers of every kind who live by defrauding charitable organisations and kindly-disposed private people, because the nation has been trained to habits of industry and thrift during the last two hundred years. The Prussian Sovereigns themselves have given an example of industry and thrift to their people, and they have, in addition, endeavoured to make the people industrious and thrifty by wise legislation, for the principles contained in the old Code still guide the German Government and the local authorities of the country.

Frederick the Great endeavoured by law not only to promote industry and to discourage idleness among the lower classes, but among the middle and upper classes as well. Peasants and farmers who cultivated their land badly could be compelled to cede it to others unless they improved its cultivation. By careful Government regulation efficiency was enforced in every direction. Officials could only be appointed if they had given satisfactory proof of their ability, and people of the middle classes were allowed to engage in industrial and professional pursuits only if they had

can claim respect. Whether we share this complete confidence or not, we must at least admit, that the triumph of the idealistic trend in philosophy, and the broader empiricism of our day are more favourable to evidences for human survival than the Naturalism and Agnosticism of a generation ago. Whoever holds that whatever exists must exist as Spirit, can have no *a priori* ground for disbelieving, either in unique historical events, or in psychological facts, which go to show that the limits of human personality can no longer be placed where Locke and Hume would have placed them. This newer outlook again lends greater cogency to an argument for immortality, which has had great weight with many people, notably since the time of Kant. Its essence consists in saying that the permanence of human personality is a postulate which we make and must make, to save ourselves from moral and intellectual confusion. So reasoned our two great philosophical poets, Tennyson and Browning. Immortality makes the universe morally satisfying and intellectually transparent. It stands in organic connection with the whole of life and truth; therefore it is true.

This last argument, in particular, however, is apt to raise a question in many minds who feel keenly the difficulties that beset the idea of another life. Is it really necessary, they ask, to make such sweeping demands upon the universe? Let us grant the legitimacy of asking that our world shall be an intellectual and moral cosmos. Still as regards immortality, all that this entitles us to do is to say with Lotze, "That will last for ever which, "on account of its excellence and its spirit, must be an abiding "part of the order of the universe; what lacks this preserving worth "will perish. We discover no other supreme law of our destiny "than this."* Is this principle destroyed, if finite personalities perish? Surely not, it is urged. Men may die, but Man is immortal, and, in the immortality of Man, the better part of each of us, our sacrifices and our labours endure. It is enough if at death we take our places with

" Many more whose names on earth are dark,
But whose transmitted effluence cannot die."

This is the conception of corporate immortality to which George Eliot gave such familiar expression, and its influence has been extensive. It has been greatly strengthened, as some think, by the larger view, which metaphysical idealism yields, of the spiritual order to which we belong. We are organically related not merely to humanity, but perhaps to other spiritual orders, and certainly in the last resort, to the Absolute Spirit itself. It is the Absolute's

* Lotze, *Microcosmus*. Vol. I., p. 389.

perfection which is manifested in all our higher thought and achievement. We are immortal in this sense; we are sharers in a Life which is eternal.

It is, then, the respective merits of these two conceptions, of individual and of corporate immortality, with which we shall be concerned in what follows. I shall try to show that if we once postulate the "conservation of values" and the reality of progress, then corporate immortality, to say the least, has no advantage over the doctrine of the persistence of individuals. The same general considerations which tell against the one are equally damaging to the other. On the other hand, every argument and every appeal, on which corporate immortality relies, can be made coherent and cogent, only when reduced to a form which favours personal survival.

To begin with, then, the advocates of corporate immortality put in the claim that their view makes no unreasonable demands upon the universe. The permanence of work and influence is a factor of constantly increasing range, and seems therefore to be the kind of continuance which is most conformable to our nature and position in the world. An endless life, on the contrary, is a sort of absolute demand, which our finitude, and our chequered experience of good and ill, hardly seem to warrant. As Mr. Bradley puts it: "It is idle to repeat, 'I want something,' unless 'you can show that the nature of things demands it also.'"

In reply, it must be said that the conservation of values is very much less a matter of fact, and very much more a matter of faith, than is ordinarily assumed. Of this we shall have evidence by and by. In the second place, there is good reason for holding that any fundamental and persistent demand of the human spirit is, by itself, a revelation of what the universe requires also. Indeed, how could it be otherwise, seeing that the mind of man is the highest manifestation of reality directly known to us?

That our desires, when purified and transformed by the teaching of experience, become prophetic of the nature of things, is a fact to which the whole history of science bears witness. It is now generally allowed that such a principle as the rationality of the world, together with the special forms which it assumes, such as the unity, continuity, and uniformity of nature, are not "so much 'brute fact thrust upon us, willy nilly'"; they originate not in the object but in the subject of experience. They are demands, which we make and must make, if a certain result is to be attained, viz., knowledge itself. Now, knowledge means *the expression of the universe in terms of personality*. The desire for it, therefore, is, in the end, as much a sentimental and religious one, as the quest for happiness or moral perfection.

highly gifted it is, beforehand at any rate, largely a matter of conjecture and of faith. It would be different if all the lives we touched were eternal. But, in truth, taking the facts just as they appear, can we say that the strenuous mood is the one most logical and natural reaction in such a situation? If not despair, why not calm detachment or glad acquiescence in the transience of all things human? "When Carlyle's *Teufelsdröckh* reaches the centre of "indifference," he reflects with a certain bitter relish. "Thousands of human generations, all as noisy as our own, have been swallowed up of Time, and there remains no wreck of them any more; and *Acturus* and *Orion* and *Sirius* and the *Pleiades* are still shining in their courses, clear and young, as when the poet first noted them on the Plain of *Shinar*," or, again, as *Swinburne* puts it:—

" From too much love of living,
From hope and fear set free,
We thank with brief thanksgiving,
Whatever Gods may be,
That no life lives for ever,
That dead men rise up never,
That even the weariest river
Winds somewhere safe to sea."

Such a gospel of negation is as deeply rooted in reality as corporate immortality. But neither goes deep enough.

In the second place, the individual is consoled for his fragmentary life by the assurance that somehow, somewhere, on this earth, the kingdom of man will come. So taught *Herbert Spencer* and many others beside him. Even *Nietzsche*, who despises smooth prophesyings, has his vision of a world rebuilt. Indeed, so long as man has ideals he cannot rid himself of this faith, that his aspiration and effort will be lost at last in complete fruition. However disowned, however disguised, it always returns.

If now we insist on taking terrestrial history as a complete whole in itself, are we justified in believing that it can have any such goal? Such a conclusion, one may venture to say, will appear the more untenable the longer it is reflected on. Against it, we have not merely the special difficulties of human development, though these are serious enough; we have also the general limitations to which our earthly life is subject. In particular, so long as man is a son of time his life is pervaded through and through by the "sad mortality of this sunlit world." A state of final achievement, ever in process of dissolution, is a flat contradiction in terms.

Besides the reasons already mentioned, there is another which forbids us to hope that man's terrestrial history can bridge this gulf. The grounds for such a hope are summed up in the well-known saying of *Pascal*, that the whole series of human genera-

tions may be regarded as one man, ever living, ever learning. This saying contains at least as much error as truth. Each new generation does *not* begin where its predecessor left off; it does not begin the actual heir of all the ages. Any new generation begins with the infant in the cradle, who has to relearn the lessons which his fathers learnt; his life, also, is an experiment which was never made before. That experiment may be greater and more complex through increased resources; but the risk of failure and suffering is proportionately increased. A race, whose members are related in time as parents and children, thus carries within itself a perpetually recurrent, receding wave. This is precisely the teaching of history. Not only does the contrast of ideal and actual emerge in every age; what is more tragic still is the reappearance, time and again, of precisely the same battles on a more titanic scale than of old. The convictions of the wisest seers that certain things are dead and done with have been repeatedly falsified. There are certain sentences of J. A. Froude, written fifty years ago, which have an almost weird application to the present. "Gibbon," he says, "thought that the era of conquerors was at an end. Had he lived out the full life of man, he would have seen Europe at the feet of Napoleon. But a few years ago we believed the world had grown too civilised for war. . . . Battles as bloody as Napoleon's are now the familiar tale of every day." Speaking of world upheavals he continues: "These great convulsions leave the world changed—perhaps improved—but not improved as the actors in them hoped it would be. Luther would have gone to work with less heart could he have foreseen the Thirty Years' War and, in the distance, the Theology of Tubingen. Washington might have hesitated to draw the sword against England could he have seen the country he made as we see it now."* Since these words were written we have seen Humanism, Cosmopolitanism, and Democracy wield an influence they never had before—and after them, the World War. But surely it may be said these tremendous experiences will make us deeper men, and the tide of progress will at last reach its bourne never to recede again. It will do so only if terrestrial evolution entirely changes its character. It is not putting it too strongly to say that it would need to issue in some such miraculous result as Renan pictures in his *Dialogues et Fragments Philosophiques*. In his "Dreams" he sees an omnipotent omniscient being as the last term of the God-making evolution, a being who will revive in himself all the beings who have vanished, and who will repair all the evils of time. If we reject such fancies utterly, if we decline to treat them even as symbolic of what may be, then as regards progress we can only say

* J. A. Froude, *Short Studies*. Vol. I., p. 27-28.

it from the point of view of life as a whole. Now a universe which makes self-sacrifice the last word to any of its members, is one which sets the seal of its approval either on the useless destruction of personality, or on parasitism—involuntarily parasitism, if you will have it so. It is the best who sacrifice themselves: often it is "the holiest amongst the mighty, and the mightiest among the holy," who pour out their souls unto death. Can we say that our safety, or happiness, or virtue is any true measure of the worth of that sacred offering? It is just the moral offensiveness of any such conclusion which constrains us to look beyond the earth. And what sort of compensation, after all, do we wish self-sacrifice to have? Simply that it awaken in us the spirit of love which gave it, and that that spirit may find expression. What would not our children's children give for the chance to meet and greet any of the brave men who are sleeping their last sleep to-day, in the ravines and hills of the Dardanelles, or in the plains of France? It is just the same instinct which points us to an after life: it is the desire that the spirit, which is likest God within the soul, shall be the sovereign power in the universe at the last.

Nor, again, so long as self-sacrifice aims at the good of others, is it possible for it not to yearn for some sort of union and communion with a spirit akin to itself. Thus, the pioneers of progress, scorned in their own day, are represented, by William Morris, as appealing to the future:—

"Then 'twixt lips of loved and lover solemn thoughts of us shall rise,
We, who once were fools and dreamers, then shall be the brave and wise."

This sense of an unseen tribunal, this appeal to an ideal society or an ideal companion, is, as Prof. James has said, an indispensable element in the consciousness of all who live a social life.* Whither does this habit of mind inevitably tend? It tends directly to the conception of a Being who is omniscient and morally perfect. It is when we are most alone, and at our highest and best, that this sense of communion with God Himself becomes clear and strong. For religious men, this has ever been one great token of immortality, "'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us and intimates—'Eternity to man.'" Such an experience is not present with us at all times, but when it comes, it gives the most intense feeling of reality which we can know. It is like the branch which came floating out of the Unknown to answer the doubts of Columbus and his companions: it gives clear tidings of the New World, that lies beyond the sea and the night.

ROBERT CHRISTIE.

* William James, *Principles of Psychology*. Vol. I., p. 316.

A ZEPPELIN ADVENTURE.

LAST week I was working at doping some wings for an aeroplane, when someone brought a young officer up to me and murmured his name, which by the way I didn't catch. I could not shake hands with him, as mine were too dirty, and thinking that he had come on some business to the firm and was waiting for its completion, I made polite conversation to fill up the interval. I continued to dope, and my remarks naturally dealt with the disastrous effect the stuff had on one's clothes, and I asked him if he hated the smell. He replied: "I revel in it, and I'd like to help you now, and will, if you will let me." I glanced at his well-preserved uniform, and his general appearance was so neat that I judged he would really prefer not to be taken at his word, and refused his offer with a laugh.

Of course, being in an aeroplane factory, we naturally drifted on to the subject of flying, and the rapid development of aeroplanes as war machines. That he knew the subject from the inside was at once apparent; as he did not, however, drag in startling personal experiences, or boast of wonders of "stunt" flying; I naturally supposed him to be a pupil at flying, or at any rate not far advanced from that stage. I never dreamed he was that rare animal, a retiring and modest aviator. We discussed the merits of our favourite types, and the engines we thought most trustworthy. He had never flown the particular type of biplane that I was working on at that moment, and he did not express an over-powering desire to do so. I was surprised, and asked why they came second in his estimation, as they were credited with being the easiest to manage and to want so little attention. He explained that he liked an engine that he could govern, and not one that was as fool-proof as a motor 'bus, so also he preferred a machine that wanted some skill to fly, and one that kept the pilot at work all the time. "It feels more alive," he said. This remark made me certain that he was no pupil, so I carefully worked round to find out where he had learned to fly, and how long ago he had qualified as a pilot. He modestly said he had flown mostly every day for about eighteen months, but that now he was to have the care of a repair station, and would like to gather some hints on how

best to run it. We discussed this branch, and fully agreed that it was always the quickest and best repair to take a machine to pieces even if it apparently was suffering only from a bad shock, as the damage done inside was often more extensive than could be discovered from outside.

"Where is your repair station?" I asked. "I haven't got one yet; I'm waiting to get it," he said. "I'm doing nothing, and I'm so bored that I rode over to the nearest aeroplane works just to satisfy my longings." I naturally said: "Ain't you flying now at all?" "No, I'm not allowed to; in fact I can't, as some days I go blind and some days deaf." I felt deeply interested, for at once I knew that he had been in some smash and had got hurt. I left off doping, and invited him to come and have a talk in some more congenial spot. "Have a cigarette," I said, as a preliminary to a confidence that I felt I must extract. "Oh! don't show me one. I mayn't smoke or drink or do anything exciting. That's why I'm so bored." "Well, have an apple, that's mild enough, and tell me about the smash." "About three months ago," he said, "I cracked my skull: it's nearly joined up now; but when I'm tired or excited certain nerves don't work. I'm seeing my doctor to-morrow morning, and I hope he will let me do light work till I can fly again."

I couldn't go without the story now, so I begged to be told just how it happened. "Well, one night we had been standing about on the aerodrome from five in the afternoon till ten o'clock at night, knowing, without being actually told, that a raid was expected. The machines of our squadron were all ready to start at the word of command." "Where to?" I interrupted—he wanted so much drawing out. "Just to fly round and find a Zepp. if one was about. No further particulars were given or needed. Each one of us, according to our machines, and where we found our object, was to use his own judgment of how best he could do it in."

"At ten o'clock," he continued, "the order was given for the pilots to go to bed. Our machines were to stay where they were, drawn up in a line, a mechanic near each one, with a petrol can in readiness to start the engine. It was a great disappointment, as we felt our flight would not come off that night. I laid on my camp bed, and was asleep in a few minutes!" "Could you sleep at once knowing you might be called to fly at any minute?" I asked. "Like a top," he assured me, "for we were drilled for night flying, and it was only some vague feeling that told us to-night was not only drill, but reality. After an hour's sleep my mechanic called out the order that we were to be ready to start in ten minutes. I collected

"my leather coat and cap, discarded the goggles as being of no use at night, felt in my outside pocket for the chocolate and flask I always carry there. All else had been most carefully prepared, the compass corrected, the instruments verified, and I knew my Gnome was working perfectly. I'm glad now I decided to use my safety belt." "Don't you always wear one?" I asked, having heard so many conflicting theories about their use. "I never know what to do," he replied. "If you are tied in you may hit your head on a part of the machine that is harder than your head, and if you are thrown out you may land on grass or a soft place. On the other hand, you may get burnt to death in the seat, or fall out at a few thousand feet if you are hit in the air. I think it's just a toss up which way you decide.

"I climbed in, and the first turn of the propeller started up my engine. I listened for a second or two and was happy at the perfect sound of my Gnome. I held up my hand for a sign that I was ready, opened out the throttle, and was off." "How do you know when to rise and where to get off, at night?" I asked. "There are lights at the pylons to guide us, and after that you fly entirely by your instruments. I knew that I had in all probability some hours' flying before me, so I laid my plans to rise as high as possible, so as to be above any airship on her return home, while still the land was under her and not the sea. I therefore climbed in large circles to 8,000 feet, and kept well inland. It was a clear night and cold. After the first 2,000 to 3,000 feet a motor loses a lot of power, much more so at night, so I didn't force my climb."

"How do you know your altitude, and how do you keep it?" I inquired. "Only by your instruments; your altimeter tells you how high you are, and you keep your eye on the instrument board all the time. Even the tiny electric light over it makes everything very dark outside. One pilot in our squadron hates the darkness. It makes him feel so lonely that he can hardly bear it, and it makes him feel 'hung up in the sky,' as he expresses it, and just like a star, which, he says, may be poetical, but not comfortable. He declares he is relieved when he is shot at, as he knows someone is aware of his existence." "Don't you mind the dark?" "I prefer to see where I'm going, but I don't feel like that. I'm the sort that doesn't mind being alone; also I feel less responsible if I carry no passenger. I prefer risking my own life, and not having another one to think of and worry about." "Did you see the Zepp.?" I said, impatient to hear the story. "Yes, after about an hour's wait and search, and I believe that peering to see it through the dark strained my eyes; I remember they were very sore at the time.

"Suddenly, just as I turned to take a new centre for my circle I saw the monster sausage below me, a grey indistinct outline. No time was lost in taking a nose dive straight for her middle to ram her." "What! that meant certain death?" "Yes, but it meant certain Zeppelin too!" "Hadn't you any bombs or a gun?" "No, but even if I carried fifty there wouldn't be much certainty of aim while I was rushing headlong downwards towards an object that was travelling at an unknown speed through the night. No range could be got, distances at night are impossible to judge, and no time could be lost. The Zepp. was there. I had to do it in at once, that was the only thought, nothing else mattered. She appeared below me on the right, flying across my path. She must have seen me, though I can't think how, as I was a small object over 1,000 feet above her." "Oh! that's easily explained," I hastened to interrupt; "there is a platform on the top of the airship, and a tube, containing a ladder, passes right through the gas bag from the car. By this means an observer is always on the look-out, and can also telephone through the tube to the crew if any aircraft is sighted."

"Well, that's how it must have been, because she suddenly made a lunge forwards, and upwards, increasing her speed and her lift at the same time." "How could she do it so suddenly?" "Was it by throwing out ballast?" I wanted to know. "Oh! I found out afterwards that she had thrown out a huge petrol tank filled with petrol, lots of bombs still attached to their holders and not timed to explode, besides lots of rope and gear, also water, which is carried as ballast, as someone had their back garden watered, and it was quite a local rain. I passed just underneath, quite close to the keel." "What did you do then?" "I made use of the speed I had gained by diving to rise again, turned to the left, and gave chase for another minute or two. I saw her again, this time above me, and fast disappearing. I knew that I could never get above her again, nor indeed come near her. She melted into the darkness, and I was left with my failure and bitter disappointment and only half-an-hour's petrol. Realising my obvious duty was to get to earth, I came down in a glide, sparing my petrol as much as possible. I had not much difficulty in finding my landing-place, but I was much more afraid of getting into it than I had been when I tried to ram the Zepp."

"Why were you frightened when you had lights to guide you and knew the ground so well?" I inquired. "You can't tell a bit how near you are to the ground in the dark. A few feet more or less just before you touch the ground makes all the difference to the amount of bump, and with a machine that lands at about forty miles an hour you require a fair amount of space to land in at

"any time. This aerodrome was about as large as a lady's pocket handkerchief, and had frills of hedges on three sides with trees in them, and on the fourth side a railway track and telegraph posts. "I tried six times to land, and each time had to rise before I got to earth, as I was too near the hedges. Then I got tired of trying, "and flew south for a few miles to try a place I knew of "where there was more room, but they were not expecting "me and all was pitch dark. If I wanted to land with "a motor working it had to be done at once, as the petrol "couldn't last long now. So my seventh shot had to come off, and "it wasn't such a bad landing at that, but I hadn't room to pull up "in, and was stopped by a hedge. As I said before, my belt saved "me from being thrown out, but my head got cracked on a strut "of the machine." "Were you at once unconscious?" "Oh, "no. I got out pretty soon and was helped to bed, but I felt "rotten, very rotten. I remember telling a doctor how funny I "felt, and he said I must be very quiet or I should feel still more "funny. Now I really am all right except at times, and it's sheer "boredom I suffer while waiting to fly again. So do let me help "you dope and make up for wasting your time."

"GRACE BIRD."

purchase within a zone of sixty-seven miles wide on either side the Siberian railway is permissible, and the extent of Crownlands sold to any single person—or group—for exploiting purposes, is strictly limited. Russian immigration to Siberia has been organised lately, so that immigrants are directed into regions where free land is available, and they now flow into the country in a steady stream numbering some 200,000 per annum. The transportation of exiles, political and criminal, into Siberia, was officially discontinued in 1901; but the descendants of those earlier exiles who have become settled in the country rank amongst the best and most capable of the people. The Russian emigrant is, as a rule, a poor colonist. There are to be found the abandoned relics of Russian colonies in many parts of the world—notably in Patagonia, where they proved quite incapable of adjusting themselves to their new surroundings and positively starved in a land which Welsh settlers found to be a land of plenty. With all its great possibilities and with many natural advantages discounted by the rigorous climate and a long winter, Siberia has never offered a field for European immigration generally. For Russia, at any rate, there is ample room to meet the exigencies of her expanding population for many years to come, and the gradual colonising incursions of Korean and Chinese from the East, which are yearly increasing, need excite no apprehensions as regards space at present. Asia affords other fields for European enterprise than Siberia, and some of them are important—but there is no other part of that continent of which it can be said that it is really a white man's country, that is to say, a country where the white man may make a permanent home for himself, and where he may leave his children after him to take up his burden. Nature has decreed that under certain physiological conditions, the basis of which are light and heat, human evolution should include a colour scheme which is an essential factor in the adaptation of the human creature to his surroundings, and which is an outward and visible indication of man's fitness for life under certain geographical conditions. The dark-skinned man is the recognised product of an environment of strong light and heat, and possesses actual physical characteristics which are only associated with such an environment, and this means to him life and continuance of race, but the white man, originally starting in the race for peopling the world from the cold uplands of High Asia, has never yet adapted himself to a tropical condition of life. He is still by nature and development as much an exotic in the sweltering plains of the equatorial regions as a polar bear would be in the Indian Ocean. Altitude serves him to a certain extent, because altitude means the gain of cool air and cool breezes which are to be found in the tropics, but no amount of the grace of adaptability which is a characteristic of varied force

in different races of the white people can ever really adjust the inherent difference in physical construction and render him absolutely "at home" in tropical regions. The Russian, as we have seen, when he starts on the world pilgrimage to the new land of his adoption, is not really making for a new land at all. He is shifting from one environment to a very similar one, and he may walk if he so pleases from Petrograd to Eastern Siberia without setting foot outside of Russia or of Russian climatic conditions. Consequently we seldom see Russians in the rush for pegging out land claims in Africa or South America or in the tropical islands of the Pacific. Russians and Poles do sometimes listen to the voice of the charmer in the person of the emigration agent, and find their way southward to the tropics and beyond, but never in large numbers, and seldom without living to regret their decision. Hitherto the Russian has put in no claim in Africa at all, nor is there any reason why he should, nor, it may be added, much hope for him if he did. It is different with France. France has long required room for expansion, and has found it partly in Asia in the region of Indo-China. Undoubtedly the Frenchman has succeeded in adapting himself to tropical conditions in Asia better than the Englishman—but it may be doubted whether the Frenchman of Indo-China has permitted himself to be assimilated by his adopted country to any greater degree than the Englishman. He lives, so far as his surroundings permit, the life of the Frenchman in France; there is a faint elusive whiff of Parisian atmosphere about his boulevards and his cafés, and his daily relaxations, enough to indicate where his heart is, and this supplies the key to his whole life story. Indo-China and the commercial business of its cities, or the daily round of superintendence in the development of plantations in the upper country, the land of higher elevations and cooler conditions, is but the means to an end—and the end is the return with sufficient wealth to live out comfortable years in France. Still, he is a good colonist, just as the British planter in Ceylon or in the Southern hills of India (where, by the way, is no official colony) is a good colonist, and the pressure of overpopulation in France is relieved, and relieved on most satisfactory terms, by his exile, which does not prevent him from being a useful economic asset to his country. The question is, how far does his corner of Asia lend itself to the general scheme of white expansion.

The geographical configuration of Indo-China is as follows: Facing the South-China Sea to the east is the long narrow maritime province of Annam, just a narrow ribbon of seaboard, 700 to 800 miles long, terminating at its southern extremity in the delta of the Mekong (which delta comprises the province of Cochin China) and

families settled in Kashmir or in the lower valleys of the Himalaya, and occasionally an English gentleman occupying the position of Zemindar or landowner; but the instances are rare, and in no case do they involve the application of European labour. And what is true of India is yet more true of tropical regions in Asia that lie more completely within the tropics. The European exists in all these regions as the overlord, the employer, the capitalist, but never as a member of the productive body of workers by whose labour the riches of the East are materialised. Even if it were possible that the white man could live and continue his race in the tropical climate of the East—in India, Ceylon, Burma, the Straits Settlements or the islands yet further East, he would be brought into direct competition with the Eastern emigrant from China, Japan, and India, who not only regards Asia as his own heritage, no matter to what extent he may shift his Asiatic habitat, but who can by force of heredity and physical sensibility to his environment, live on a fraction of that which would be necessary to support the European. In short, Asia affords no future asylum for overcrowded Europe, and we must look elsewhere for those climatic and geographical surroundings which make white emigration possible.

(SIR) THOMAS H. HOLDICH, K.C.M.G.

MISS FERRIER'S NOVELS.

IT is curious that Susan Ferrier's novels should be comparatively little known to this generation.

People who are devoted to Jane Austen have hardly ever heard of the original, genial, and racy Scotch novelist. Yet Sir Walter Scott classed her with Jane Austen, and compared her to Maria Edgeworth. He said that she produced "portraits of real society far superior to anything man, vain man has produced."

Miss Ferrier was born in Edinburgh in 1782. She was lucky in her literary environment, for she lived, "a most attractive personality, the centre of a brilliant coterie." Her father was the friend of Sir Walter Scott, and she knew Lord Brougham, Sidney Smith, and many others. She was able to make full use of these opportunities, for she had great powers of observation, and a strong sense of humour. In her novels we find rollicking fun, blended with a stern sense of duty, which makes her often break off an amusing description to point a moral. The society of the Edinburgh of her day must have been unique. Its members were all known to each other.

Dr. Brown describes the women as "well read, well bred, free yet refined, full of spirit and sense—women who with all their gifts were always womanly in their ways and speech." Miss Ferrier excels in her studies of the highly-bred Scotchwoman of her day, but her English men and women read like caricatures. She was thoroughly familiar with her own countrywomen, but she had only a very second-hand knowledge of London. "Nobody ever had less to make them gay than had nothing to make them wretched than I have," she writes when she has just passed thirty. Her life must have been singularly uneventful; but then everybody had much time on their hands in those days, and there was time for character-study, and for observation of the oddities of daily life.

Miss Ferrier did not go in for personal ridicule or mimicry of her friends, but in some cases recognition of her personations was so easy as to be a real source of alarm to her. "Whenever characters are at all *natural*, they are immediately set down for 'being personal,'" she writes. However, the secret of her identity was very well kept. "If I were suspected of even being

"every three hours." "And I've done nothing but make water "gruel and chop rusks for it," quoth Miss Nicky, when the child languished.

It is a change to visit London with Miss Ferrier, but we feel we are leaving the known for the unknown. The Highland ladies spent their lives "knitting stockings, scolding servants, cementing "china, trimming bonnets, lecturing the poor"; but the London ladies seemed to live in order to stuff their conversation with French phrases. In London we are invariably introduced to the Upper Ten, though one or two peeps at middle-class households show us Miss Ferrier at her best—"solid old-fashioned "respectability."

Lady Emily is vivacious, vulgar, outspoken, and good-hearted. She makes a capital foil for Mary the moral. Here are one or two of her sentiments. They might almost be put into the mouth of a modern young lady. "Oh, hang duties! they are odious things. "And as for your amiable, dutiful, virtuous, Goody-Two-Shoes "characters, I detest them." . . . "I suppose it is sympathy "to blow one's nose—and—and read the Bible." . . . "How "stupid everyone is at dinner. I believe it is the fumes of the meat "that dull one's senses and render them so detestable."

Here is Lady Emily's description of her brother: "He is *un peu* "*volage*, and he admires none but *les dames Mariées*." Talking of her young friends, Lady Emily breaks out into "Oh, the "insipidity of a mere miss! A soft simpering thing, with pink "cheeks, and pretty hair, and fashionable clothes, *sans* eyes for "anything but lovers, *sans* ears for anything but flattery, *sans* "taste for anything but balls." Lady Emily is always entertaining, and we could linger long in her company. She is so true and so natural. Before dismissing her and closing the pages of *Marriage*, a few words must be said about two minor characters, Mrs. MacShake and Mrs. Fox.

Mrs. MacShake was "the last remaining branch of the noble "race of Girnachgocol"—rather formidable, rather particular, very good-hearted. A morning call upon her was full of surprise and adventure. She received her relatives "*gladly*," but "seemed eager to efface any agreeable impression her reception "might have excited." She took snuff, and used a coloured handkerchief. She really talked Scottish, and when roebuck is presented to her by her kinsman breaks out into the following lively abuse: "Gin your roebuck's nae better than the last, a-weel it's "no worth the sending. Poor dry, fisueless dirt, no worth the "chowing; wed a wat. I begrudges my teeth on't." While her visitor is still hesitating whether to laugh or be angry, she produces a pair of valuable diamond earrings as a gift. Certainly Mrs.

MacShake possessed a raciness of manners and ideas which must have made her a choice companion.

Mrs. Fox lived at Bath, "a Fox of Peckwell, very rich and "prodigiously charitable"; but she is not above the meanness of making Miss Grizzy buy "sweet little pincushions" at 2s. 6d. each, and twelve dozen shirt buttons for 5s., "for poor *protégées*," she explains. The scene in which poor Miss Grizzy is made to part with her pebble brooch, in order to swell the collection of such a polite, amiable, charitable woman, must be read to be appreciated. It is quite incomparable, and so is Lady MacLaughlan's estimate of the matter. "There are," she says, "two things God grant that I may never become: an amateur in "charity and a collector in curiosities. No Christian can be "either"!

With this parting shot we will take leave of *Marriage*, and pass on to *The Inheritance* and the famous Miss Pratt. Miss Pratt, who ranks with Miss Bate in the length of her tongue and knowledge of her neighbours. She is "cousin to all families of distinction "in general throughout Scotland," and in real life would be an awful bore; but Miss Ferrier has made her a source of perennial joy to every reader. For to begin with, Miss Pratt is not one person. She should never be introduced by herself, for she is dual. She is Miss Pratt and Anthony Whyte. We never meet that incomparable nephew of hers, for that is part of Miss Ferrier's genius. Yet we know everything about him, even his taste in shaving-glasses.

Miss Pratt is a real *looker*, and a "real looker," says Miss Ferrier, "like a great genius, is never at a loss for a subject." Miss Pratt has a thousand observations to make, even ascending a flight of stairs, "observations and criticisms about stair-carpetts, "patent-lamps, hall chairs, slab tables, &c." Her eyes were not by any means fine eyes, they were not reflecting eyes, they were not soft eyes, not sparkling eyes, not melting eyes; neither restless eyes, nor rolling eyes, nor squinting eyes, nor prominent eyes—but they were active, brisk, busy, vigilant, "immovable eyes." It is those busy eyes which find out the resemblance between Gertrude, the heroine, and the picture of Diana, which are the key to the mystery of *The Inheritance*. Not that Miss Ferrier is any better at mysteries and villains than she is in the construction of plots. Mrs. St. Clair, her one villain of importance, is wholly impossible, and not in the least convincing. To return to Miss Pratt, there is one historical and much-quoted incident in her career which would in itself make Miss Ferrier famous. That is, of course, the account of her arrival to stay with Lord Rossville in a hearse, which she has met and commandeered by the way.

"It drew up at the grand entrance . . . and there was lifted out not a slovenly unhandsome corpse, but the warm, sentient, though somewhat discomfited figure of Miss Pratt." "Whose burial is it?" inquires somebody. "It is Mr. McVitie's, the great distiller," explains Miss Pratt. "I'm sure I am much obliged to him, for if it hadn't been for him, poor man, I might have been stiff and stark by now." Then Lord Rossville becomes incoherent with rage. "You presume to expect that I am to permit the hearse of Mr. McVitie, the distiller—the—the democratic distiller, with eight horses and four men to—to—to—to transform Rossville Castle into an inn—a—a caravanserai of the very lowest description—a—a—a charnel-house—a—a—a receptacle for vehicles employed for the foulest, the vilest, the most unseemly of all purposes. . . ." This outburst rendered the laird "a lifeless corpse" by the next morning. Miss Ferrier adds, "whence it came who can tell—whether from cold, apoplexy, mental disquiet, or irreversible decree." One would be inclined to think the noble laird died of mental disquiet!

It is in *The Inheritance* we meet Uncle Adam, one of the finest pictures of a man ever drawn by a woman, with his mixture of rare humour and true pathos. Gertrude St. Clair is also Miss Ferrier's best heroine, and Lady Betty, "the tall thin grey old woman, with a long inquisitive nose," is really comic. Then there is Mrs. Waddell, with her "intolerable air of folly, affectation, and conceit."

The Inheritance is the most brilliant of Miss Ferrier's three novels, and *Destiny*, her last book, is the dullest. In it there is much tedious moralising. The combat between the artist and the moralist, which must have always pursued Miss Ferrier, meant a victory for the moralist in old age. She was solitary and in bad health when she wrote *Destiny*. Yet it is in *Destiny* we meet Lady Elizabeth and the delightful Molly Macaulay, not to mention Mr. McDow and Mrs. Ribley. Lady Elizabeth would deserve a whole essay to do her justice, and there are many aphorisms in *Destiny* which might well be collected, as they doubtless form the observations of a long life.

Anybody who wishes to embark upon the enjoyment of Miss Ferrier's books should begin with *Marriage*, and then proceed to *The Inheritance*. *Destiny* should be kept until the end. Not one word of the first two books should be skipped, but it would be cruel to lay down such an edict for *Destiny*.

CONSTANCE SPENDER.

CONSCRIPTION (OPEN AND VEILED).

THE present is a time when momentous decisions, hurried and inconsidered, having effects which will remain when the present time of stress and turmoil is over, are liable to be made on the occasion of some apparent and unreal necessity. Casual incidents, accidental circumstances, indifferent logic, may often override the calm considered judgment which attempts to take a large and statesmanlike view. The ordinary checks on revolutionary legislation are, to a great degree, in abeyance. In matters of administration, great latitude must of necessity be allowed to those in power, who are, presumably, acting on the basis of knowledge of the situation, military and diplomatic, not available to others, yet the Government is by no means proof against the influence of noisy, irresponsible agitation from outside, carried on by those who have no such knowledge. The fact that outside agitation, presumably imperfectly informed, has (rightly or wrongly) in minor matters been followed by Government action, renders it doubly necessary that resolute opposition should be offered to all who are attempting to take advantage of the present crisis to change our national system of voluntary service to the German one of conscription and ruthless State domination. It would be idle to shut our eyes to the fact that the present war has done something in that direction. It is characteristic of war-time that ideals, or at least those of our country, which I suppose is what we are ultimately fighting for, count for little. On this vital matter, the final step, which, if not irrevocable, would not easily be retraced, can perhaps be avoided if all who value our traditions will offer strenuous opposition at the present critical time, and will not be misled or silenced by pleas of necessity which no one can reasonably maintain.

First of all let us clearly realise that the conflict between those who wish to maintain our present system and those who are and have been agitating for conscription, usually disguised under the speciously ambiguous phrase national service, is, like the gigantic war in which we are now engaged, primarily a conflict of ideals. By every argument used, by every turn of phrase, the conscriptionists continually show that it is not the military situation which is uppermost in their minds. We seldom hear the plea (it would be too absurd) that there is a serious and vital shortage of recruits. Whatever deficiencies may be ours, that of shortage of men to fight

the opinion of those in power. In discussing a large and general question such as this, we must deprecate the importance of the inside and secret knowledge of special operations possessed by the military authorities and by the Government. Most of this is clearly irrelevant to the point at issue. On matters connected with the war everyone will listen with the greatest respect and interest to all the information that can be given concerning the actual conduct of operations or the magnitude of the task that still remains. Whatever opinions or impressions may be entertained, no one would dream of active opposition to such decisions as they may make concerning the disposal of the available forces, whether military or naval. But, on the question of conscription, the opinion of a member of the Government is precisely equivalent to that of anyone else. It is a personal opinion and preference, nothing more. In view of the public statement of the Prime Minister some time ago that the total enlisted forces approached the three million mark, in view of the common knowledge of the large number of recruits since that date, it would be a palpable absurdity to say that there is serious danger of a shortage of volunteers. Shortage of equipment of one kind or another, financial exhaustion, are dangers of which we hear continually. From the commencement of the war to the present time, the shortage has not been in men. The question of military necessity does not arise, nor is it likely to arise. The most pessimistic detractor of his country could not but admit that the response to the call for volunteers has been magnificent. The conviction, or even the authoritative assertion, that more are required always suffices to bring more and more.

The same remarks may be commended to all who are attempting, by any means whatever, to institute what may well be described as a system of veiled conscription. Such a description applies to all attempts to bully or frighten apparently eligible men into the army, or to force them there by the pressure of economic necessity. Such methods are the outcome of the military ideal, and are likely to bring the country into contempt. That they have had any practical effect save to stiffen the backs of those who may have decided, for some reason or other, not to enlist I do not believe. That any appreciable fraction of the enormous number of recruits have either been bullied or forced into the army seems to me an absurd proposition. But the fact that such methods have been attempted does show that there are in the country people with whom such methods would be successful—namely, those who have used the questionable methods. Such incidents undoubtedly do reflect on the small section of our countrymen who have attempted to bully or coerce. Their personal experience of themselves and others evidently inclines them to the belief that in this way the ranks of the army will be filled. It is such

occurrences that give some colour to the only argument for conscription worthy of consideration—namely, that the present system is worse.

The form of indirect compulsion which calls for comment is the attitude of some employers in dismissing, or refusing to employ, men of military age. Some county councils and other official bodies are specially to blame in this matter. In view of the state of the labour market and the demand for labour of all kinds, I greatly doubt whether such indirect compulsion is likely to be effective. But it should not be attempted. Let the employers guarantee the reinstatement of the employees after the war—that is their share in the work of recruiting. It cannot be too strongly urged that it is not the business of employers, official or unofficial, to attempt to compel employees to enter the army. Anyone who does so is open to grave accusations of lack of patriotism. Economic pressure leaves it open to enemies of the country to say that members of the employer class are saving their own skins by forcing their employees into the ranks. With the conscriptionists we can all agree that such methods, were they effective, would be worse than conscription. Fortunately there is small evidence that they really are effective. But, effective or ineffective, they call for the strongest protest. With regard to recruiting methods experience has shown that one method is effective above all others—namely, for the Secretary for War to state, and to make it widely known, that a certain number of recruits are required in a certain time. By this simple method the first half million were obtained in six weeks, and the rush of recruits became so great that the height limit (very unwisely) was put up to five foot six inches. Few will doubt that the same simple method of making known exactly the extent of the country's needs will continue to be effective, as it always has been. Let it never be forgotten, however, that the voluntary system does imply that it is not the business of anyone, employer or otherwise, authoritatively to tell any man he must enlist. The system implies that everyone must decide for himself. Surely no one else is equally competent to make the decision.

In the brief space at our disposal it is not possible to say much on the value and proportion of our military operations compared with the other work that falls to our share of the conduct of the war. We need not, therefore, labour the obvious statement that, had we not a single soldier on foreign soil, we should still, navally, financially, and in the making of stores and munitions, be playing a great and a vital part. What is not, however, fully realised is that the work of keeping open communications with the outside world, of rendering it possible to obtain from the world stores and commodities of all kinds, is one that depends on the continuance of

THE SALVATION ARMY AND THE WAR.

WILLIAM BOOTH, the Founder of the Salvation Army, always insisted upon the principle that religion must dominate the whole life. In riches or in poverty, in peace or in war, the ministrations of religion were necessary to humanity. He was the apostle of the gutter, but equally he rejoiced in a message for Park Lane and for men and women in all circumstances, which he did not fail to deliver at the right moment. Opportunity appealed to him with insistent call when other people failed to realise that it was knocking at their door. I was with him at Amsterdam on his last Continental tour when his conversation turned on the invitation to the Army to commence work in China. He was anxious to send his officers there, though the organisation of this Eastern enterprise meant for him additional burdens and responsibilities. As this old man, blind in both eyes, scarred with the seams and worries of over eighty years, sat in his host's house by the Dutch canal and talked of his plans, I recognised an unresting policy which simply led him on from one achievement to a further and oftentimes bigger enterprise. That his son has adopted this guiding rule of leadership explains the fact that in the midst of a great war the Salvation Army, despite its international relationships and its heavy financial obligations, can point to substantial progress.

General Bramwell Booth, on the death of his father, had thrust upon him the duty of "carrying on." During the short interval that has elapsed the Salvation Army has proved that it possesses sufficient initiative, vitality, and unity to compensate for the loss of an outstanding personality in whom were embodied its essential qualities. His successor has also remained long enough in command to prove his power of control. Dangers beset the Army at the period of the change of leaders which were not hidden from General Bramwell Booth. He was assured of the loyalty of his own people, but he had then to face the problem whether the generous public would show similar confidence in his control as in that of his father. Any fears that might have existed on this account have, however, been swept away by the assistance given by all classes of people, and especially by the support extended

during the war. When older Churches and organisations with a settled order and equipped with large financial resources have felt the strain of the period the Salvation Army could scarcely expect to escape. Yet it has, in fact, increased the number of its officers as well as the quality and variety of its agencies.

True to the instinct of its Founder, the Salvation Army welcomed new opportunities at the beginning of the campaign. With foresight and courage, these were pressed upon the military and other authorities, and plans were organised whereby Salvationists who joined the colours could be followed to the camps abroad as well as at home by their own religious society. Huts and marquees were erected at a number of centres, and in addition to the accredited Salvationists in the ranks of the King's Army, their comrades, who were possibly without any religious allegiance, were equally welcomed. Each centre is in charge of an experienced Salvationist and his wife, who supply the soldiers with refreshments at low prices, and writing material and newspapers free, besides performing any good turn of value to the men. When the camp is near a town or village the soldiers are invited to take their socks and underclothing to the local headquarters of the Salvation Army, where the women without charge wash and mend the articles at their own homes. And in a similar way the munition workers are being cared for by means of social centres and hostels.

An interesting and valuable phase of activity is that organised at some of the large railway termini, such as Waterloo, Victoria, and Liverpool Street. At Waterloo and Victoria men are constantly arriving from or departing to the front, and frequently have an hour or two to spare before proceeding on their journey. The week-end trips from the home camps crowd Waterloo and other stations with khaki-clad men, some of whom are glad to obtain refreshment and lodging before they start again homewards. Others miss their train because of the company they have kept, and occasionally arrive at Waterloo without a penny, minus their railway ticket, and in much confusion as to their next procedure. It is not a pleasant sight to see a strapping fellow in a fuddled condition amidst a group of bedraggled harpies and male touts who have encouraged him to disgrace his uniform. But for the Salvationist station patrol he might have experienced some awkward consequences, but the Salvationist has endeavoured to save the man from his associates and put him right for his destination. When the necessity arises the Salvation Army provides beds for soldiers and sailors, and in many ways seeks to circumvent the dangers peculiar to a man in the King's uniform.

Some 40,000 of the young men (Soldiers and Adherents) of the Salvation Army have responded to the call for service

and on entering the ward they were received with cries of "Hurrah! Salvation Army! You are the first visitors we have seen."

A further incident in the base hospitals in France reveals the ministering sympathy these women officers were enabled to perform. Pursuing their rounds of visits, they inquired of one man how he was progressing. "I'm going on all right," he admitted, "but I should like a bit of the missus's cake." "You shall have it," replied the Salvation lass, "if you will let me know where she lives." Communication was established with his wife at home, but she replied: "Are you sure he's my husband? The War Office says that he is dead." Satisfactory inquiries proved the soldier's identity, and the cake was forwarded with a loving letter crowded with "kisses" for the husband once mourned as dead.

During the progress of the war General Booth proposed to the military authorities that a company of his male officers should be allowed to go on the battlefield at the close of the day, when the big guns had ceased firing, and search as best they could for wounded British soldiers. These searchers, it was suggested, should carry a supply of restoratives, and endeavour to sustain life until the stretcher bearers could carry the stricken men off the field. The Salvationists were even prepared to risk their lives by remaining all night by the side of the soldier, in order to administer such comforts as were possible under the circumstances. Those in authority expressed deep gratitude for the proposal, but military reasons unfortunately precluded its acceptance. I am told that if the suggestion had been favourably received, more than sufficient volunteers from the Salvation Army would have responded to the General's invitation and undertaken duty not one whit less onerous and self-sacrificing than that of the ordinary soldiers.

SALVATIONISTS IN THE COUNTRIES OF THE WAR.

The Salvation Army leaders have adopted a general principle in respect of the development of activities in other lands. Early in the history of the Army they discovered that so far as the organisation was concerned the word "autonomy" might spell "disruption." They therefore associated each territorial division with the headquarters and, whilst giving all possible freedom of action suited to the needs of the nationality, preserved a determining voice in matters of policy and finance. The control has meant more than restriction. It has secured large financial assistance from headquarters, and the consideration and co-ordination of initial efforts that might otherwise have drifted into something quite different from the plans of the founder. Whether in France or Sweden, Germany, or Norway, each group of Salvationists in

these countries has preserved its national identity while finding a definite place in the economy of the Salvation Army as a whole. German Salvationists have fought against British Salvationists, while Belgian and French Salvationists have suffered untold cruelties and sorrows at the hands of their common enemy.

France has not proved an easy country for the Salvationist propaganda. General Booth and his family (including the present General and his wife) endeavoured to "attack" the boulevards of Paris. But the pleasure-loving Parisians who had turned from Roman Catholicism had no heed for the methods of an English religious revival. One of the old General's daughters suffered imprisonment in the early days, and there were scenes in Paris somewhat similar to those associated with Skeleton Armies at home. Still Salvationists obtained a footing—with difficulty, it is true, but nevertheless they have not lost it in the intervening years. Corps are established at Paris. The war has swept over some of these places. One day the French have been in possession, followed by the Germans, and yet later the original owners have recovered their lost and battered territory. Salvation officers have remained throughout these sudden changes, and they experienced something worse than bombardment in the horrors of German invasion. Two women officers at Rheims—Adjutant Carrell and Captain Gaugler—stayed throughout the varying fortunes which befell this capital of the champagne country, and exhibited such a fine blend of heroism and piety as to receive the unstinted admiration of the whole countryside. They narrowly escaped shells, but they remained at their post to carry comfort and consolation to the people to whom they ministered. Those who know the circumstances of their life in Rheims write as follows:—

"At the beginning of the War they realised to the full what their duty was in face of the tragical circumstances. Every day found them at the station distributing Salvation literature and speaking kind words to the train-loads of men called up for military service, as well as doing everything possible to soothe and cheer the sorrowing ones left behind. The most trying days of the officers' experience were those when the troops of the invaders occupied the city. A few grief-stricken neighbours were gathered for prayer in the small quarters. Suddenly someone was heard knocking at the window; the Adjutant opened it and saw a German soldier. At sight of the praying group the man drew back, uttering excuses. But the Adjutant, who did not know a word of German, beckoned him to stay, and then, from his coat pocket, the German drew forth the photograph of his wife and children, and began to sob as he tried to make the officers understand that he too was a converted man!

"On the morrow, another soldier, opening the shutters of the quarters very violently, asked for something to drink, by appropriate signs making the officer understand his wish. The Adjutant

Army secured information from a soldier, also interned in Germany, that he was present when the officer was killed. Sad as was the intelligence, it suspended further anxiety. In the second instance the Bureau had the joy of reuniting husband and wife by one of those fortuitous chances that seem directly providential. The man had originally been invalided to the Salvation Army Farm Colony after wounds received in Belgium. He recovered, and was sent back to the Belgian lines. Just at this period the inquiry of the wife established the identity of the man at the Salvation Colony, but before she could reach him he had started back to Belgium. The Army officials at headquarters were, however, able to pilot her to Victoria just in time to catch the mail train and intercept him at Folkestone.

FINANCES OF THE SALVATION ARMY.

Social conditions have considerable influence on the finances of organisations similar to the Salvation Army. The great coal strike of 1912 adversely affected its Self-Denial Fund to the extent of £10,000. Such results are inevitable in the circumstances, because its staple source of revenue proceeds from the freewill offerings of comparatively poor people. The amount of their contributions is, however, astonishing. This follows a rule imposed by General Booth upon his followers. He insisted that religion should cost something to the man or woman who professed it. He never advocated acceptance because of its cheapness. One of the first duties of a convert was, he declared, to assist each week in the support of the local Corps, and without fail once a year to exercise self-denial, so that the missionary efforts of the Army in other lands might be adequately supported.

How, then, has the war affected the freewill offerings of Salvationists? A few months since they took up their usual self-denial collection, and, despite the national situation, received more than that of the previous year to the extent of £6,000. I should mislead the reader if I suggested that General Booth, during the present time, is relieved from all financial anxiety in meeting his heavy liabilities. He has frequently to turn awkward corners that require continual faith in the responsive philanthropy of his own people—who give to the point of self-sacrifice—and also in that of a large section of the public who are not of the same religious community, but value the evidences of Christianity in the Salvation Army's care for stricken and sorrowing humanity.

CHARLES T. BATEMAN.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT.

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THE LADY OF THE LUTE.

THERE are times and season for all things, and the fortnight after Christmas is the time and season for ghost stories: for real ghost stories that is, not for the emasculated quasi-scientific story which possibly arouses mild curiosity, but never awakens the dreadful sense of fear that belongs to the THING THAT WALKS BY NIGHT. Let me plunge into the midst of my story, and let those who do not believe in ghosts read this true and strange record with attention: they will at least admit that there are more things on Cursdale Moor than their philosophy dreams of. The moor is a bleak, billowy upland not many miles from the sea, very lonely, very windy, very weird. In this time of war, for reasons that would not pass the Censor if named, it has in one or two places to be closely watched. It was in the more remote of these places that the events, if events they can be called, now about to be recorded took place almost a year ago. The Special Constable's work is for the most part and in most places unromantic, uneventful; but there are exceptions, and for that reason, if for no other, I commend this strange report to the attention of members of the force. Picture Cursdale Moor on a fine late December afternoon just at sunset, and it would be hard to imagine a more wonderful scene, with its vast expanse of rolling uplands and winding, shining waters. From a considerable turfy knoll the onlooker at one point gazes down into a gloomy valley, where runs a noisy stream, swollen with the rains of late autumn and busily racing seaward. The sound of the little river becomes a part of the consciousness of the onlooker. Across the stream, on the side of a black moorland hill, is the old Manor house; desperately desolate it stands, and its many windows, as they catch the dying sunlight, seem to throw back the blood-red beams in despair. The group of gables gleam for a few minutes

of a sea-captain of the period of Queen Elizabeth. James knew the dress in a moment. In this famous seaboard county there are many portraits of men who sailed with Drake and Frobisher. His own ancestors had so sailed: as a child in the library at home he had learnt to know their portraits as those of familiar friends. James even knew this man, so he said, as he stood there gazing at the casement where the woman was singing. James Arbor was witnessing an actual scene from another age. It was winter no more; it was summer, and the woods rich in foliage dripped as it were with moonlight, and in the glades he heard the nightingale sending forth thrills of infinite desire to the silver night. The captain was unconscious of his presence; the lady knew nothing of these intruders from a later age. Presently the figure left the window. He saw it gliding along garnished windowed corridors that seemed dreamily endless, down stairways winding in wonderful fashion, and presently a lady, bearing a torch, came into the night. He watched her lover rush towards her, cast the torch away, and stand on the long lawn with her, speaking swiftly, tenderly, earnestly, and presently placing upon her fingers and round her neck priceless gifts brought thither for her from the Spanish Main. James Arbor knew the story, knew now what was going to happen, knew why these lovers revisited the place of tears. Shots rang through the night, dominated by the cracking note of a fowling-piece, and the woman fell dead there but a few yards from the watcher's feet. The sea captain was untouched. A jealous hand had struck his Jewel, the *Nonpareil*, from his grasp. There was nothing else that mattered in the wide, rich world that he had known so well and had ransacked for her sake, his childhood's companion, his manhood's ideal, his life's crown. She had been forbidden to know, to meet this wild lord of the Spanish Main who for her sake had lived nobly as one in hope. And now stolen meetings had ended in this. Not even in death could they be united. His life was burdened with a thousand charms of safety. He could not die. And James Arbor saw him bending over the lovely white dead face shining in the mystic moonlight of more than three centuries ago. Here his hopes had been crowned and dissipated at a touch. His soul must re-enact the glory and the loss while time shall be.

* * * * *

Suddenly, the watchman of the new age found himself marching on his beat once more, passing and repassing in the dark the figure that answered not while keeping the eternal vigil on the spot where the Lady of the Lute had died. And there was no fear in this man, for he knew that he had that night been the witness of a scene in the life of a great hero,

and to keep the watch with him was something to transcend all fear. And presently through the night he heard the whistle of his brother Frank, heard his hasty feet coming through the underwood, had him by the hand. The other watchman had passed into thin air, and the crow of a far-off cock came floating down the petulant wind. It was Frank that spoke. "Did you see? What did it mean? Do you know what I did? When I saw him fire at the woman I fired at him. I killed him." "Killed him?" "Yes, we must tell the regular police. It was my duty to save the other man. I killed the murderer." "But how could you kill a murderer of 1591?" "I do not understand. I shot the man, I say. As I went to the house I saw the Lady with the Lute at the window, and I heard her sing: you know the old song:—

*'Awake dear Lute and tell his heart
To come and plead his suit.
True lovers when they meet must part:
Awake, awake, dear Lute!'*

"I wondered who she could be. The house was empty last week. Then I heard a noise in the wood, and stalked it. Then I saw them on the lawn, but you were not there. Then I saw my quarry fire, and I emptied my revolver into the fop with the great stiff ruffs and peaked hat. He lies dead over there. And she lies dead just here." Then James told his brother the story of the Lady of the Lute. But Frank persisted that he had killed his man, and through the long hours of the wind-swept passionate night, when the bases of the world seemed uprooted and the Towers of Time tottered in the dusk, he justified himself again and yet again for the grim deed of justice and defence. At the dawn they went through the underwood searching for the body, and found a fox riddled with bullets. This body, for fear of ridicule and the Master of the Hunt, they committed hastily, in the wild red sunrise, to the wet earth.

J. E. G. DE MONTMORENCY.

REVIEWS.

SIR SIDNEY LEE'S "LIFE OF SHAKESPEARE."*

Sir Sidney Lee's *Life of Shakespeare* was first published in 1898. In less than ten years seven editions (if we include the Hampstead edition of 1904, but apart from the illustrated library editions and an abridgement for students) were issued, and now, on the eve of

* *A Life of William Shakespeare*. By Sir Sidney Lee. With portraits and facsimiles. New Edition, re-written and enlarged. Messrs. Smith, Elder (price 8s. 6d. net).

the tercentenary of the poet's death, we have this new edition of 776 closely printed pages: Sir Sidney tells us that:

"The whole has been drastically revised and greatly enlarged. Recent Shakespearean research has proved unexpectedly fruitful. My endeavour has been to present in a just perspective all the trustworthy and relevant information about Shakespeare's life and work which has become available up to the present time. My obligations to fellow-workers in the Shakespearean field are numerous, and I have done my best to acknowledge them fully in my text and notes. The new documentary evidence, that scholars have lately discovered touching the intricate stage history of Shakespeare's era, has proved of especial service, and I have also greatly benefited by the ingenious learning which has been recently brought to bear on vexed questions of Shakespearean bibliography."

Sir Sidney Lee has incorporated the results of all his own personal research in recent years, and has while this volume was in course of preparation been able to correct "the many errors which figure in all earlier accounts of Shakespeare's relations with the Combe family," and "to throw new light on the history of Shakespeare's monument in Stratford-upon-Avon Church and to solve some puzzles of old standing in regard to it." The research work of Dr. Charles William Wallace is particularly noted: he has vastly enlarged our knowledge of the site of the "Globe" Theatre ("Legal instruments credited Shakespeare with playing a principal rôle in the many complex transactions of which the 'Globe' theatre was the fruit"); of Court performances between 1558 and 1585; of the internal structure of Elizabethan theatres, and generally of the history of the theatre; has thrown new light on Shakespeare's life by revealing the poet's relations with the Huguenot Montjoy family with whom he lodged in Silver Street, Cheapside, in 1604; by giving us information as to the poet's property in Blackfriars in 1613; by publishing the details of various lawsuits, in which Shakespeare's fellow-shareholders were involved. The new information is of value as enlarging our knowledge of, and confirming our estimate of, Shakespeare's character as a friend, and also as a business man. It is not at all improbable that other material of the same character will be found, but we may now be sure that no new material will alter the picture of Shakespeare as a business man which appears in Sir Sidney Lee's book: a shrewd careful man, insistent, and rightly insistent, upon his legal rights, a man who separated, and properly separated, philanthropy from business. He had seen his father muddle his life away: the amazingly successful London actor, with his fine income and his large savings, had no intention of doing the same. The social side and the charitable side of his life were as

deliberately separated from the business-side as the creative side was from all the other aspects. Shakespeare was a prosperous man because he saw everything in due proportion, because he worked with all his might at anything he undertook, whether it was in the production of plays or the carrying of plays round the country, or in the management of his resources. His material energies appear as fully in these material things as his spiritual and moral energies appear in the miraculous series of poems and plays that poured from his inspired pen. He did nothing by halves; he lost no time by confusion of issues; and yet he had time to learn how to be greatly loved and at last deeply mourned. All this outward aspect of the great dramatist appears in Sir Sidney Lee's fine collation of relevant facts. Critics of Shakespeare the man have complained that we know nothing really of him. There is, in fact, to-day no man that we know better, and for that reason, if for no other, we have to thank the almost inspired patience with which Sir Sidney Lee has gathered from endless sources the minute particles of material which, aggregated, show us just the man whom one would have imagined as the author of the plays. The plays themselves not only reveal a poet of the greatest spiritual and intellectual powers, but they also reveal just the very personality that the extant material collated here reveals. That, perhaps, is the true answer to all the nonsense that has been written about Bacon or some unknown writer as the author of the plays. The aggregated evidence is convincing beyond all argument, and really does not need the supplement of details drawn from the plays, such as the author's continual reference to natural phenomena (plants for instance) that have a Warwickshire origin, or the fact that Shakespeare's knowledge of astronomy was absolutely limited to the old Ptolemaic theory, while Bacon was fully cognisant of the work of Copernicus.

It is probable that we are by no means at an end with respect to our knowledge of Shakespeare's life, and the line of research should be dictated by what we may call the subjective knowledge of that life to be derived from the plays and poems. If the works show that a certain fact is probable in the life, research should concentrate on that fact. There is one salient example of this. Shakespeare's writings on the subject of the sea appear to reveal a man who had been at sea. Sir Sidney Lee, with unusual certitude, expresses his opinion that the poet had never been beyond the island. There is certainly no present evidence. All that the evidence shows is that it was not impossible that Shakespeare travelled with certain theatrical companies abroad. We are told :—

“ that Shakespeare joined any of these foreign expeditions is improbable. Few actors of repute at home took part in them;

the majority of the foreign performers never reached the first rank. Many lists of those who joined in the tours are extant, and Shakespeare's name appears in none of them. It would seem, moreover, that only on two occasions, and both before Shakespeare joined the theatrical profession, did members of his own company visit the Continent."

We are quite unconvinced. We should have thought that the experiences of William Kemp would have roused the desire of Shakespeare, in his unknown days, to follow his example. Shakespeare no doubt smiled at the craze for foreign travel; but foreign travel on business ends must have appealed to him while his own extraordinary hunger for experience and knowledge would have supplied a further stimulus. There was the possibility of going, and Shakespeare's own writings show a knowledge of the sea that in the present writer's view could not have been obtained at second hand. But in any event the subject is not closed, and though Sir Sidney has the weight of external evidence with him at present, yet the internal evidence weighs heavily the other way. Another case in which internal evidence points the way for new light is on the question of religion. To the present writer again Shakespeare appears to be what we may call an Old Catholic. It is not impossible that there are records which will confirm the fact. In many other directions research can be stimulated, and it is no idle task for the world, not out of mere curiosity, but of real hunger for knowledge of the forces that made so great a man, desires to know everything that can be known of the life of the greatest creative genius that the world has seen. His knowledge of human nature was so profound, his appreciation of the nobilities of life so untrammelled, his insight into the problems of life so penetrating, his grasp of the hope that is eternal so unwavering, that long since he ceased to be merely a national poet. He is one of the very few world-poets: his universal mind seems to embrace the true ideals of all nationalities and to draw the best out of all hearts. His "foreign vogue," to use Sir Sidney Lee's phrase, has been vast, and is increasingly significant. He is one of the international forces of the world. There is nothing more significant in literature than the attack made on Shakespeare by Tolstoy in the late days when the Russian genius abandoned humanism for almost Asiatic mysticism. The attack was really inevitable, for the two men represented different ideals. To Shakespeare the world was no mean passing show, contact with which stains the soul: he looked on this life, lived nobly and honestly, as the means of self-revelation and growth, as the school of preparation for a larger life. To Tolstoy escape from the world was the goal, from the world with its strife, its sin, its passion, its hope. Tolstoy had the Asiatic mysticism

writ large in his nature, and it turned his soul from social life. To Shakespeare, the man of profound common-sense, as well as of soaring spirituality, this life, and every detail and aspect of this life, was all-important: for it is out of this life that every man must build the life to come. The great Dostoievsky has, in common with Shakespeare, the passionate love of humanity and human things. "We have our earth here": behold the gifts that it can give to the soul.

So it is necessary to obtain the fullest knowledge of our Shakespeare. Would that we had more of his handwriting, for the pen reveals much of every man. Sir Sidney Lee points out that Molière stands in the same case as Shakespeare. Apart from autographs, there only exist two formal receipts for money in his hand. "No scrap of Molière's literary work in his own writing 'survives.'" Of Shakespeare we have but six autograph signatures, including the autograph discovered in the records of the case, *Bellott v. Montjoy*, by Dr. Wallace.

"To one of these signatures there are attached the words 'By me.' But no other relic of Shakespeare's handwriting outside his signatures—no letter nor any scrap of his literary work—is known to be in existence. The ruin which has overtaken Shakespeare's writings is no peculiar experience. Very exiguous is the fragment of Elizabethan or Jacobean literature which survives in the authors' autographs. Barely forty plays, and many of those of post Shakespearean date, remain accessible in contemporary copies; and all but five or six of these are in scriveners' handwriting. Dramatic manuscripts, which were the property of playhouse managers, habitually suffered the fate of waste paper. . . . Of the voluminous fruits of Edmund Spenser's pen, nothing remains in his handwriting save one holograph business note, and eight autograph signatures appended to business documents—all of which are in the Public Record Office."

Is it possible, is it even probable, that any holograph writings by Shakespeare will be found? Nothing is impossible, but, except in one direction, the possibilities are very remote. We rather regret that Sir Sidney Lee has not devoted a chapter to the subject of the Shakespeare Apocrypha. He is satisfied to dismiss *Arden of Faversham* and *Edward III.* somewhat abruptly, despite Swinburne's support of the latter play, and he barely mentions *Sir Thomas More*, though that play gives just a possible chance of identifying some penmanship by Shakespeare. The manuscript is in the British Museum. It contains five, or perhaps only four, hands, and the famous "Insurrection Scene" (ii. 4), containing More's great speech is by a hand known as "D.," which both Simpson and Spedding declare to be that of Shakespeare, who possibly revised the play in order that it might pass the censor.

Hay had little responsibility, though he approved what had been done. He would have accomplished still more but for the sleepless antagonism of the Senate, of which he repeatedly speaks with bitter indignation. He died in harness, in 1905, at the age of sixty-seven, worn out by his labours, but leaving the memory of one of the most high-minded of statesmen and one of the most delightful of friends.

G. P. G.

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LEONARDO DA VINCI.*

Mr. A. J. Anderson has given in this biography of Leonardo da Vinci his view of the life-work of the great draughtsman and painter, gathered from his notebooks, and from the history of his time with which he was closely connected. This constructed life is much like the vision of Ezekiel in the parable of the dry bones; Mr. Anderson has called upon the four winds to give it breath, and Leonardo walks among us as a living personality, revelling in the light and gorgeousness of the Medici period.

Whether Mr. Anderson's estimate of the genius of Leonardo, differing as it does from Vasari, will be acceptable to the technical critics is a question: the internal evidence is certainly very strong, and the case is well made out, without seeming bias or aught set down in malice. Mr. Anderson states his views so clearly in the chapter headed "Conclusion" that to the reader little more is needed; he has only to weigh the arguments, and judge for himself which way the balance turns.

Leonardo da Vinci was the illegitimate son of a notary, Piero da Vinci, and was adopted by his step-mother and lived in the Casa da Vinci till he was nine years old; his education up to this time was slight, but among the vines he learnt to study the flight of birds and the way of horses; he also loved music, and became skilled in the trick of impromptu verse. His father having married again, and his grandfather having died in 1469, the family moved to Florence, Leonardo being at that time seventeen years of age. His father knowing the boy's gift for drawing, and feeling his unfitness for other professions, took his sketches to the Bottega of Andrea Verrocchio, thinking to place him with this master of his craft; but Verrocchio, though greatly struck by the lad's work, advised the father to continue his son's education both in learning and accomplishments, and thus make his position very different to that of most painters. Eventually the young Leonardo was apprenticed to Andrea Verrocchio, and attracted the attention of Lorenzo de Medici, whose taste in art was beyond question. Under this distinguished

* *The Admirable Painter, Leonardo da Vinci.* By A. J. Anderson. Stanley Paul & Co. (price 10s. 6d. net).

patronage he was no longer an unknown apprentice, but was taken into the confidence of the most brilliant group of artists gathered in Verrocchio's studio that the world has ever known.

Mr. Anderson introduces the different masters of their craft, and makes them discuss with enthusiasm and heat their various views on art in a most natural and easy way: especially interesting is the wrangle on perspective in sculpture, bas relief, and painting. Old Paolo Ucello urges upon the young Leonardo his double theory of perspective, proving that it was not merely a means to obtain correct drawing, but an elevating influence, and, properly used, was in itself a source of the emotions. Sweet are the uses of perspective, and Leonardo profited thereby, and thereon based his compositions, especially the unfinished "Adoration of the Magi," which hangs in the Uffizi, and the "Last Supper" of Santa Maria della Grazie.

In the year 1476 Leonardo had set up a studio of his own, and for the first eighteen months no special work can be traced to his hand. In 1478 he received a commission for an altar piece for the Chapel of St. Bernardo, and he was paid twenty-five florins on account; but this work was hardly begun when political turmoil interfered, and the painting was abandoned. Leonardo, in 1479, was without any definite commissions, but during this period of unrest he was never idle, his ever active brain was intent on planning new fortifications and inventing new methods of warfare, though these activities brought him little fame and less money. Mr. Anderson says of this period: "Leonardo was twenty-seven years of age; he had acquired a marvellous facility and a vital touch with his pencil; he had cultivated a great feeling after atmosphere and aerial perspective; he had mastered the rudiments of mathematics, and had much taste in music; but he had never painted any great picture." In fact, up to this time he was what Professor Selwyn Image designates him "an amateur of genius." Whether he ever rose to the height of his genius Mr. Anderson seems to doubt. It is certain that he scattered his powers in so many directions that his supreme gift of drawing must have suffered thereby, or at the least his output must have been greatly lessened; and at his last moments he is found regretting and lamenting "that he had offended God and man, insomuch that he had not laboured in art as he ought to have done."

Mr. Anderson in his "Notes" sums up the life-work of the admirable painter thus:—

"This is not Vasari; but it is history, and all that can be wrung out of history. Taking into account the beauty of his sketches and the beginning of the Adoration of the Magi, weighing in that talent which led to his after success, I have made the best that can possibly be made out of Leonardo's early career: to make

country training stood John Wordsworth in good stead. The children of the family were early taught by their parents

"reverence and respect for authority in Church and State and home, and implicit and instant obedience. It was not so much what they said to us as what their example taught us. They were always loving and courteous to each other, and we learned from our earliest years never to interrupt or to speak when our elders were busy. I never heard them say an unkind word, and they always imputed the best motives and were ready to make excuses for every one."

John Wordsworth was educated at Brighton, Ipswich, and finally, Winchester, whither, in 1857, he brought a fine knowledge of Greek and Latin verse. After a brilliant school career he passed to New College, Oxford, in 1861. A strenuous Oxford course led only to a second class in 1865. He had read too widely. He passed to Harrow and thence to Wellington, under Benson, meanwhile competing for Fellowships. Four times he failed, but in 1867 was successful at Brasenose and also secured the Craven Scholarship. The history of Latin largely claimed his time for research work, which resulted in his famous volume *Fragments and Specimens of Early Latin*, 1874. This volume is still an authority of great value on the *XII. Tables*, and other early Roman Laws.

"Even now, there is no collection of material so useful for the study of early Latin . . . The selection does contain everything of any importance in the way of language, or history, or law, or religion, or poetry, or rhetoric. And it happens that very little of such material has accrued since Wordsworth wrote . . . The great value of the book is in Wordsworth's notes. They are full of the most varied and compressed information. Their mastery of all the relevant authorities up to the time is astonishing, especially at his age."

With the *Fragments* Wordsworth's classical work as a scholar ended. Theology was to be now his goal, and his almost unique knowledge of Latin was to be placed at the service of Theology in the noble task of producing a perfect text of the Vulgate New Testament. "The Bull attached to the Clementine Bible of 1592 ordered that all future editions of the Vulgate were to agree word for word with the Papal edition, while the insertion of any notes or variant readings in the margin were strictly forbidden." It was not until 1907 that the Papacy altered its policy and determined to allow the Benedictine Order to prepare a critical edition of the Latin Bible. This will, no doubt, appear one day, and the fact that Cardinal Gasquet is in command will surely secure due credit to Wordsworth, for his Vulgate New Testament, the *Editio Minor* of which was declared by Dr. Sanday to be, on its publi-

cation in 1912, "the first completely critical edition of the Vulgate "New Testament on modern lines." Wordsworth's continuous toil at this great problem for more than thirty years is totally ignored by the *Catholic Encyclopædia* in its account of the new Benedictine enterprise. Such an omission is a disgrace to English scholarship. It would be too technical a matter to deal here with the labours involved in this great work; the endless collation throughout Europe of Vulgate MSS., the gradual building up of a scientific text determined line by line, word by word, by the process of weighing authorities and schools of MSS. Wordsworth was assisted by two great specialists in Latin MSS. of the New Testament—Dr. H. J. White and the Rev. G. M. Youngman. Their work goes on despite the death of their chief. We, indeed, are already in possession of practically a perfect Latin text of the New Testament. We should note here that this life provides a full bibliography of Dr. Wordsworth's published work from 1866 to 1913.

Wordsworth's achievements in the world of scholarship were but one side, and possibly the lesser side, of his life's work. In his long years of work at Oxford, where he became Tutor of Brasenose, in December, 1867, an office that he held till he became Oriel Professor in 1883, he strove with great success to stimulate religious life and to bring the undergraduate into living relations with the dons. He feared the future of religion in Oxford. He saw in the world the coming of that new barbarism which to-day is so horribly manifest in Central Europe. "The barbarism we have to contend "against is the barbarism of civilisation." It was only in personal religion and personal influence that he saw light. For that light he and his wonderful wife strove ceaselessly. Susan, the only daughter of the famous Bodley librarian, Henry Octavius Coxe, had attracted the young scholar from his undergraduate days. They married at the end of December, 1870, and the pair exercised the most striking influence in Oxford. Wordsworth and his wife perfectly supplemented each other's qualities. His silent earnestness and profound depths of love and emotion and quiet humour were brought into action by her brilliant personality, her supreme sympathy and unselfishness. Dons and undergraduates alike worshipped her. With the extraordinary combination of what Archdeacon Bodington calls her domesticity and idealism, Mrs. Wordsworth made possible the complete success, in the spiritual sense, of her husband's life. In Oxford, at Rochester—where Wordsworth became a Canon in 1883—and at Salisbury—where he became Bishop in 1885—she was the soul of that part of his work which affected the lives of others. The profound humility of her nature and his comes out in the fashion with which they received the

of institutions. Mr. Sidney Webb, in his interesting preface to the work, points out that even in England there are still existing remnants (in connection with the prehistoric problem of land-flooding) of some earlier and now quite unrecognised system of local "watch and ward." In India this ancient system of Village Government exists and flourishes, despite the strict caste system that has overlaid it. True local government imposed from above should, Mr. Webb rightly contends, be grafted on to a customary system of local government wherever it exists. The customary system of government to some large extent represents "Decision by the General Sense of the Community," which certainly is better than "Decision by Majority Vote." Mr. Webb adds that "the Indian village, like the early English Manor, emphasises obligations rather than rights; and far from confining itself to rights on which some particular person could take action for his own benefit, devotes itself largely to the enforcement of obligations to the public." It is certainly desirable in the interest of the Indian peoples that the whole conception of local government should be investigated, for on good local government depends the life of the people. This book affords an opportunity for the closest study in the Indian University Colleges and by the Indian Government officials of that problem from the point of view of the people who through long ages have evolved the basis of a great system. Let the Indian peoples have State help to develop that system, and let the native reformers who yearn for self-government see that they first get it in every village, with the goal of making the lives of the people healthy and happy. Mr. Matthai, who was formerly History Tutor at Madras Christian College, here discusses the present system of indigenous local government from the points of view of education, poor relief, sanitation, public works, "Watch and Ward," and the administration of justice, with great effect. The book deserves close study both in India and in England.

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It is not possible here to give any adequate notice of the late Mr. W. Carew Hazlett's monumental volumes on "The Venetian Republic: Its Rise, its Growth, and its Fall; A.D. 409-1797" (Messrs. A. & C. Black, price £2 2s. net), originally published in 1858, and now issued by Miss Hazlett in a vastly enlarged fourth edition as "the revised labour of his youth." A critic, in the presence of such a work, is tempted rather to write of the author who, at the age of over eighty years, possessed all the fresh springs of literary effort and was carrying forward to new generations the name and fame of his grandfather, the famous essayist. But the book, no doubt, Mr. Hazlett would have preferred to any talk about himself and his literary achievements. The work of 1858 appeared in a more extended form in 1860, and then material was allowed to accumulate for forty years, and the author in the last year of the nineteenth century brought all his material together and carried on the history to the actual date of the extinction of the Venetian Republic. Since 1900 there has been issued a large body of literature on the whole subject of Venice, and a new edition seemed imperative. Mr. Hazlett toiled at the final form of his life's most important work with tremendous zest, and during his life "the whole of the first volume" was already printed and three parts of the second volume passed for "press," and the admirable preface written. Mr. Hazlett died with tragic suddenness in sight of the goal. The book was already dedicated to the daughter, Miss Gladys Henrietta Catharine Hazlett, who has now carried out her father's dearest wish and brought the work to

completion, with the editorial assistance of Mr. Francis John Payne. The first volume carries us down to the mid-fifteenth century. The work in its final form is a great work of reference. It includes all the material that has become available in recent years—such as the Venetian State Papers, issued by the Record Office, and innumerable papers, memoirs, and histories published in Italy and elsewhere. It is a work that every public library should possess.

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Mr. I. E. Gueshoff's volume entitled "The Balkan League" (John Murray, price 2s. 6d. net), is now published in an English translation by Mr. Constantin C. Mincoff, before the war First Secretary at the Bulgarian Legation. Mr. Gueshoff, as Prime Minister of Bulgaria, inaugurated "that Balkan Alliance which was to solve the Balkan 'problem.'" After the joint forces of Serbia, Greece, and Bulgaria had imposed terms of peace on Turkey in May, 1913, Mr. Gueshoff resigned. "My policy of coming to an understanding with our allies without bloodshed, of keeping the Balkan Alliance intact, of having recourse to arbitration with Serbia and Greece, did not meet with approval. For this reason I thought it my duty to leave the head of the State to decide whether it would be necessary to call in fresh politicians for the settlement of our differences with the Allies. . . . I was obliged to resign, because I was not in unity with the Crown, and because I was of opinion that such a critical situation imperatively called for a Coalition Ministry on the broadest possible basis. . . . Contrary, however, to the unanimous decision of the Bulgarian Government, and without the knowledge of the Cabinet on June 29th, the Second and Fourth Bulgarian Armies, acting on orders from the Headquarters, attacked our allies. . . . The Bulgarian nation is not responsible for it." Serbia refused to have peace after this attack, and thus we got the second Serbo-Bulgarian War. Now we have the third in three years. Is the Bulgarian people responsible for it? Mr. Gueshoff, in his preface to the English translation, dated from Sofia last August, declares that his people are more sinned against than sinning. But was there no constitutional method of preventing the King from once again plunging Bulgaria into war: are the people of Bulgaria, who are so capable with the sword, quite incapable of self-assertion in the realm of national personality? Mr. Gueshoff gives us no answer to this.

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Mr. R. S. Garrett has edited in an English translation Alexandre Dumas's work *Le Dernier Roi des Français*, published in 1852 in three successive editions, and never since. Even Mr. Andrew Lang seems to have been unfamiliar with the book now issued under the title "The Last King, or the New France: being a History from the birth of Louis Phillippe, in 1773, to the Revolution, in 1848" (Messrs. Stanley Paul & Co., 2 vols., illustrated with pictures after famous artists, price 24s. net). Dumas knew Louis Phillippe well, for he was in his service as early as 1823. Dumas's services were not particularly valuable to the Duc d'Orleans, as appears from the Duke's entry in his Register, "The gratuities of M. Alexandre Dumas are to be withheld, as he is engaged in literary work." This was in 1829. In later days, after Louis Phillippe had succeeded Charles X., the novelist broke with his old master—there were possibly faults on both sides—and became a red Republican. When Louis Phillippe died in exile, at Claremont, on August 26th, 1850, Dumas, with a passion of respect and recollection, in gratitude rushed across the Channel to the funeral; but the Princes

could not understand the dualism of sentiment and turned their back on the Republican, who consoled himself at Holland House. This "history" followed in 1852. The editor thinks that, compared with the *Memoirs*, it is really history. We are not prepared to dogmatise, but it is certainly full of interest and of current opinions which are not lacking in historical usefulness. The little account of the coming of Napoleon for his century of days is excellent. The historical value of the work is probably quite considerable. It certainly should be studied by students of the period, with the fact in view that Dumas had strong, passionate feelings and was an actor in some of the events—that he narrates.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The success of "Or Sing a Song at Least," the remarkable volume of poems by the Rev. John S. Carroll and Miss K. M. Carroll, has been undeniable. Between 5,000 and 6,000 copies were sold with substantial profits for the Belgian Fund, and a third edition is in hand. We reviewed that volume at length; we have but space to notice here a further volume by the same authors, entitled "Heroes All: War and Other Verses" (Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, London; Robert Gibson & Sons, Anson Street, Glasgow. Price 3s. 6d.). The profits go to the Red Cross, and we trust that these poems on Edith Cavell and her sister martyrs, on Florence Nightingale, on various of the Allied Powers; on events of the war—such as the Angels at Mons ("Well may they fight who never fight alone") will be as successful as the earlier work. Other poems deal with the spiritual side of the war. "The Little Garden" is exquisite. It is difficult to read some of these poems without tears:—

"Grow pale, ye primroses,
Grow very pale,
For he is paler still.
Strew far and wide your posies,
Dim soft posies,
O'er the little hill,
And down the dimpled vale!
But O primroses,
Grow, grow, ye very pale,
For he is paler still.
And by your sweet eyes dim
With tears, remembering him.

Miss Carroll's opening poem has a haunting note:—

"When we reached the port we were old and grey,
We were sad and full of care;
But how could the youth with the golden head
So soon have gotten there.

We shall look with interest for more and very careful work, but full of inspiration from these poets. They should turn to lowland folklore when the war is past.

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Mr. Leonard A. Magnus places adults as well as children in his debt by his translation from the Russian of about seventy "Russian Folk Tales" (Kegan Paul, price 7s. 6d. net). The Russian folk-tale has an Asiatic sense of space and mystery that is largely absent from the stories of more Western countries. There is, too, an ultimate hopefulness and a sense of righteousness and duty that is very often absent

from Scandinavian and Teutonic folk stories; though, of course, Russia has certain groups of stories in common with the other countries of Northern and Central Europe. Mr. Magnus, in his valuable introduction, draws attention to the great search for songs and folk-tales from the lips of the peasants that took place in the mid-nineteenth century. The Russian folk tales, we are told, "differ little, if at all, from the "common Aryan stock," but are differentiated by the "factualism," or romantic realism, that is characteristic of the people. There are no fairies, or giants. The people are real people, even if they are witches. But Death and Sorrow are personified and often roughly handled. The note is sad, but, in the opinion of the present writer, sad rather in the telling than in the goal. "These stories have been translated direct from "the Russian of Afanasev," and gives us the varieties of the Russian folk tale. The book deserves the widest circulation.

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We wish to draw special attention to Mr. M. E. Bulkley's small volume on "The Establishment of the Legal Minimum Rates in the "Box-making Industry under the Trade Boards Act of 1909" (Messrs. G. Bell & Sons, price 1s. 6d. net). With an introduction by Mr. R. H. Tawney. This is the third publication on the subject of the Ratan Tata foundation. The author has sought his material from the Trade Board papers and also "by personal interviews with employers and "workers (including employers and workers who were members of the "Trade Board), inspectors, and others having knowledge of the working "of the Trade Boards Act." It is plain that this large trade has adapted itself to the minimum wage without difficulty. The minimum wage, in the opinion of Mr. Tawney, "while it protects the worst paid "workers against exploitation . . . does little to alter the distribution "of wealth." Mr. Bulkley thinks that "the making of cheap match "boxes is gradually dying out as a home industry." There are no young workers in it. But home workers are, to some extent, evading the minimum wage. Indeed, few makers of common match boxes could earn it. We hope that the book will be closely studied by students of social and political economy. Monographs of this type are worth many acres of speculation.

* * *

Mr. Algernon Blackwood, in "The Extra Day" (Messrs. Macmillan, price 6s.), gives us a substantial feast of his peculiar mysticism, humour, and literary charm. The children—Judy, Tim, and Maria, the Butler, and the Tramp—are very much alive, and so is poor Come-Back-Stumper. Yet we have our doubts if Maria, or the others, would altogether approve of the story. It is very long, it has a mysterious atmosphere, and is very seductive; but, somehow, it seems as though there was no real reason why it should end at all; or, possibly, even begin at all. This is not meant as criticism of a sarcastic kind, for Mr. Blackwood is perfectly charming; but the story is difficult for those who do not move in Mr. Blackwood's mental sphere.

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We must note the publication under the title "Ephemera" (Messrs. Smith, Elder, price 10s. 6d. net) of a collection of addresses, articles, and reports, by Mr. Geoffrey Drage, on social reform, Imperial problems, Russia, the War. Mr. Drage apparently speaks and writes with equal facility on an amazing round of subjects of the first rank. There seems to be a demand for these papers and speeches, many of which are, Mr. Drage tells us, "now inaccessible and nearly all of which are technical

"contributions towards the practical solution of pressing legislative and "administrative" problems, still wholly or partially unsolved." Some seem to be past their usefulness, but they all form a record of Mr. Drage's labours.

* * *

We must call special attention to Mr. Edward Wyrall's work, entitled "Europe in Arms: a Concise History of the Great European War" (Bertram Wright & Co., Glasgow, price 30s., three volumes). At present only the first volume is published, and this brings us down to "The Repulse of Von Kluck and the First British Offensive," early in September, 1914. We propose, when the work is finished, to deal with it at length, but for the present we must be content to draw attention to the vivid style in which it is written; the well balanced character of the narration, which shows us all fronts and the big and little sea fights; the admirable illustrations.

CHRISTMAS, 1915.

"Hath God forgotten to be gracious?"

A KING once reigned in far Judæa
Whose deeds of cruelty and shame
Secured for him a lasting fame;
They stood unrivalled many a year.
But while those deeds were being done
God, in His loving-kindness, sent His Son.

Christ came. What did it mean for them,
Those mothers desolate and wild,
Each wailing for a little child
While soldiers tramped through Bethlehem?
Christ came—and little children died:
Have we, because of this, our God denied?

Nay, we maintained that God was Love,
And placidly we went our way
Accepting God's good gifts. To-day
Each one is called his creed to prove.
Another king with Herod vies
And faith is shaken with a rude surprise.

In days of peace faith may be born
But grows to strength in days of stress;
Faith *knows* where reason can but guess,
Faith *knows* and puts all doubts to scorn.
God lives yet, and will gracious be:
Let us confess our own infirmity.

MAY JENKINSON.

MILITARY COMPULSION.

WHEN war broke out it was obvious to many that there were two matters that called for immediate attention—National Organisation and Personal Service. In effect they constitute one problem: how to organise the State so that every citizen may perform the duty for which he or she is best fitted. This constitutes the wider question of National Service which has been prominently before the public for the last twelve months. Rarely has the discussion of any public question been carried on under such difficulties. Vague insinuations of plots, of newspaper influences, and of political intrigues made it almost impossible to obtain a fair and temperate discussion of an all-important subject.

National Service is a comprehensive scheme of dealing with all the activities of the nation, in so far as they affect the carrying on of the war. It takes into account the military as well as the non-military necessities of the country. The work of the State is to organise the nation for many and separate purposes. It would be necessary, for instance:—

1. To obtain men for our Navy and Army.
2. To obtain equipment and munitions for both services.
3. To provide the means of carrying on our internal trade.
4. To manufacture goods for our export trade; and
5. To fulfil such commitments as we have entered into with our Allies.

The real need is the true adjustment of these separate but inter-dependent responsibilities, so that our contribution to the Allied cause may be the highest possible. How is this to be done? That is the real problem that clamours for solution. There are two answers. The first is, that unaided voluntary effort will suffice. The second is, that we must supplement and, if necessary, substitute, State control. In my view, the desirable and essential co-ordination of military and industrial functions can never be obtained by the hazardous and capricious initiative of individuals. It is necessary to insist upon State supervision and State control in order to obtain the maximum of national efficiency. That is what I mean by National Service. To organise the resources of

the country for the prosecution of the war, so that the full strength of the community may be put to the best use. To direct the activities of men and women without distinction of class or station, so that we may be as strong in collective action as we are in individual devotion.

In my opinion, the supreme need of our country since the commencement of the war has been system, organisation, co-ordination, concentration. The most important branch of this work of national organisation is to obtain men for the armed forces of the Crown. How is this to be accomplished? Up to now we have relied on so-called voluntarism to supply the need. Subject to wide exceptions and exemptions, the Military Service (No. 2) Act embodies the principle of compulsory military service. Two days were spent in the House of Commons before even leave to introduce the Bill was given. A fierce controversy has been aroused by the measure, and we have witnessed the first real Parliamentary conflict since August 4th, 1914.

The fundamental justification of the Act is the need of more men. The object of the new legislation is "to make provision with respect to Military Service in connection with the present war." There is here a double limitation—as to service and as to time. The one is confined to military work, the other to the duration of the war. Most of the objections to the Bill were, in fact, met by these two considerations. The need of more men does not admit of serious discussion. The withdrawal from Gallipoli, the abandonment of Serbia, the defeat of the three small nations are due, in the main, to the inadequate number of troops and to the lack of munitions. The 1916 campaign calls for further effort. The outstanding feature of the Western frontier is that British troops will, as time goes on, be required to man a greater extent of the line now occupied by the French. The wastage in our infantry is 15 per cent. per month. In other words, the average life of a battalion is less than seven months. There is a further point, and, to my mind, it is one of supreme importance. At present, men who have been wounded once, twice, and even thrice are sent back to the fighting line. In many cases, such is the necessity of the situation, they return to fight before they have had time to make a complete recovery. Is not this an imperative reason for obtaining more men in order to avoid the repetition of so gross a wrong? There is also another fact which should be borne in mind. There is a considerable fraction of our present Army that represents men who are not fitted for foreign service. They are kept on the strength although it is notorious that they cannot join our foreign Army. If a real investigation were made, it would be found that our effective strength is less than it appears

to be. It would be interesting to know how many soldiers have returned from France on the sole ground of physical unfitness. The argument; however, does not rest on such considerations only. The Cabinet, presumably on the advice of the military experts, has come to the conclusion that there is need of men. Lord Kitchener has declared that voluntarism without modification cannot maintain the Army needed to secure victory. Surely this is the last word. Military necessity demands more men. The men necessary are not forthcoming. Compulsion is the only method left in order to secure additional troops. If we want to "secure victory," no means other than those in the Act are available.

It is said that the Act will not secure any considerable number of men. Arithmetical calculations have been prepared to prove this proposition. By a curious paradox the opponents of the Act in Parliament contended that the operation of compulsion would be confined to a negligible area. I prefer to rely on the statement of the Prime Minister, who, speaking for the Cabinet, said that he was satisfied by convincing evidence that a substantial number of unmarried men had not enlisted or attested. In this connection, it should also be remembered that 487,000 married men have enlisted on the faith of the unmarried men being compulsorily called to the colours. To have abandoned the Bill would have meant not only the loss of the available unmarried men, but the release of nearly half-a-million married men as well. Under these circumstances, let us recall our task, as set out in the Prime Minister's declaration at the Lord Mayor's banquet in 1914. It ran thus:—

"We shall never sheathe the sword, which we have not lightly drawn, until Belgium recovers in full measure all and more than all that she has sacrificed, until France is adequately secured against the menace of aggression, until the rights of the smaller nationalities of Europe are placed upon an unassailable foundation, and until the military domination of Prussia is wholly and finally destroyed."

This is surely a formidable task. To expel the enemy from Allied territory; to regain the four capitals—Brussels, Warsaw, Belgrade, and Cettinje; to levy adequate indemnities; to shatter the German armies, and to safeguard the liberties of the smaller nations, represents an achievement which will tax our resources in men, munitions, and money to the uttermost. Every available man will be required to complete so vast an undertaking. To defeat the Bill was to abandon the Prime Minister and his pledge to the Allies. It was, in effect, to abandon the war and the purpose for which it was undertaken.

It is for this reason that the opposition to the Bill in Parliament was somewhat suspect. The members who are against the war, as well as those who are against recruiting, voted against the Bill. The members who were associated in the past with a Little Navy were to be found in the "No" Lobby. It may be admitted that their position is logical and consistent. The best way to stop the war is to win the war. There is, however, another way quite as certain. That is to keep our Army at such a low standard of strength as will make it impossible for the Allies to secure victory over the Central Powers.

Apart from, and in addition to, the question of military necessity, it is also essential to consider the "Pledge" of the Prime Minister, in so far as it relates to the Military Service Bill. The Derby Scheme was inaugurated on October 5th, 1915. At that time the voluntary system had broken down. Lord Derby was called in to undertake one final effort on its behalf. Immediately before November 2nd, 1915, voluntarism had broken down for the second time, and if the pledge of November 2nd, 1915, had not been given the Prime Minister states explicitly that there was serious danger of the whole campaign ending in failure. The pledge was given to save voluntarism. It is therefore curious that voluntarists should denounce a pledge given in order to preserve a system in which they believe. The pledge did not succeed in attaining this end, and on December 11th voluntarism broke down for the third time. In one respect, however, the pledge was an unqualified success. Upon the faith of it, a large number of married men attested who would not otherwise have joined. What proportion of the 487,000 married men so acted it is impossible to say. It was, however, open to each of the 487,000 to demand his release if the pledge had not been fulfilled. It was this that constituted the practical gravity of the situation. The personal honour of the Prime Minister and of his colleagues was involved. He has stated that the pledge was given "within the limits and upon the lines of the general policy agreed upon by the Cabinet," and that neither then nor subsequently was there a sign of protest or remonstrance. The pledge was reiterated on November 11th and 19th, 1915, and again on December 21st, 1915. The fulfilment of the pledge, therefore, involved not merely the Prime Ministership of Mr. Asquith, but the continued existence of the Coalition Government. The defeat of the Bill would have been in effect a vote of censure on the Government, and would inevitably have brought about its fall. The opponents of the Bill were therefore prepared to bring about a grave political crisis in the face of great national peril. They did not deny the existence of the pledge—that would have been absurd. They did not insist that the pledge should be broken—that would have been

discreditable. They rested their case upon the contention that the conditions of the pledge had not been fulfilled, and that therefore it had not become operative. They alleged that the pledge had been given subject to general consent, and that it had not been proved that the number of unmarried men unattested was more than negligible.

The speech of the Prime Minister on November 2nd, 1915, was examined with meticulous care, and interpreted with judicial nicety. The critics professed their ability to teach the Prime Minister what he meant when he gave the pledge. They forgot, however, to direct attention to the Press Bureau notice of November 11th, 1915. It contained an announcement, issued by Lord Derby, to the following effect:—

“The Prime Minister on that occasion (*i.e.*, November 2nd, 1915) pledged not only himself but his Government when he stated that if young men did not, under the stress of national duty, come forward voluntarily, other and compulsory means would be taken before the married men were called upon to fulfil their engagement to serve.”

In conjunction with this announcement a contemporaneous document, Poster No. 134, issued by the Parliamentary Recruiting Committee, deserves attention. The contents were printed in large type. The first words were:—

SINGLE MEN FIRST,

and the last words were

IN SHORT
SINGLE MEN WILL BE CALLED FIRST.

In these documents there is no reference to general consent, or to a negligible minority. These were the real appeals for recruits. It was upon the faith of these promises that men enlisted and attested. The mural message could not be misunderstood. There was the solemn promise of the Government. Recruits acted upon it. This appeal has been called a pledge. The Prime Minister has so described it. It was, it is true, a pledge to married men. It was also a declaration of policy. It was to married men an assurance of conditional exemption, and to single men an announcement of conditional compulsion. The unmarried man, too, had an inducement to attest because he was informed that the class to which he belonged would under certain circumstances be compelled to join. The single man, as well as the married man, was entitled to demand that the pledge should be fulfilled.

A distinguished statesman has recently said: “There are more

"ways of fulfilling this pledge than one. One way is to apply to the married men and ask them if they really refuse to serve." The method indicated is surely rather the evasion than the fulfilment of a pledge. It is a course of conduct that cannot be commended to those who regard a public pledge as a promise to be liberally interpreted and to be rigorously fulfilled. It also omits to take into account the fact that single as well as married men are interested in the pledge being carried out. The path of honour, as well as the path of duty, led to the same end—the passing of the Bill in fulfilment of the pledge. It must not be forgotten that as from November 2nd, 1915, the Prime Minister and his Cabinet were committed to a policy of conditional compulsion. Every voluntarist who remained a member of the Government after that date was a potential compulsionist, and adopted the new policy. The publication of the Derby figures provided the opportunity of determining whether a negligible minority of unmarried men remain unattested. This was a mere question of arithmetic. It involved neither conscience nor principle. The last day for resignation on principle was November 2nd, 1915, for on that day voluntarism was abandoned and a threat of compulsion accepted as a means of recruiting.

The out-and-out opponents of the Bill are not concerned with military necessity, fulfilment of pledges, or practical expediency. They ground their opposition on principle. Their attitude, in short, is this: The Bill embodies the principle of compulsion. That consideration alone suffices. It must be resisted. They acclaim themselves the champions of voluntarism. The word is ill-chosen as a designation of the system of recruiting which was in operation until it was officially superseded by a threat of conditional compulsion. The theory and practice of voluntarism are strangely at variance. The theory is simple to a degree. The State points out the path of duty, and the citizen is at liberty to do as he pleases. If he wishes to enlist he may do so. If he wishes to avoid his duty—that too he may do. Free will and free choice are the apt attributes of voluntary service. In practice, however, we have witnessed a persistent departure from the underlying principles of voluntarism. On August 28th, 1914, the Prime Minister advised the holding of meetings at which "the duty of every man to do his part should be enforced." Thereupon recruiting meetings were held throughout the country. Our walls were defamed with pathetic and pitiable posters, of which the less said the better. Appeals, arguments, advertisements were addressed to possible recruits. The War Office has refused to give information as to the cost of voluntary recruiting. It would be well within the mark to estimate the cost at some millions sterling.

The extravagant expenditure incurred is, however, the least objection to the system. The other defects are graver and further-reaching. On November 2nd, 1915, in the House of Commons, the Prime Minister stated:—

“ Our system of voluntary recruiting operates, as it has been hitherto practised, in a haphazard, capricious, and, to some extent, an unjust way between different classes and even between individuals.”

The practice of voluntarism certainly deserves this description, and the words “ to some extent ” may well be omitted from the Prime Minister’s statement. The qualification is quite unnecessary. What has happened is this. Boys of sixteen, seventeen, and eighteen have enlisted, and have been sent to the firing-line. Men over forty have been accepted. Skilled munition workers have been recruited in great numbers. Men unskilled in any work that assists the country in war-time have remained at home. The recruiting campaign has been conducted without any regard to the industrial requirements of the nation. By these results the system stands self-condemned. Our supreme need at the commencement of the war was not merely, perhaps not mainly, a large army, but the due adjustment of all the power and strength of the country for the prosecution of the war. Maximum efficiency only means that all those who can help their country should do so in the way they can render the best service. Voluntarism has failed because it has impaired the national output of effort and work. There was only one sure way at our disposal—a gradual enlistment of men of military age who were not serving their country in some other essential work. This course we did not follow. We were compelled to take men when we did not want them, because when we did want them we might not get them.

The two chief assets of the enemy were preparation and organisation. As to the former, our military inferiority was irreparable. As to the latter, our position was at least remediable. It must be remembered that the white population of the British Empire, together with the populations of Belgium, France, Italy, Serbia, and Montenegro, amounts approximately to 142 millions. Curiously enough, this figure also represents the combined populations of Germany, Austria, Turkey, and Bulgaria. But the Allies have also on their side the Russian Empire, with a population of 174 millions. Thus we have on one side 316 millions, and on the other side 142 millions. Whatever successes have been gained by the Central Powers during the first eighteen months of the war must be attributed to long preparation and careful organisation. There is no other way of explaining the present military position.

Our hopes of victory depend on matching organisation with equal organisation, and increasing our man-power, our munition-power, and our industry-power by system and co-ordination.

The element of compulsion in the Bill is emphasised by those who most strenuously oppose it. This is the groundwork of their hostility. It is difficult to understand their position. Moral compulsion is at least as objectionable as legal compulsion. From the outset the appeals of recruiters have been enforced by taunt, insult, and intimidation. All this passed without concern or censure. The Prime Minister's pledge, designed to save voluntarism, raised little protest until it became necessary to redeem it. It is a strange frame of mind which enables a man to think that an act is voluntary, though a threat of compulsion is used to bring it about. More than six months ago, Lord Kitchener stated on behalf of the Government that it would be well for our young men "to obey the call of duty before it was enforced or superseded by the call of compulsion." This was recruiting by threat. The phrase admits of no other interpretation. Can it be said seriously that voluntarism survived when it was supplemented in such plainly spoken terms?

What is the real basis of the objection to the Bill—on principle? The Voluntarists seem to forget that all law and Government rest ultimately upon force. Every citizen of a State sacrifices a certain measure of liberty in order to obtain a certain measure of safety; the basis of society is the use of force in the interests of the community as a whole. In time of peace these elementary principles are generally conceded. They have the same application and validity in time of war. Our party system is admittedly a process by which the majority, for the time being, legislates on lines which the minority resists until (and sometimes after) the measure becomes law. Education, National Insurance, taxation, hours of work, conditions of labour—all these matters have been the subject of compulsory legislative enactment. Yet no one would contend that a man is humiliated or degraded by obeying such laws, even though he personally disapproves of them. No one has yet suggested that voluntarism should apply to taxation, or that one gladly offered sovereign is more efficacious to meet the public expenditure than three conscript sovereigns extracted from an unwilling taxpayer. I may add that, in any event, even though the Voluntarists were right in their contention, it is better to lose individual liberty for a season than to sacrifice national liberty for all time.

More than a year ago, Lord Haldane declared that by the common law of the country it is "the duty of every subject of the realm to assist the Sovereign in repelling invasion of our shores, the defence of the realm." This duty is not statutory, and,

consequently, compulsory service if limited to the occasion of a foreign invasion is in accord with our constitution and common law. Is it not right to extend the doctrine under the circumstances of the present moment, when in substance we are defending the realm as truly on the fields of France as if the invader were on British soil?

In this grave emergency, when our country is in peril, I believe that military service is an obligation that should fall on all—on all equally—not according to their willingness, but according to their capacity to render service. I am convinced that compulsory military service is necessary and practicable. I am quite certain it is just. I would add that it is not military necessity that makes it just, but it is inherent justice that makes it necessary. I do not appreciate the views of those who think that the defence of the country should fall on some and not on others of equal military capacity. I do not recognise the fairness of a system under which one family is represented by all its men at the front, and another family has three, four, or more sons at home. To remove this gross anomaly, and to divide more equally the true obligations of citizenship, is the fundamental basis and ultimate justification of the Military Service Bill.

An equal distribution of military duties is obviously impossible. It is only a counsel of perfection to suggest that every available man should be sent to the front once before any wounded man is sent twice. The Bill is admittedly confined within narrow limits. It promotes, however, equality of sacrifice. It is a genuine effort to deal fairly with unmarried men and to place upon the same plane of obligation and service those who are only too anxious to serve their country and those who are only too willing to survive it.

ELLIS J. GRIFFITH.

MILITARY COMPULSION: ANOTHER VIEW.

IT was obvious from the first that any attempt at dethroning the voluntary system of recruiting would result in civil war. The Military Service Bill is the first purely conscriptionist measure ever introduced into a British Parliament, and already national unity is a thing of the past. How far the fissure will widen depends on the extent of the recklessness of the conscriptionists, who, though in a minority, are forcing the pace in the Cabinet. If they will be content with the nominal victory which they have already gained, the nation may yet be allowed to concentrate on the supreme purpose of winning the war. But if—as Sir Alfred Mond and Mr. Ellis Griffith suggest—the Military Service Bill is only designed to pave the way to National Service, a domestic controversy of the first magnitude will be raised, which by distracting the people's attention may have a disastrous effect on the prosecution of the war.

As long as a purely Liberal Government was in power, conscription was a dead issue. A few "cranks" outside and inside Parliament might take it up, but they were powerless to further its progress. It was only after the Coalition Government was formed, and avowed conscriptionists found a place in the Cabinet, that the agitation began to become formidable. Not long after the formation of the Coalition Government, there occurred a perceptible change in the political atmosphere. Men began to whisper things in the clubs and the corridors of the House of Commons, and the names of Lord Northcliffe, the Napoleon of the New Toryism, and of Mr. Lloyd George, the chief leader of the British democracy, were linked together. The first skirmish in the campaign took place over the National Registration Bill. Sir Thomas Whittaker moved its rejection expressly on the ground that it was a preliminary measure to conscription, and he was followed into the lobby by a considerable number of Radicals. But the Bill became law, and in spite of the fair professions of Mr. Walter Long it afforded the only basis for Lord Derby's conjectural figures relating to single men.

This was followed on July 28th by a full-dress debate on the principle of compulsory military service. Mr. Asquith deprecated

the discussion; he even went so far as to beg the conscriptionists to abstain from raising the topic. But Captain Guest was not to be denied. Fresh, as the *Times* said, from the trenches, and clad in the irresistible khaki garb, he boldly ventilated the question. There was no division, but the discussion was useful. It showed that there was a considerable number of Liberals in the House who were attracted by the mirage of "National Service," and it proved that the wishes of the Prime Minister could be flouted with impunity.

The House rose the next day, and the flood-gates of controversy were let loose. The *Observer*, on August 1st, warned Mr. Asquith that if his Government did not produce a Compulsory Bill by September 14th, when the House met, it would have to give way to better and more strenuous war-makers. It did not disguise its preference for Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Bonar Law. This was followed by an active propaganda. The *Times* started a fund. Lord Northcliffe subscribed £100, the *Daily Mail* £100, and Sir Alfred Mond £100. Late in August a meeting of ladies "who had relatives with the colours" was held at the Queen's Hall. Lord Denman was in the chair, Mr. Ellis Griffith, M.P., was the chief orator. One sentence in the speech, which excited the admiration of the *Daily Mail*, demonstrated its quality. The young men of England, according to a Kitchener poster, were pictorially exhorted by their mothers to go and join the colours. "If it be right for a mother to tell a young man to go"—this was the argumentative gem of the member for Anglesea—"why should it be wrong for the State?" The following week another meeting under the same auspices was addressed in South London by Sir Leo Chiozza-Money, M.P. That meeting is memorable because Mr. Lloyd George for the first time began to unmask his batteries. He sent a telegram to Sir Leo, who has since become his Parliamentary Private Secretary, which was read out with acclamation in a frankly conscriptionist meeting.

The meeting was held on the morrow of Mr. Lloyd George's famous visitation to the Trade Union Congress at Bristol. It is said that his visit was not so spontaneous as it seemed to be—that, indeed, it was arranged days beforehand. The Congress had passed a comprehensive though cautiously worded resolution against conscription. The Chairman criticised Mr. Lloyd George's Munitions Act. The Minister of Munitions wired his reply. The Chairman challenged the Minister to come to face the music at the Congress. Mr. Lloyd George is not the man to evade an encounter of that sort. He accepted, and on the Thursday he was facing the forces of organised labour. He made a speech of amazing power and brilliancy. He bullied and coaxed alternately;

now he was chaffing Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, the next moment he was denouncing the workmen; at one time he flagellated trade unionists, in the next breath he described himself as a plant that had grown in a workman's cottage. The Congress was flattered to find the most powerful statesman of the day paying court to it; it was carried off its feet by the easy charm and genial good-fellowship of the great man. When Mr. Lloyd George sat down he had mastered his audience. He departed amid the ringing cheers of the representatives of organised labour. He thought he had won them permanently to his side, and next morning he sent his telegram to Sir Leo Chiozza-Money. On the following Monday, he published his famous "preface," four days before the book itself to which it was to act as a preface, appeared. The hour had struck, and Mr. Lloyd George determined to strike too.

But the Minister of Munitions, the most wary as well as the most courageous of fighters, soon discovered that he had struck too soon. The anti-conscriptionists were strong in the land, and the Northcliffe propaganda had roused them to a sense of their danger. They bestirred themselves to some effect, and when Lord Kitchener, speaking a short time after the publication of the "preface," flatly contradicted Mr. Lloyd George's gloomy prophecies about Russia, and stated that "Germany had almost shot her bolt," it soon became apparent that it was too early to stampede either the people or the Government. And so the order went forth that the pace was not to be forced. The great debate, organised by Captain Guest in the recess, was held in the advertised absence of Lord Northcliffe, and fell flat. Mr. Lloyd George, in a letter to a correspondent, bade all and sundry to "cease this clatter and racket." Henceforth the conscriptionist propaganda was to be advanced, not by public discussion or platform propaganda, but by more subtle and effective means. The nation was called upon to retain its unanimity. No one wanted compulsion if we could get what we wanted by voluntary means. Let one and all do their best to make voluntarism a success. If it succeeded, well and good; there would be no need for the hateful thing conscription. If it did not succeed, reluctantly, mutinously, but inevitably we should have to resort to the hateful method.

In the latter days of September, Lord Kitchener and Mr. Asquith met the representatives of Labour in conference. No one was told what took place at the meeting. Mr. Handel Booth complained for months that information which had been vouchsafed to Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, who had never attended a recruiting meeting, had been denied to the House of Commons and to the patriotic member for Pontefract. The Labour representatives, as a result of the conference, published placards containing an appeal for

30,000 recruits a week. There was some controversy as to the number of recruits which would be required in order to satisfy the country that the voluntary system would supply the necessary men for the Army. But the Government would not condescend to reply to the eager seekers after truth. They preserved an inviolable secrecy. All that the country had to go on was the Labour placard.

With a great flourish of trumpets, the recruiting rally was commenced on Saturday, October 1st. Members of Parliament flew to their constituencies; the Tory, Liberal, and Labour organisations combined their efforts; all was done to justify the voluntary system. On October 5th, Lord Derby was appointed Director of Recruiting. He was an avowed Conscriptionist; he compared his new post to that of Receiver of a bankrupt concern. But Lord Derby had done much for recruiting in Lancashire; he is a bluff, outspoken Englishman; and though his words sounded ominous, it was comfortably thought that the owner of Knowsley Park did not know much of bankruptcy. He called together several experts to advise him, and on October 11th the celebrated Derby Scheme was launched. For another three weeks the recruiting rally was conducted on its original lines. Naturally, its success was limited. It took time to perfect the machinery, and to set it in motion. But it had made a fair start, and its friends entertained sanguine hopes of what would be achieved in the month of November. As if to illustrate the unity of the nation, the *Times*, on Monday, November 1st, brought out a special "Recruiting Number." It was felt that after this the voluntary system would become as much a national institution as the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

Then came a bolt from the blue. On Tuesday, November 2nd, the *Times* published a letter from Mr. Mackinder, pointing out, almost for the first time, the distinction between married and unmarried men. His contention was emphasised in the leading columns, and the Prime Minister was enjoined to speak "the necessary word" that afternoon. Mr. Asquith hastened to comply. "Speaking for myself," without consulting his Cabinet, without a discussion in Parliament, and with hardly any discussion in the Press, the Prime Minister in the afternoon of November 2nd gave his pledge to the married men. The pledge revolutionised the whole situation. The Derby Scheme had been designed to ascertain the number of men, married or unmarried, of forty years of age or under, who were prepared to offer their services to the country. The Voluntarists asserted that a sufficient number would come forward; the Compulsionists denied. It was a fair and square issue. If the Voluntarists were found to be wrong, they would have had to stand aside, however repugnant compulsion

might have been to them. On the other hand, if the voluntary system justified itself, there was an end of the agitation for conscription.

The Asquith pledge changed all that. It destroyed the original purpose of, and it therefore entirely spoiled, the Derby Scheme. It now became a question as to how many unmarried men enlisted or attested; and how many married men were willing to attest under the protection of the pledge. The distinction between married and single men which was set up was unreal and illogical; it does not obtain in any conscriptionist country; it is scoffed at by the Conscriptionists themselves, though they are willing to benefit by it. That benefit has been incalculable. The pledge has turned every attested married man—and especially the wife of every attested married man—into a Conscriptionist, at least as far as unmarried men are concerned. Before the pledge, the great majority of members of the House of Commons were opponents of conscription; the vast majority of Englishmen clung tenaciously to the old free traditions of this country. But the pledge planted advocates of conscription in every parish in the land. It became possible to attempt to introduce a Compulsionist Bill into the House of Commons. No electioneering manoeuvre of our time, or of any time, has met with such amazing success.

The Derby Scheme closed on December 11th. For the last week the organisers were "snowed under," according to Lord Derby, by the rush of enlistments and attestations. The machinery had taken some time to get into motion; the uncertainty created by the Asquith pledge paralysed action for a fortnight; the scheme had barely three weeks of full activity. But on December 11th it was closed down. It was pointed out that whole districts had not been canvassed, that facilities for recruiting had been inadequate, that in Wales, which has proved to be the best recruiting area, the scheme had never been explained to the people in their own tongue, and that there were a hundred and one faults which ought to be, and could be, remedied. But the fiat had gone forth that the scheme was to be closed down on December 11th, and closed down it was. It is to-day admitted that it was closed down prematurely. Mr. Asquith, as part of his new policy, has asked the group system to be reopened for seven weeks from January 10th. Had the period of the Derby Scheme been extended for seven weeks from December 11th, the Military Service Bill would have been unnecessary, and the country would have been spared the perils of disunion.

Just before the Christmas recess, a deputation of Liberals waited upon Mr. Asquith. It has been asserted that they wanted the Prime Minister to break his pledge to the married men, to treat it as "a scrap of paper." As a matter of fact, two of the speakers

of the deputation have stated since, in the House of Commons; that the Prime Minister's pledge would have to be carried out in the letter and in the spirit. All that the deputation wanted was that Mr. Asquith should assure himself, before resorting to compulsion, that the number of single men unaccounted for under the Derby Scheme was more than negligible. In other words, they wished to avoid being placed in the very predicament in which they find themselves enmeshed to-day. They remembered what had happened during the summer recess, when the Conscriptionists had tried to rush matters while the House was not in Session. They wanted to avoid the peril which they felt was imminent. They were received most cordially by the Prime Minister, but they went away without any definite promise, though with plenty of fair words. The recess was short; but it was not too short to develop an acute crisis. The Minister of Munitions went to the Clydeside to soothe and charm the angry workers, as he had fascinated the Trade Union Congress in the summer recess. But the dour Scotsmen were not to be blandished into acquiescence; they almost came to refusing the democratic leader a hearing; *Forward* published a verbatim account of the Minister's speech, with supremely clever but undoubtedly malicious comments, put in parenthesis after every sentence, in the guise of "voices from the crowd." The Scotch heckler may be a fine chorus, but it is hard to believe that he could keep up so continuous a comment of so racy a kind on Mr. Lloyd George's speech as was to be found in the *Forward*. The Minister suppressed the paper, and though it is denied that he threatened to resign, there can be no doubt that his forceful personality brought matters to a crisis in the Cabinet. Before Parliament reassembled on January 4th, the House of Commons was confronted with compulsion as a *res judicata*. Sir John Simon had resigned, and the Military Service Bill was in process of being drafted.

During the debate on the first reading on January 5th and 6th, no case was even attempted to be made out for the Bill on the ground of military necessity. Mr. Asquith expressly put it on the ground that he was compelled to fulfil his pledge to the married men. To that the voluntaryists replied that the time had not come to redeem the pledge, that there had been no investigation into the facts, that the figures of Lord Derby's Report were mere estimates and conjectures, and that there had been no attempt to prove that the number of available single men who were unaccounted for under the Derby Scheme was more than negligible. But the influence of the Prime Minister is overwhelming, both in the House and in the country; people feel that if he goes the fortunes of the Empire will become the sport of reckless politicians and fiery enthusiasts. The Bill itself has been whittled down to the

smallest dimensions. It does not apply to the married men; Ireland is not affected; all sorts of classes, including the conscientious objector, are sympathetically considered. The very smallness of the Bill has helped to disarm hostility, if not criticism; while the shadow of a General Election, which might be precipitated by the action of the Government or the inaction of the House of Lords over the Parliament Extension Bill, which must be passed before January 31st, has cast a gloom over the bright spirits of Radicalism. In spite of the adverse vote of the Trade Union Congress and the Miners' Federation of Great Britain, in spite of the rumblings of a threatened storm in South Wales and on the Clydeside, the Bill has passed its first and second readings with enormous majorities, and by the time these words come to be read it will have probably been placed on the Statute Book. The Bill itself is trumpery, it is limited in its scope, and I believe that, now that the Derby Scheme has been reopened, it will be inoperative. The real question behind it is: Is it the thin end of the wedge? Or is it in reality merely a fulfilment of the Prime Minister's pledge to the married men? Is it to be followed by a larger measure of military conscription? Or will the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the President of the Board of Trade succeed in their efforts to limit the size of the Army? Is it the first step towards industrial conscription, or as it is delicately called, "National Service"? The fight around the Military Service Bill has been a mere skirmish, an affair of outposts. The voluntaryists have been driven back. But that is of little moment if they can rally their forces in time to repel the onrush of the Conscriptionists in the days to come.

W. LLEWELYN WILLIAMS.

THE CLERGY AND MILITARY SERVICE.

THE question whether the clergy of military age should leave their work and take their part with their fellows in the ranks is one which was certain to arise, and which naturally stirs keen feelings of several kinds. It appealed from the first moment to the warm blood and gallant instincts of many of the younger clergy themselves. They longed, like so many of their comrades, to be off and do the hard and dangerous work about which the rest of us talk. Sharing the general convictions of the nation that however deadly an evil war is, this was war which, without selfishness or cowardice, the nation could not do otherwise than fight, they longed to add example to precept, and be first in doing what they applauded and urged. Being themselves largely public school and University men, the war records of the Universities and public schools show which way their first impulses were likely to go. But further, the deeper influences of their own special training had always pointed to sacrifice: and here was an opportunity to make a sacrifice in good earnest, and in a form which everyone would understand. On another side it cannot be denied that for many a man the keen excitement of the front showed in alluring contrast to the drudgery of the slum or the routine of worship and work. The sneer or the ironical smile ready for the men of "duty," "sacrifice," "service," who in a great crisis seemed outwardly on the same side of the line with the shirkers and the apathetic, was distinctly unpleasant. To be thought "the mild young curate" was gall and bitterness. Sometimes definitely anti-clerical or pacificist influences added bitterness and strength to these attacks.

Second thoughts were not wanting to reinforce the first instincts. What an opportunity for the younger men to recover, in the common life of camp and trenches, the close and mutual understanding between themselves and the other sorts of Englishmen, the want of which had been so often deplored, to show themselves men as well as parsons, to silence the talk about the soft job and the easy billet, and to understand with the close sympathy born of personal experience the feelings, temptations, duties, and opportunities of their brother men! Moreover, there was, as it happened, decisive evidence of fact to confirm the truth of these

hopes. For in France, against "clerical" custom, rule, and authority, a "secularist" Government had lately forced through a compulsion which allowed of no exemption for ministers of religion. It had been resented and resisted by the Church: and behold, now, evidence was abundant that in the ranks opportunities and respect came to the priest in uniform which would never have come to him in his frock.

Why not, then, follow where instinct, chivalry, calculation, and experience seemed to lead? It was an unsatisfactory reply that a body of elderly Bishops, emerging with half-opened eyes from the soporific times of peace, inclined by tradition to professionalism, and slow to catch the opportunities of a new day, had pronounced against the course.*

I am not deterred by being myself one of the most unmilitary of these elders from offering some explanation and defence of their decision. Indeed, the breath of true authority is its appeal to the best reason and conscience, first of those whom it directs, and then of other candid men who are willing to consider the matter not upon off-hand impulse but upon the premises of the persons or class who are called to decide and to act.

I claim, first, that authority was right to speak. That the Bishops should be more ready to lead is a desire often expressed, with more or less disinterested readiness to follow. They have in this instance done so, as they were in duty bound to do. For if a course had to be taken which some might despise as shrinking or unpatriotic, it would have been cruel to leave this to the juniors, who could have been plied with the taunts, "the Bishops leave it open to you: it plainly, therefore, is not wrong to go: why, then, 'abide in the 'sheepfolds' and not play the man?" It would have been unjust also to very many, because if, the question being left open, some went and some not, the burden of misunderstanding and unpopularity would have been doubled for those who did not go.

But it is important to be clear about the function of authority in such a matter. It should declare rather than decide; and just so far as it does so rightly, the best opinion of those whom it represents as well as governs will respond to it. In the present case, as a matter of fact, it would be quite misleading to give the decision of the Bishops as a full explanation of the action of the clergy. It is much more true to say that the decision gives focus and definition to the true mind of the Church as a community. It is the business of authority to bring the weight of considered practice and tradition, and of considerations which may not lie upon the very surface of the matter, in aid of a true judgment. I

* I speak of the Bishops generally, because the decision approached unanimity. But there were exceptions.

believe that opinion in the Church responds to and confirms what the Bishops have said. I believe this to be true of the younger clergy on the whole as well as the older, though for the obvious reasons already given it would have been far harder for them to decide unhelped. I believe it also to be true of many of our laymen, and, I should claim, of the steadiest opinion of the country. The parson of a parish in one of our largest military centres, who had himself longed to get to the front as chaplain, told me that he found the soldiers, officers and men alike, were unfavourable to clerical enlistment. "You do your job," was their plain way of giving their opinion.

I shall take for granted what I believe certainly true that the instinct and opinion of the Christian Church has been against God's ministers taking part in war. That there have been exceptions and precedents to the contrary, we know. Fighting Bishops have always been familiar figures in mediæval tableaux. The Dean of Wells has lately shown that the practice extended more widely. It is not the least surprising that it was so in a day of general military tenures, and one in which spiritual and secular things were so largely intertwined. The matter may need further investigation, for which I have no resources. But the main thesis will hardly be disturbed. Such a tradition carries great weight; for it represents a great deal of instinct, the instinct of men accustomed to spiritual judgment, and to seek the guidance of the Spirit of God.

But we respect its authority because we are confident that it represents principle; and we ought to be able in a reasonable degree to show that this is so. I make the qualification for the double reason that instinct is hardly ever fully explicable, and that only those who agree in principles can be expected to share conclusions. Of others it can hardly be fairly asked that they should recognise that we are consistent with ourselves. I will try briefly to state the principles, and then add some practical reasons which tell the same way.

That the servants of Christ ordained to the ministry of which He laid the foundations should not fight, is something which to many is self-evident, and to more perfectly natural. Not only is He thought of as Prince of Peace; but His words restrain that tendency of man to meet man with the return of wrong for wrong, or of force for force, which, reproduced on a larger scale, means war among nations. His own example fortifying His words shows us the wrath of man met and conquered by the strength of meekness, patience, and forgiveness. The Cross on which He died has become the symbol which is the reverse of that of the world—the method of love.

Most plainly, then, it would appear that war is alien to those who bear His commission. This might be taken as decisive, if it were not met at once by a logical objection. "Your argument is 'sound,'" we may be told, "but you yourselves decline its true 'conclusion.'" For no Christian—not even the most "sacerdotal"—will deny that every disciple of Christ is His representative, bound to His principles, pledged to His method. The conclusion, therefore, is that there should be no wars among States which make claims to the name of Christian; and that if such wars are fought, no Christian should take part in them. The case of Christian ministers is settled indeed, but only as the less is included in the greater. But unless the conclusion is valid for all Christians, it is not valid for clerical exemption. This is pressed strongly and eagerly by the "pacifist"; and if he be, as is very commonly the case, one who either stands outside organised Christianity, or adheres to one of its less organised forms, his insistence upon it will be the more confident if not contemptuous.

Now it will, I hope, be plain that I cannot here deal with the contention of the "Quaker" or the pacifist. I desire to speak of them with entire respect. We have not too many followers of the ideal, or too many who are ready to be fools for Christ's sake. But it is a big discussion, impossible to treat incidentally to a particular matter. It may suffice to say that, wholly agreeing with them, that war is contrary to the spirit of Christ; and wholly disbelieving that (in spite of incidental glories of heroism and sacrifice) it is a necessary part of human life, I believe that as things are, without a more general acceptance of Christ's authority and spirit, and without some power that will "bear the sword" not "in vain" over the nations as Governments do over individuals, war is inevitable; and that when war is engaged for the right, the Christian must bear his part and be the best, the most brave and least brutal, soldier of the lot.*

But the inference that the priest or minister should enlist and fight is dialectically plausible, not convincingly real. It pushes the thing too far. It claims too much (whether derisively or otherwise) for one element in a complex case. It is easier to be sure that this is so than to put into words the reason for so thinking. But I suggest one or two ways in which this may be expressed.

(a) The ordained man has a special commission and special vocation. Anyone who will recall, or glance through, the Ordinal of the English Prayer-book will have this vividly before him.

* The argument has been taken up of late in different ways, as by Canon Peter Green in the volume "The Kingdom of God and the War" (Longmans); but perhaps by no one so profoundly or with such insight into both sides of the case as by H. S. Holland in his little booklet "So as by Fire" (Wells Gardner).

Here is a vocation, if ever there was one, not to be lightly laid aside—concentrated, engrossing, of constant requirement and application. The man is called out from among other men for special commission and special service.

(b) There is a difference in the proportion of obligation between minister and layman. The layman is an ordinary citizen, plainly liable to the same duties as his fellows, unless in the case of an absolute contradiction to conscience; and, except in that case, it were almost an impertinence on his part to bring his personal convictions or allegiances into the matter. The priest, on the other hand, is generally recognised as having another "character" beside that of citizen, and a more sacred one. (The *legal* recognition of this in England is an effective illustration of this.)

(c) But we can go further. The ideal which a Christian State is at present bound to compromise, it need not, therefore, wholly ignore. The body of citizens must fight, but the exemption of the man who (as the old phrase, "a divine," implies) is a representative in his poor human way of the things of God, is a testimony to the ideal which the zealous patriot should respect, and which the reproachful pacifist will be ill-advised, as a pacifist, to belittle or throw away.

I know that some who ignore the complexity of problems like this, may be impatient of what they may sweep aside as word-chopping. They may, at any rate, ask that a distinction of this kind should verify itself in the field of practice. I believe that so it does. For let me turn, then, in conclusion, to the practical portion of the argument.

There is a positive, as well as a negative, side to the matter. The clergy are exhorted not to enlist, because their own proper work is urgently required. Such work takes two forms.

(1) There is, first, the supply of spiritual ministrations and friendly offices to the troops who fight, including the many who suffer and die; and to those who are at home preparing for the fronts. The former service hardly needs words, and its value has been repeatedly attested by commanding officers and men. But the latter is equally important. The life of the new armies brought together in camps, villages, and towns is one which claims great sympathy. It is hard, it is monotonous, it presents men with a routine of constant stress on the bodily and physical sides; opportunities abound for temptation, which have been, on the whole, nobly resisted, but which have claimed many victims. If ever there was a life in which there was room for the presence of a man pledged to represent spiritual and moral principles, and able to help, brighten, and uplift, it is this life of training.

I have ascertained that, roughly speaking, 1,000 of the clergy have been accepted by the Chaplain-General for the post of

chaplains at home and abroad. Quite three times as many offered for such work, though a large number of them would be unfitted by age, health, and other causes. Of those who have gone to the front, the deaths of some, and the mentions-in-despatches and military honours won by others, have shown in how real a degree the risks of death and injury are shared by the chaplains, and so far disprove the odious charge—or insinuation—of cowardice as the reason why our young clerics hold back from enlisting.

(2) But there is another form of demand for the ordained man's primary and proper work, more prosaic but assuredly not less real. It comes from the homes from which sons, husbands, fathers, brothers, and lovers have gone out, to which they may themselves return maimed; or to which, alas! more often there comes the stunning or anxious news telling that they will never return, or that they lie in pain, danger, or captivity. It is a thin and weak conception of religion that it is just a thing of recourse in dark hours; but that it can supply in those hours help which is genuine and unique, is nothing but the truth. A layman not at all tolerant of the Church's faults spoke to me the other day with the greatest emphasis of the way in which a lasting place may be won in the regard of our men, if they find that during their own absence on campaign, the clergy, by careful visitation of the homes, have carried the gifts of sympathy and Divine comfort which it is theirs to give. It is easy to make light of this as professional and futile. It may be that; but it may be altogether different. Since the war began, a disaster to one of our ships made eighty widows in one street, and sixty in another of a harbour town. I should find it difficult to commend the curate of that parish if I found that he was not there because he had gone out to fight. Nor, of course, is it only spiritual ministry which the capable chaplain at the front, or curate at home, is able to render, but all those little offices of help, letter-writing, inquiries about casualties, &c., which consort so well with his spiritual work.

I am aware that what I speak of may seem tame and unattractive compared with the glorious risks and bracing hardships of war. But has it never occurred to those who criticise that this is precisely as patent to the young clergyman as to them? and that accordingly the really harder and braver task may be that of some who stay? No doubt those who have gained their idea of the curate from Mr. Chevalier's delightful impersonations, or from *Charley's Aunt*, will put a fine edge upon their scorn. Nor will those on the side of Labour, who have been unable to see below the surface of the curate's "soft job," to something which, if he is true to his calling, is as exacting a life as well can be, be at all impressed by this part of my argument. But though what men seem is important,

what they are is vastly more so. In the long run, the best opinion will justify those who have stuck to their work, when it would have been easier to leave it with applause for the excitement and venture of war.

But if this is all true, it would have been cowardly, in their turn, on the part of the Bishops not to direct their younger men accordingly. For, if they had done otherwise, and left it to the man's free and unsupported choice, the result would have been to penalise the men who stayed at their post for duty's sake by exposing them to contrast with the behaviour of comrades not braver, but less really discerning and loyal to their charge.

For, in conclusion, I come round to this, that true judgment upon the matter depends upon men's estimate of the real value of spiritual forces and spiritual work. "Fighting is better than praying"—obviously, where belief in prayer is absent or faint. And the addition of even a few thousand more men to our huge armies might seem a contribution to the country's strength, which outweighs at a critical time any other loss.* The "materialism of war" is heavy upon us; it is no monopoly of Germans, though by word and act they have done so much to increase it. Few of us can honestly declare that we are untouched by it. But it is a short-sighted thing. We have begun to find the mistake of letting a great fraction of our medical students fight instead of training for their warfare with disease and pain. We watch jealously the dangers to education from the withdrawal of teachers, and the wholesale diversion of those undergoing training as teachers of the future. In the case of the Church, we have given, as officers or privates, almost the whole bulk of our coming students. Several of the theological colleges are closed. This shows, incidentally, the mettle of the young men. But it means that the Church has reached, or very nearly indeed reached, the limit of the men who can possibly be spared without enfeebling its work. The field has been well picked over; there may be here and there still a few who are

*I have preferred not to rest my argument at all upon any consideration of numbers. A clerical recruit might easily by influence or example be worth more than his own fighting power. But it is worth noting that the scale of the question is small. It concerns men in the eighteen years between twenty-three (the earliest age of Ordination) and forty. That is now between 1898 and 1915. The average of the last fourteen years has been 628. Call this 640, and multiply by 18. The result is 11,520. But from this total manifold deductions must be made:—

- (1) Dead.
- (2) Conscientious objectors.
- (3) Appointed to single-handed incumbencies.
- (4) Chaplains at home and abroad or in fleet.
- (5) Left England.
- (6) Ordained older than twenty-three, and therefore now above forty.
- (7) Medically unfit.

I cannot guess the total of these deductions. It would undoubtedly be very large, and the list is probably not exhaustive. I am dealing only with Church of England figures.

being called up to fill the gaps, or additional places, in the list of Military Chaplains. But there is room for every ounce of energy which the rest can put into the work for which they were ordained, if the Church is to do in the coming days its mingled work of thought, duty, encouragement, sympathy, nurture, and evangelisation. Where these things fail, and the loss of them is treated as an indifferent matter, the nation will suffer spiritual damage that will far outweigh a little material gain. If it has not been so in France—and how very far we are from being able to make up the account!—it has been because evil has defeated itself; and the clergy, submitting to secular compulsion and therefore without responsibility and divided conscience, have been able to pluck advantage out of what was meant for their hurt. But it will be a bad day for England if a contempt for the spiritual forces put its Church upon the like precarious experiment. Exemption (which, of course, extends to all ministers of religion who desire or are directed to claim it) represents the national conviction that religion is not merely to be respected as something valued by a section of British citizens, nor as something to be attended to when things are favourable, but is treated as what it is or ought to be, the very salt of national life, always necessary, and not least in times of urgency and stress.

If my argument does not commend itself (which will probably be the case) to all my readers, it is my modest hope that it may at least enable those who differ, if they be men of goodwill, to recognise that if the clergy hold back from the fighting line, their action is, anyhow, not craven, unpatriotic, or gratuitous. In the days that are coming, mutual respect for each other's different ideals among men and women who desire to strive, separately and together, for the bettering of English life, will be a prime and indispensable condition for a future of peace and growth.

EDW. WINTON.

PHILHELLENISM IN ENGLAND AND FRANCE.*

THOSE of us who stand for Philhellenism find that we have new work to do. We have done what we could, since the first Balkan War broke out, in 1912, to guide and correct the public opinion of our own countries. We have concerned ourselves too little with explaining the meaning and importance of that opinion to the Greek world. We have, perhaps, been put off our guard by the fact that the great Greek colonies in London, Paris, and Alexandria have shown themselves quick to observe and appreciate the trend of Western opinion. Besides, what really mattered to us was that England and France should understand and love Greece. It did not occur to us that it was our business to make Greece love England and France. Nor was this due to self-conceit. We knew, those of us who had been much to Greece, that friendship for the protecting Powers was in the blood of the race. When we heard of Baron Schenk and the German propaganda, we shrugged our shoulders. "A Greek friend, a good friend," as the proverb goes. It was not for democracies to bribe and intrigue for the friendship of a sister democracy.

The last few months have, alas! taught us that democracy is not all that counts in Greece, and the pro-German Press has not been without success in obscuring and confusing the situation. Late in the day though it be, it may still be useful to give a Philhellene's impressions of the English and French attitude to Greece.

From the Græco-Turkish War of 1897 till some time after the military revolution of 1909, Philhellenism as a living force was stronger in France than in England. Temperamentally, the Frenchman is nearer to the modern Greek than the Englishman, and the fact that French is a second language in Greece, and English still little known, helped out the traditional good feeling. None the less the same tradition existed in England, and it had to back it an education in Ancient Greek literature and history

* This article was cabled to Greece at a critical moment in the recent negotiations, and was published, with slight omissions, in the *Patris*, the leading Venezelist organ.—(Ed. CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.)

immeasurably deeper and wider spread than in France. If the average Englishman was disappointed when he went to Modern Greece, it was because he had learnt to expect so much. His state of mind was that of Byron in his earlier days, when he wrote *The Isles of Greece* and "dreamed that Greece might yet be free." It was irritating, no doubt, to the modern Greek to be so perpetually judged by the standard of his ancestors. Yet there was a latent enthusiasm in the Englishman's expectancy which promised an extraordinary intimacy and affection if once it were satisfied, if he could feel, as Byron did before he died, that "the Spartan borne upon his shield was not more free."

And this enthusiasm, stirring faintly, among those who knew the country best, as soon as ever Venizelos showed his strong hand in 1910, awoke suddenly and tumultuously when he formed the Balkan League in 1912, and when, from all over the world, the Greeks of the Dispersion flocked to the standard. Just as Greeks themselves saw before them the satisfaction of *ἡ μεγάλη ἰδέα*—the "great idea" of the recreation of a Hellenic kingdom co-extensive with the boundaries of the race, so the Englishman welcomed the fulfilment of his great Hellenic ideal. Greeks often talk of pro-Bulgarian feeling in England. They could have realised, during the first Balkan War, that any such feeling was confined to individuals and shades of thought, while the discovery of Greek statesmanship, and Greek prowess in the field, was welcomed, with a kind of glad pride, by the educated classes as a whole.

Greece was perhaps more annoyed that the discovery had to be made than appreciative of the immense asset that it had secured to her. She had, indeed, scarcely had time to realise it before the second Balkan War began and ended. It appealed, as was inevitable, to whatever sympathy for Bulgaria already existed in England. None the less such pro-Bulgarian feeling was primarily directed, not against Greece, but against Serbia, whose attitude in regard to the Secret Treaty was, rightly or wrongly, much criticised. Greece would have found, not only widespread support from the general public, but little opposition even in pro-Bulgarian quarters, if it had not been for King Constantine's unfortunate outburst of July 12th, 1913, in regard to Bulgarian atrocities. Those of us who spent the best part of the next year in trying to undo the effect of this pronouncement, are sorely aware how much ground was lost by it. It was not that the English public refused to believe that Bulgarians could be guilty of atrocities, but that it was shocked by the theatrical character of the King's despatch, and by his allusion to reprisals. Venizelos's name was not involved in the contro-

versy that followed. He was, indeed, in the ordinary English mind, set by contrast on a higher pinnacle than ever, as a sort of coalition cabinet of Odysseus, Pericles, and Socrates. The King's name, on the other hand, was left associated with the atrocity indiscretion, and with that other utterance in Berlin, in which he ascribed his military successes to German training. The rise of Greece was put down to the statesmanship of Venizelos, the training of the French Military Mission, and the patriotic enthusiasm of the Greek people. The generalship of the King, which loomed so large in Greece itself, left France and England cold. His attractive qualities, emphasised though they often were by us Philhellenes, made no impression on the popular imagination. It was unfortunate that this was the case, considering the turn that events were soon to take; but that the King was, as it were, made a scapegoat, emphasises the anxiety of French and English opinion to let no shadow rest upon the Greek people itself.

The fact that when the European War broke out, a year later, the Philhellenic revival of 1912 was still dominant in England and France, and that this revival was bound up with the personality of Venizelos, is the key to the present situation. From the moment the war began, there was not a doubt in either country that Greece was a friend, a good friend, and a brave friend. As soon as Turkey declared herself against us, it was taken as self-evident that it was for the interest of Greece to join us. There was no question then in the Western mind of anyone in Greece being pro-German. Up to the beginning of 1915, there was no nation more trusted and believed in than Greece.

Then came the first shock. There appeared to be influences in Greece that counted besides Venizelos. The King, the older politicians, the general staff, came on the scene as *dramatis personæ*. We were no longer reminded of the cool daring that won Salamis, nor of the free spirit of the Athenian democracy. The Staff, we found, had not so high an opinion of the Greek army as we had ourselves. It held up Bulgaria to us as a bugbear. It was paralysed by Bulgaria. To this diffidence, and to the effect it produced on the military opinion of the Entente, were due the unfortunate negotiations of the summer of 1915, far more than to the pro-Bulgarian feeling of which we read in the Greek Press. Such feeling, so far as it existed, had little influence on either the English or French Governments.

Of the negotiations with Bulgaria, and of the difficulties and mistakes of the Entente, it is not my purpose to speak. The Greek Press has no doubt abundant cause to criticise our diplomacy, and it largely occupies itself in doing so. It devotes too little time to the other side of the medal. What is vital at this moment

is, not to enlarge on what Greece thinks of England and France, but to understand what England and France think of Greece. Greece is on the brink of a volcano, and does not know it. When our Governments talked of the great future that lay before Greece if she joined us, the Zaimist Ministry replied that, anxious as it was about the future, *le danger actuel* was too great. Yet any danger of a German or Bulgarian invasion, granting such a thing as possible, is as nothing, either in actuality or in terror, to the danger that would overwhelm Greece if England and France were to judge her traitor.

This is the tragic possibility that we Philhellenes have had to face. It is one that the Greek world has not faced. Too many Greeks imagine that their country is in the same position as Holland or Sweden or Spain, whose neutrality is understood and respected. There could be no greater delusion. Rightly or wrongly, England and France regard Greece as a friend who, on two critical occasions, in the first days of March and the first days of October, has drawn back and failed them. Their own blunders, the just causes that Greece has had for misunderstanding them, are forgotten. If the neutrality of Greece were to change to a hostile, or even to a strict neutrality, love would turn to anger. This is as true of France as of England, or even more true, as the love is greater.

Let us pray that the worst is over, and that this awful possibility is a thing of the past. Is it too late to escape from the other position, deplorable enough in itself, which is allowing love to pass into contemptuous indifference? What is to be the future of Greece, when the great Peace Council comes, and the Entente stands by Belgium and Serbia, and Germany by Bulgaria and Turkey; when demands are large and there is little with which to satisfy them? Is there no danger that those who have fought and bled will be pacified at the expense of those who have sat on the fence and tried to make the best of both worlds? Is there no danger from Italy, still at peace with Germany, and with claims on Epirus and the islands? And, in the years that follow, what conceivable doubt that Salonika and all Macedonia would be lost? There is not a Greek outside the kingdom who does not accept this as self-evident truth.

It is not too late. A little courage, a little faith in the star of Hellenism, and Greece may still win her inheritance, and rest secure in the enduring friendship of the two great democracies of the West.

RONALD M. BURROWS.

SOME OF RUSSIA'S DIFFICULTIES.

OF the three Entente Powers challenged by Germany in 1914, Russia was by far the worst equipped for the unwonted effort which the European War demanded of each. For her liberty of action, and, in some cases, even her liberty of choice, was hampered by a financial, economic, and political network which Germany had slowly and almost imperceptibly woven over the entire population: In the fine meshes of this net several organs of national life were caught, immobilised and connected with the Fatherland. And it was not until they strove to move and discharge their functions that the Russian nation became fully conscious of its desperate plight. German intrigue and subterranean scheming, under the mask of sympathy, now for the autocracy, now for socialism, had effected far-reaching conquests in the Empire, which few even among observant politicians appear to have realised. These innovations were embodied in the thralldom of Russian banks to German financial institutions; in the splendid organisation which kept old German colonies that were scattered over the Tsardom in touch with each other and co-ordinated their action; in the eloquent advocates and influential dignitaries who contributed to the furtherance of German ideas and interests and swayed the policy of the State; and in the dependence of the great Russian Empire on its enemy for munitions, and almost every other technical necessary of war.

From the days of the great Peter this Teuton influence had been creeping imperceptibly over the Slav race like some cancerous soul-growth. It infused a subtle poison in the State organism, the most appalling effects of which are only now assuming visible shape. Two palace revolutions were brought about by a national reaction against the predominance of this foreign influence, which was resented by the people not merely because it was alien, but largely also because of its unscrupulous and ruthless character. Some of the most atrocious cruelties which students of Russian history associate with court and political life in the Tsardom during the best part of two centuries had their sources in the sheer malignity of Teuton Ministers who spoke and acted in the name of the autocrat of the moment. It is characteristic that the Minister Munnich, in the school for officers which he founded in Petersburg, had Russian history eliminated from the programme as superfluous, German

history being allowed to remain; and that out of 255 students, only eighteen studied the Russian language, whereas 237 applied themselves to German. The first Sovereign to rebel against this Teuton supremacy in his Empire was the late Alexander III., who made no secret of his profound dislike for German ways. But as the Russian proverb has it, "one man in the field, is not a soldier." Hercules, to cleanse the Augean stables, had need of the water of a river, and the anti-German Tsar could not hope to purge his dominions of the Teuton poison without the co-operation of his army of officials. And as passive resistance was their attitude, his reform scheme was fruitless. As a matter of cool calculation, the only hope of freeing Russia from the meshes of the German net was a war between the two peoples. And all radical legislation had to be postponed until then.

In the meanwhile the Germans, having organised and primed their agents, have been Teutonising Russia cunningly and effectively. With the precious assistance of their own kith and kin settled in the Baltic provinces and elsewhere, they employed the never-failing expedient of taking an active and, when possible, a leading part in domestic Russian politics, and invariably on both sides. At the Court they have always been well represented, and in the ranks of the inarticulate and Parliamentary Opposition they have also been playing a noteworthy part. In factories and other industrial and commercial institutions they arranged strikes, called meetings and hatched conspiracies at critical junctures when it was to Germany's interest that Russia's attention should be riveted upon home affairs. No Parliamentary bill could be privately drafted, no railway scheme could be secretly discussed, no Ministerial measure could be canvassed; nay, seldom could a confidential report be drawn up to the Emperor himself without the knowledge of the Berlin authorities and the occasional intervention of their agents in Petrograd. It is interesting to note that in 1914 a secret memorandum of a highly confidential character, from a statesman to the Tsar, found its way to Berlin soon after it had been presented, and had a certain influence on the decisions which led to the war.

The work of economic interpenetration carried on under the ægis of such powerful patrons and resourceful coadjutors was greatly facilitated by the German colonies scattered over Russia. Many of these foreigners had been invited by Catherine II., receiving large grants of land and various privileges which enabled them to flourish at the expense of the native population, on which they looked down with open contempt. In Poland there were well over 500,000 German colonists, besides a large number of new-comers, whose unwritten "privileges" included, strange to say, occasional permission to their young men liable to serve a few weeks annually

in the ranks of the German army to discharge that duty under German officers in Russian Poland! In the Ukraine and the most fertile districts of the Volga basin hundreds of thousands of Germans lived, thrived, and upheld the traditions as well as the language of the Fatherland, under the eyes of tolerant local authorities.

Hard by old Novgorod, the once famous Russian republic and cradle of the Russian State, a number of German colonists settled some 150 years ago. The population of two of these settlements now numbers several thousand souls, descendants of the original settlers, in the fourth or fifth generation. They had time enough, one would think, during that century-and-a-half to assimilate Russian ways and to acquire a thorough knowledge of the Russian tongue. Well, these colonists do not yet speak the language of the country in which they and their forbears have been living for over 150 years! They still consider themselves German, and if you ask them who their sovereign is they answer unhesitatingly—Kaiser Wilhelm! During Russia's recent military reverses, which threatened for a time to culminate in the capture of Riga, and possibly of Petrograd as well, these parasites in the body politic of Russia displayed their joy in various unseemly ways, which aroused the indignation of their Slav neighbours. In one of their schools the Russian visiting authorities were received with demonstrations of hostility. It is usual for the portrait of the Russian Tsar to be set up in every school in the Empire. In one of these educational establishments it was discovered in the lavatory with the eyes gouged out.

Long before this war Berlin had become alive to the importance of these colonies as factors in the work of pacific interpenetration and political propaganda. Wandering teachers from the Fatherland were accordingly sent among them to link them up with their brethren at home, and fan the embers of patriotism which long residence in the Tsardom had not quenched. Little by little, the political fruits of these apostolic labours began to show themselves: the colonists, whose main preoccupation had ever been to occupy the most fertile soil in the district, began to take over the approaches to Russia's strategic plans, and to display an absorbing interest in Russian politics. Several Zemstvos fell into their hands, and were practically controlled by them, and they contrived to gain considerable influence in the elections of the Duma.

The chance of a useful part for these German colonies to perform having thus unexpectedly arisen on the horizon, they seized it with promptitude and utilised it with the thoroughness that characterises their race. The number, prosperity, and influence of the colonies grew rapidly, land that had belonged to the Russian peasantry was

taken over by these foreign parasites, and while the Tsar's Ministers were toiling and moiling to transport hundreds of thousands of Russian husbandmen and their families in search of land beyond the Ural Mountains to the virgin forests of Eastern Siberia, there in the very heart of European Russia were hundreds of thousands of intruders, who, with the help of their German Colonial banks, were acquiring additional tracts of land from which their native owners had been ousted.

I pointed out this anomaly over and over again, and long before the war I described it in an article in this REVIEW. The well-known German Professor, Hans Delbrück, replied shortly afterwards, also in the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW,* denying point-blank the truth of my statements, which were drawn from official sources, and confirmed by the evidence of my senses. For I had visited several of the colonies in question. Besides these German settlements, there had also been a number of German industrial and commercial establishments in the Empire which, at first nowise harmful, were taken in hand by emissaries from Berlin, linked up together, affiliated to one or other of the great financial houses of Germany, and transformed into redoubtable instruments of Teuton domination. Capital was subscribed, syndicates were formed, railway-building and electro-technical industries were organised, Russia's railway policy was modified, and metallurgical works were monopolised by the Germans. Here again financial institutions discharged the functions of motive power. At the beginning, about thirty million roubles were subscribed for the creation of banks, and by dint of push, importunity, secret influence and intrigue, these institutions received on deposit the savings of the Russian peasant, merchant, landowner, and official, which finally mounted up to several hundreds of millions. With this money they were enabled to control the markets and constrain Russian institutions and individuals to bow to their will.

Contracts in Russia were appropriately drafted in the German language, being directed to the promotion of German interests. Incipient and even long-established Russian firms were either killed by unfair competition or compelled to enter the syndicates and forego their national character. Inventions and new appliances were tested, plagiarised, and employed in the service of the Fatherland. And while preparing for the war which was to set Germany above the nations—*Deutschland über Alles*—these syndicates followed the policy dictated from Berlin, sowed discord between Russian firms and various State departments, organised strikes, and paid the strikers in competing establishments, and thus deprived the Russian State of industrial organs on which it would

* Cf. CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, February, 1911.

necessarily have to rely in wartime. To give but one example of this cleverly devised attack, the cotton industry of Russia was in the hands of the Germans when war was declared. Another of the most important groups of Russian industries is that of naphtha. When this precious liquid is dear, many of the lesser works have to close; when it is cheap, even small industrial enterprises are able to go on working. By way of obtaining complete control of this vital element of Russia's industrial life, the Deutsche Bank went to work to form a syndicate, had a number of private wells bought up, united them in one, acquired numerous shares in Russian oil companies, and had the manager of another German bank—the well-known Disconto Gesellschaft—made a member of the Board of the Russian Nobel Company.

One of the results of this ingenious deal was a sharp rise in the prices of all the products and some of the bye-products of naphtha. The increase continued at an alarming rate, filling the pockets of the German shareholders, whose syndicates received the oil at cost price for their own consumption, while Russian firms were forced to acquire it at the market value or to shut down their works. Among the worst sufferers from these anti-Russian tactics were the steam-navigation companies of the Volga, which had jealously warded off all attempts to Germanise them.

In conditions as restrictive as these, it was well-nigh impossible for Russian industry to hold its own, much less prosper and grow. And only the most vigorous and best-organised enterprises in the Empire, like that of the Morozoffs in Moscow, managed to pursue their way unscathed. In Russian Poland, where textile industries flourished, and the total annual production was valued at 294 million roubles, more than one-third of these industries belonged to the Germans, whose yearly output amounted to more than one-half of the grand total, *i.e.*, to 150 million roubles.* In all these industrial and commercial campaigns the German prime movers had carried out their operations more or less openly. But where interests directly affecting the defences of the Empire were concerned, caution was the first condition of success, and, as usual, the Teutons proved supple and adaptable. By way of levying an attack against the ship-building industry, they pushed shaky Russian concerns into the foreground, while studiously keeping themselves out of view. Thus in one case new Russian banks were founded, and old ones in a state of decay were revived by means of German capital and encouraged to form a syndicate with the Nikolayeffsky ship-building works and certain foreign banks. An official inquiry, presided over by Senator Neidhardt, lately revealed the significant fact that each firm of this syndicate had bound itself to demand identical prices

* Cf. Duma debates of August, 1914.

for Russian ships, and under no circumstances to abate an iota of the tender. And it was further agreed that these prices *should be so calculated as to yield to the members of the syndicate one hundred per cent. profit.*

That allegation is not a mere inference, nor a rumour. It is an established fact. Neither is the proof circumstantial; it consists of the original agreement in writing signed by the authorised representatives of the institutions concerned! The data were laid before the members of the Russian Duma by A. N. Khvostoff.* Thus the Russian peasant is taxed for the creation of a fleet, and the Duma patriotically votes a credit of, say, 500 million roubles for the purpose. If the shipbuilding companies and their financial bankers were honest, the aim could be achieved. But in the circumstances what it comes to is that the nation must pay 500 millions more, in order to get what it wants. And this tax of a hundred per cent. is levied by German parasites on the Russian people. One might ransack the history of corruption in every country of Europe without finding anything to beat this Teutonic device, which at the same time gratified the cupidity of the money-makers and dealt a stunning blow at the Russian State. Half of the shares of the celebrated Puteloff munitions factory are said to belong to the Austrian Skoda Works.

At the outset of the present war, when Russia's needs were growing greater and more pressing, the works controlled by Germans and Germany's agents diminished their output steadily. In lieu of turning out, say, 30,000 poods of iron they would produce only 5,000, and offer instead of the remainder verbal explanations to the effect that lack of fuel or damage to the machinery had caused the diminution. Again, one of these ubiquitous banks buys a large amount of corn or sugar, but instead of having it conveyed to the districts suffering from a dearth of that commodity, deposits it in a safe place and waits. In the meantime prices go up until they reach the prohibition level. The people suffer, murmur, and blame the Government. Nor is it only the average man who thus complains. In the Duma the authorities have been severely blamed for leaving the population to the mercy of those money-grubbers whom German capital and Russian tribute are making rich. "Averse to go to the root of the matter," one Deputy complained, "the Government punishes a woman in the market for selling a herring five copecks dearer than the current price, and at the same time it permits the Governors to promulgate their own arbitrary laws regulating imports and exports from their

* Cf. *Novoye Vremya*, August 17th, 1915

"own provinces, so Russia is split up into sixty different regions, each one of which pursues its own policy unchecked."

The importance of the rôle played by the banks financed by German capital in Russia can hardly be overstated. By their very character—they advance money on the crops and take railway and steamship invoices as guarantees—they are centres of information respecting everybody and everything that goes on in the district and the province. I write with personal knowledge of their working, for I watched it at close quarters in the Volga district and the Caucasus with the assistance of an experienced bank manager. Their political influence can be far-reaching, and the services which they are enabled to render to the Fatherland may be appreciable. As extenders of Germany's economic power in the Empire they merited uncommonly well of their own kindred. Thus of Russia's total imports in the year 1910, which were valued at 953 million roubles, Germany alone contributed goods computed at 440 millions. They consisted mainly of raw cotton, machinery, prepared skins, chemical products, and wool.

How steadily our rivals kept ousting the British from Russian markets by those means may be gathered from the following comparative tables. The percentage of Russia's requirements supplied by the two competing nations varied during the fifteen years, between 1898 and 1913, as follows:—

<i>Year.</i>		<i>Germany supplied.</i>		<i>Britain supplied.</i>
1898-1902	...	34'6 per cent.	...	18'6 per cent.
1903-1907	...	37'2 „	...	14'8 „
1908-1910	...	41'6 „	...	13'4 „
1911	...	45'4 „	...	12'2 „
1912	...	47'5 „	...	12'6 „
1913	...	49'6 „	...	13'3 „

In the year 1901 Germany provided 31 per cent. of the total value of Russia's imports; in 1905 her contribution was 42 per cent.; and the increase went steadily forward, reaching over 50 per cent. in the year 1913. If we add to this the net profits of German industrial and commercial undertakings in the Russian Empire, we may form a notion of the appropriateness of the comparison which likened the Tsardom to a vast German colony. The entire economic system of the country was rapidly approaching the colonial type. And to these economic results one should add the political.

At the outset the main motive of this industrial invasion was the quest of commercial profit. Subconsciously political objects may have been vaguely present to the minds of these pioneers, as indeed they have ever been to the various categories of German emigrants

in every land, European and other. But in the first instance the creation of German industries in Russia was part of a deliberate plan to elude the heavy tariffs on manufactured goods. It has been aptly described by an Italian publicist* as legal contraband, and it supplies us with a striking example of German tenacity. For it attained its object fully. About three-fourths of the textile and metallurgical production in the Tsardom, the entire chemical industry, the breweries, 85 per cent. of the electrical works and 70 per cent. of gas production were German. And of the capital invested in private railways no less than 628 million roubles belongs to Germans. Even Russian municipalities were wont to apply to Germany for their loans, and of the first issues of thirty-five Russian municipal loans no less than twenty-two were raised in the Fatherland.†

The necessity of waging war against this potent enemy within the gates intensified Russia's initial difficulties to an extent that can hardly be realised abroad, and was a constant source of unexpected and disconcerting obstacles. Some time before the opening of the war, a feeling of restiveness, an impulse to throw off the German yoke, had been gradually displaying itself in the Press, in commercial circles, and in the Duma. These aspirations and strivings were focussed in the firm resolve of the Russian Government, under M. Kokofftseff, to refuse to renew the Treaty of Commerce which was enabling Germany to flood the Empire with her manufactures and to extort a ruinous tribute from the Russian nation. Two years more and the negotiations on this burning topic would have been inaugurated, and there is little doubt in my mind—there was none in the mind of the late Count Witte—that the upshot of these conversations would have been a Russo-German war. For there was no less drastic way of freeing the people from the domination of German technical industries and capital, and the consequent absorption of native enterprise.

When diplomatic relations were broken off and war was finally declared, Germany was already the unavowed protectress of Russia. And when people point, as they frequently do, to the war as the greatest blunder ever committed by the Wilhelmstrasse since the Fatherland became one and indivisible, I feel unable to see with them eye to eye. Seemingly it was indeed an egregious mistake, but then so obvious were its probable consequences that even a German of the Jingo type would gladly have avoided it. But appearances are deceptive. We are to forget that in Berlin it was perfectly well known that Russia was determined to withdraw from her Teutonic neighbour the series of

* Virginio Gayda.

† *Stampa*, September 2nd, 1915.

one-sided privileges accorded to her by the then existing Treaty of Commerce, and that this determination would be persisted in, even at the risk of war. And for war the year 1914 appeared to be far more auspicious than any subsequent date.

Handicapped by those foreign parasites which were systematically deadening the force of its arm, the Russian nation drew the sword.

Improvisation—the worst possible form of energy in a war crisis—was now the only resource left to the Tsar's Ministers. And problems of a financial order had first of all to be faced. In this, as in other spheres, the country was bound by and to Germany, so that the task may fairly be characterised as one of the most arduous that was ever tackled by the Finance Minister of any country—even if we include the resourceful Calonne. And M. Bark, who had recently come into office, was new not only to the work, but also to the politics of finance in general. Happily, his predecessor who, whatever his critics may advance to the contrary, was one of the most careful stewards the Empire has ever possessed, had accumulated in the Imperial Bank a gold reserve of over 1,603 million roubles, besides a deposit abroad of 140,720 roubles. Incidentally it may be noted that no other bank in the world has ever disposed of such a vast gold reserve.

Although one of the richest countries in Europe, Russia's wealth is still under the earth, and therefore merely potential. Her burden of debt was heavy. For at the outbreak of the war the disturbing effects of the Manchurian campaign and its domestic sequel, which had cost the country 3,016 million roubles, had not yet been wholly shaken off. And, unlike her enemy, Russia had no special war fund to draw upon. As the national industries were unable to furnish the necessary supplies to the army, large orders had to be placed abroad and paid for in gold. At the same moment Russia's export trade practically ceased, and together with it the one means of appreciably easing the strain. The issue of paper money in various forms was increased, loans were raised, private capital was withdrawn from the country, various less abundant sources of public revenue vanished, and the favourable balance of trade dropped from 442 million roubles to 85½ millions. Germany had her war fund, in addition to which she had levied a property tax of a milliard marks a year before the outbreak of hostilities; she further drew in enormous sums in gold from circulation, and generally mobilised her finances systematically.

But Russia was compelled to improvise and make bricks without straw. Her war on a front of two thousand versts long had to be waged with whatever materials happened to be available. Japan who, I have little doubt, will be found at the close of the great

struggle to have acquired territory as well as pecuniary profit for her pains, exerted herself to provide munitions for her new friend and ally. The United States, Great Britain, and France also contributed their quota. For many of these orders placed abroad gold had to be exported, and as Russia has no other natural way of importing gold but by selling corn, a sensible depreciation of the rouble resulted. Great Britain and France have also had to make heavy purchases abroad for their military needs, but these two countries can still export wares and keep the payments in gold within certain limits. Even Italy receives a noteworthy part of her annual revenue in the shape of emigrants' remittances from abroad. But once Russia's gates were closed and her corn had to remain in the granaries, elevators, or at railway stations, the shortage in her revenue became absolute. During the first three months of last year the value of Russian exports over the Finnish frontier and the Caucasian coast of the Black Sea was only 23 million roubles, showing a falling off of about 93 per cent. as compared with the worth of the produce exported during the corresponding three months of the preceding year.

It is a curious fact that part of this reduced trade continued to be carried on with Germany for months after the war had begun. A Russian publicist has remarked that at the opening of the campaign the voice of the nation was heard saying: "Corn we have in plenty, and vegetables and salt. It is we who feed Europe. Germany will therefore starve without our corn. Our armies may retreat but our corn will go with them, and the more the Germans advance into Russia, the further they move away from their bread." In this the average Russian saw a pledge of victory. But before six months had lapsed, the everyday man grew indignant. For he learned that his corn was being conveyed through Finland and Sweden into Germany, and in such vast quantities as had never before been heard of. Here is a street scene illustrative of this traffic and the feelings it aroused. A long string of carts laden with flour blocks one of the Petrograd streets leading to a bridge over the Neva. A General walking with his wife stops one of the drivers and asks: "Wherever are you taking the flour to?" "Where do you suppose? Sure we're taking it to the Germans. We have to feed the creatures. They are a bit faint." "There you see!" exclaimed the General to his wife, "didn't I tell you? And every morning without fail the same long line of carts blocks the streets while our corn is being taken to the Germans!"* It is to be feared that this commerce has not yet wholly ceased.

That that story of trading with the enemy is no idle anecdote is

* Cf. *Novoye Vremya*, February 24th, 1915.

evident from the circumstance, based on official Russian statistics, that during ten months from August, 1914, to May, 1915, Russia bought from Germany no less than thirty-six million roubles' worth of manufactures. That is one of the almost inevitable consequences of improvisation. Some months after the outbreak of the war the Imperial Government levied a duty of a hundred per cent. on all commodities coming from Germany, Austria-Hungary, and Turkey. That was assumed to be a prohibitive tariff. But it failed to keep out imports from the Fatherland. In the one month of April last year, Germany sent three million roubles' worth of manufactured goods into Russia, and in May two and a-half million roubles' worth. The explanation of this anomaly lies in the unforeseen and enormous rise of prices in the home markets. Some metal wares, for instance, various kinds of instruments and of wire appliances, &c., are not to be had in Russia for love or money. Consequently a hundred per cent. duty is but a heavy tax paid by the consumer, not an effective prohibition.* Since then, I am assured, the Government has adopted stringent measures which some people believe to have put an end to that form of trading with the enemy.

It is hard for foreigners to realise the plight to which Russia has been reduced by the closing of her gates. As the Nile waters were the source of Egypt's prosperity, so abundant Russian harvests constitute the ichor which flows in the veins of the Russian nation. Without superfluous corn for exportation, the State would be unable to meet its obligations, maintain its solvency, or provide the motive power of progress. The exportation of agricultural produce was the fountain head not only of Russia's material well-being, but of her moral and cultural evolution. Everything, in a word, depended upon plentiful harvests. And, suddenly, the gates were closed, the corn was stored, and the nation left without its revenue. Nobody but a Russian or one who has lived long in the country can realise fully all that this tremendous blow connotes. Parenthetically, it may be remarked that it adds a motive, and one of the most potent, to those which inspire the heroic sacrifices of the people, quickening the flame of devotion to their cause. For Russia is now literally fighting for her own liberty, for escape from the iron circle that shuts her off from the sea, and isolates her from the Western world in which it is her ambition and her mission to play a helpful part.

One needs no further explanation why the Russian Government put pressure upon M. Delcassé and Sir Edward Grey to open the Dardanelles route for the Russian corn. Neither is it to be wondered at that while the allied forces in Gallipoli were still grappling with the Turks, the Tsar's Ministers should have thrust

* Cf. *Ulro Rossijsi*, August 28th, 1915.

into the foreground the question of Constantinople and the Straits, and insisted upon an immediate pragmatic settlement. True, that was not statesmanship; it was anything but political wisdom; but at any rate it was human on the part of all concerned. If this Titanic struggle, in which Russia is perhaps the greatest sufferer, is to bring her any palpable and enduring advantage, this, it was urged, can take but one form—freedom from the preposterous restraints that bar her way to the sea, and through the sea to the outside world. This and other pleas were powerful; but for that very reason and for the purpose of realising her natural striving, I personally would have negatived the Russian proposal and left nothing undone to ensure its withdrawal. For if I were asked to point to the efficient cause of the Allies' present lamentable plight in the Near East, I should single out this premature arrangement and its necessary consequences. Roumania and Bulgaria were at the moment as bitterly opposed to Russia's overlordship in the Dardanelles and her possession of Constantinople as were France and Great Britain in the days of yore. And they embodied their opposition in acts.

But besides her yield of corn, Russia also relied upon the State railways and the vodka monopoly for a large contribution to her annual income. The railways, many of which had formerly been exploited at a loss—which increased with the growth of traffic—were in recent years being administered on relatively sound lines and with growing profits. In the year 1913 Russia's ordinary receipts reached the astounding figure of 3,415 million roubles, of which 813 millions were derived from the railways and 900 millions from alcohol.

And here, again, the war brought stagnation and loss. The military needs of the Empire reduced ordinary traffic on the railways to a minimum. Indeed, the amount of rolling stock available for the conveyance of corn, coal, sugar, flour, meat and other supplies, is so utterly inadequate that the pinch of want has been felt in some of the most populous centres of European Russia. Wood fuel rose in price by as much as 400 per cent. in Petrograd; a dearth of salt made itself felt in various towns, including the two capitals; sugar could not be had there at any price for a considerable time; meat is still scarce in Petrograd; and corn was sold in many cities and districts at exorbitant prices, while in other places it was literally rotting. The embargo placed by the Government on the railways was the chief cause of these severe privations. Lack of foresight and enterprise, coupled with the greed of the middleman, also contributed to the same results.

Even in normal times Russia suffers frequently and severely from insufficiency of ways of communication and means of transport.

All the northern zone of Siberia, for example, a country which, seven times larger than France, is watered by one of the world's five greatest rivers, has but one line of railway leading to the markets of Europe and Asia. Russia grows one-fifth of the world's grain supplies, yet the money's worth of the harvest at home is always greatly depreciated in consequence of inadequate means of conveyance. And over and over again the curious phenomenon had attracted the attention of the Government and prompted legislative measures, that Russian corn exported into Germany was regularly re-exported thence into Finland and the Baltic provinces, which had no cheap and direct access by rail or waterway to the centres of export.

Again, Russia produces thousands of quintals of coal-tar; yet in the year 1913 she was obliged to import 2,500 poods of it from abroad, solely because the cost of importation was less than the cost of transport in the interior! And already during this war 80 per cent. of the textile industries of the Empire, which gave employment to one-third of the total of Russian operatives, have had to be discontinued because coal and raw cotton could not be conveyed to them in sufficient quantities. In Siberia, corn is so cheap that it is to be had almost for the asking, and farmers there are passing through a severe crisis. In Petrograd, on the other hand, it is being sold at famine prices; and in no case is more than 400 grammes delivered to a purchaser.*

It was in the face of these portentous losses and under the battering shock of doom that the Tsar, responding to a heroic impulse, gave definiteness and compression to the vague yearning of the Russian people to rid themselves of the vice of drunkenness and rise to the higher life. And by a stroke of the pen he put a sudden end to the "drunken budget," prohibited the sale of vodka, and closed the Government spirit shops. This entailed one of the most sudden and serious losses suffered by the Ministry of Finances. For in the year 1913—the last that concerns us here—the sale of vodka had yielded 900 million roubles and was steadily increasing. In Great Britain and France there is also a liquor question which now and again claims the attention of reformers. But neither there nor in any other country on the globe would such a drastic solution as absolute prohibition be possible. The Russian people accepted it willingly and in numerous cases hailed it with joy.

The effect of this measure on the well-being of the population has been superlatively beneficent. Materially and morally this enforced sobriety has revived all that was best among the latent elements of the national character. The war having

* Cf. Virginio Gayda, *Il Mattino*, November 20th-21st, 1915.

taken away from the rural districts a large percentage of the labourers who tilled the fields, one might expect to see signs that the people have grown poorer on that account. But the contrary is the case. The land-tax is being paid with a punctuality that challenges admiration, and it should not be forgotten that the tax in question is 250 per cent. higher than it was before the opening of the war. During the seventeen months that have gone by since July, 1914, hardly any of the soldiers' wives or families have petitioned the authorities to allow them to defer payment. And not only are there increased taxes to pay, but also obligatory contributions to the Zemsky fund, out of which the families of soldiers at the front are assisted. These dues are also discharged with exemplary regularity and willingness.

And in addition to these patriotic efforts the people are saving money. Deposits are considerable and are increasing. One Zemsky institution writes: "The money confided to the co-operative societies already amounts to half a million roubles." The industrial chiefs of Moscow instituted an inquiry a short time ago into the effects of the vodka prohibition on the operatives of the Moscow district during the first three months as compared with the three corresponding months of the preceding year. Replies were received from 172 firms, which give employment to 2,147,000 men, or about one-fourth of the entire working population of the Moscow industrial province.

During those three months, the number of drunken bouts was less by 13,457,000 working hours, or, say, 31 per cent. In the metallurgical works the loss of productivity from the same cause had fallen from 4 to 2 per cent. The number of accidents had also decreased by 8.7 per cent. The fines inflicted on workmen for disorderly conduct and negligence had dropped from 46,048 to 26,560 roubles, and the productivity of the men had risen by 4.4 per cent. The general productivity of all hands had gone up by 7.1 per cent. On the other hand, hunger and thirst for knowledge display themselves in various and quaint ways. The demand for books can hardly be satisfied. A desire to be able to write to their men-folk at the front stimulates women and children to learn to read and write. Responding to a general desire the authorities are opening after-dinner schools for grown-ups. In the free reading-rooms provided by the Zemstvos the demand for books on Russian history, geography, and war is considerably in excess of the supply. The halls in which lectures are occasionally given are crowded, and the newspaper has penetrated into the most sequestered country places.

There can be no doubt that sobriety is having a most salutary effect on the Russian people, from whichever angle of vision one

may study the phenomena. They are become thrifty to a degree calculated to surprise those who knew them as wasteful and slovenly. During the first twelvemonth of the war the savings banks deposits increased by *more than a milliard roubles*, despite the increased taxation, which had been regulated on a base that allowed for increased savings in consequence of the vodka prohibition.

Meanwhile, however, the financial needs of the Government are pressing, and the expedients by which they are being met must of necessity partake of the character of an improvisation. And none of them has had the desired effect of checking the depreciation of the rouble, which is become a source of serious embarrassment. Some Russian publicists hold that the unfavourable foreign exchange is a result of the lack of an international financial convention, which, if conceived in a spirit of generosity and carefully drafted, would reduce the depreciation and raise the rouble to its specific level. But theories of this extreme simplicity about problems so intricate are valueless. The causes of the fall of the rouble are numerous, and some of them almost elude analysis. Consequently, no simple formula can cover them. One obvious ground is the blocking of Russia's normal way of importing gold which was by exporting part of the harvests. Another is the suspension of the law introduced by the late Count Witte, regulating the proportion between gold reserve and paper currency. Witte often remarked to me that the suspension of that law would have for its immediate effect a much greater depreciation of the rouble than even financiers imagined. At present the gold reserve is still considerable, but the fiduciary issue of notes is much too large to encourage attempts to restore such a ratio between them as would revive confidence and improve the foreign exchange on Petrograd.

To my thinking, finances will play a more decisive part in the present European struggle than is generally assumed. But Russia, in spite of her present bewildering difficulties, thanks to her vast economic resources and her unsuspected recuperative powers, is likely to recover far more quickly than most of the other belligerents.

E. J. DILLON.

DEMOCRATIC CONTROL OF FOREIGN POLICY.*

EVEN if this book were less good than it is, it would deserve reading for its admirable manners. It does not indeed convince my reason, but it leaves me with a profound respect for the tone and method of English politics at their best. No one would ever suspect from these pages of temperate and courteous argument that the author was a man who had just sacrificed his Parliamentary career to his principles, whose meetings were broken up by roughs, his person attacked, and his reputation assailed by gross calumny. This temper of mind is not only fine in itself, but particularly valuable in the present instance, inasmuch as it enables Mr. Ponsonby to clarify and to reduce to its true proportions a question on which political opinion has tended to run wild. Democratic Control has become a flag of battle. A bugbear to most orthodox supporters of the Government, it is a saving ideal to many sensitive and high-minded people who are half-maddened by the horrors that have descended upon us, and wish instinctively to explain them as the chastisement of some obvious sin.

Now, Mr. Ponsonby has really thought out the details of a scheme for securing greater Parliamentary and democratic control over foreign politics. It is not likely that his whole scheme will ever be adopted at it stands; but I think it will perform two public services. In the first place, if the Union of Democratic Control, to whom the book is dedicated, adopts it, it will substitute a definite programme for a vague cry; and, in the second place, I think it will make clear to most reasonable people that a reform which consists in certain far from startling changes in Parliamentary custom cannot possibly produce that transfiguration of international politics for which so many hearts are athirst.

Of course Mr. Ponsonby's proposals for the future are based on a reading of the past, and, in my judgment, on a very serious misreading. "Diplomacy has failed. This is an outstanding fact about which there can be no manner of dispute." I fear there can and must be. In a sense, of course, diplomacy has failed; just as one might say that Law had failed whenever a

* *Democracy and Diplomacy: a Plea for Popular Control of Foreign Policy*, by Arthur Ponsonby, M.P. (Methuen. 1915.)

burglar knocked down a policeman. But to most of us it seems a strangely shallow reading of events which finds the causes of the war in any mere perversity of Foreign Offices or any awkwardness in diplomatic machinery. It was not any bungling of diplomats that united the powers of Europe against Napoleon.

Neither can I for a moment accept the statement that, in Great Britain, between 1906 and 1914, "The people's view of international relations was fundamentally different from the traditional view of Governments" (p. 39), or that the House of Commons did not know—and approve—the general line of policy followed by the Foreign Office (p. 58). Mr. Ponsonby himself complains elsewhere that it was impossible to stir up in the House of Commons enough opposition, or even curiosity, in the region of foreign policy to bring about a debate (pp. 48, 90, 99). This shows that there was at least no consciousness of a "fundamental difference." And no one will pretend that the secrecy practised by the Foreign Office was so complete and successful, that the "fundamental difference" was there without any one ever suspecting it. Further, it seems to me quite untrue, indeed peculiarly untrue, to say that, while Ministers are ready enough to make war speeches when occasion demands, no one "ever heard of a Minister going round and making peace speeches" in peace time (p. 29). I can remember not only "peace speeches" by various members of the Government, but, what is far more useful, a great many semi-official societies and enterprises devoted to encouraging good relations with foreign nations, especially with Germany. Such movements could always calculate on influential support. Indeed, if Mr. Ponsonby can bring himself to read a book of Mr. Maxse's, entitled—very suitably—*Germany on the Brain*, he will see that many persons lived for years in a state of habitual hysterics at the over-friendly tone towards Germany exhibited by all the members of the late Government.

Mr. Ponsonby is on firmer ground when he dwells upon the great power held in foreign affairs by the Executive, whether you regard that Executive as vested in the Cabinet or in the Foreign Secretary. (I think, by the way, that he considerably underestimates the element of Cabinet control. Does he really, for instance, imagine that Sir Edward Grey could have acted without the support of the Prime Minister?) He quotes in his second chapter some weighty opinions on this subject, especially from Lord Bryce and Mr. Austen Chamberlain. The Foreign Secretary has, without doubt, of late years ruled almost like a monarch over his vast domain; that is true, but what is the reason of it? The reason of it is that both Parliament and the country supported and trusted him. Suppose Mr. Ponsonby had been Foreign

Secretary instead of Sir Edward Grey: would he, too, have had that undisputed authority? Or would he have found the Press and the House of Commons so apathetic and complaisant? Clearly not. The House of Commons would have bristled with threatening questions and motions of adjournment and full-dress Party debates on Foreign Policy. And, as a necessary result, the Liberal and Conservative associations throughout the country would have been stirred, and the average voter would have formed vehement opinions about Mohammedah or Bunder Abbas, or Fez, as circumstances might dictate.

In some passages Mr. Ponsonby sees and even emphasises the truth of this. He admits that Parliament has not only been "ignorant and powerless" but "has been content to remain so" (p. 48). He complains that constituents have sometimes actually expressed disapproval of their member taking an intelligent interest in the affairs of foreign countries (p. 110). The blame then lies rather with Democracy than with Diplomacy, but the charge itself is true. Agents often have to warn young candidates against "too much Foreign Policy." This is partly no doubt due to the mere narrowness of interest which always goes with lack of knowledge and weakness of imagination; partly, I think, it is due to a more special and perhaps temporary cause. For working men often feel an instinctive, and not unnatural, suspicion of the speaker who seems unduly interested in remote places and peoples. They can be roused, of course, by a full-blooded tale of atrocities; but, short of that, they are either bored or they suspect that the speaker has some axe of his own to grind. And they know that he has led them onto ground where he can easily deceive them.

This attitude is no doubt regrettable. In a properly educated democracy it should be impossible. But it has most emphatically its good side, as I am sure Mr. Ponsonby would be the first to acknowledge. It is the outcome of a state of mind which has no fears, no aggressive designs, and no grudges against foreign nations; an insular state of mind which is concentrated on the improvement of our own national conditions, and is disposed to let other people look after themselves. I have often been struck, when conversing with foreigners—Frenchmen, Germans, Italians, and above all members of the Balkan States—by the vivid and detailed interest they show in alliances and combinations and possibilities of war, and the ready way in which they accept the fact that some nation or other is "the enemy." The average moderate-minded Englishman is not at home in this atmosphere. He does not like to talk about wars and intrigues, and he will not calmly accept the suggestion that any nation is, as a matter of course, "the enemy." He has a feeling that

the whole subject of foreign politics, as it is usually discussed, is unwholesome. It suggests trains of thought which had better not be in people's minds at all. There is obviously a great deal of somewhat confused wisdom in this feeling; and I am not surprised to find Mr. Balfour saying that, in his opinion, when once people "are fairly confident that the general lines pursued are not inconsistent with national welfare, then, I think, probably the less time given to foreign affairs the better" (p. 122). It is certainly a happy nation that need not think much about foreign affairs; it is probably a wise nation which, if it has to think, does its thinking as rapidly and effectively as possible, and then occupies its mind with safer subjects.

However that may be, Mr. Ponsonby proves his point as to the bare fact. Our foreign policy has, since the settling up of the Boer War, pursued its way almost unchecked, and to a large extent uncriticised, by Parliament or by public opinion. We are now landed in a great disaster, and Mr. Ponsonby assumes, without any present attempt at proof, that this disaster might have been avoided by a different foreign policy. He does not say what the right policy would at any point have been; that is not the subject of his book; but he believes that it might have been attained if the people of England had exercised a real and active control over the Foreign Office. That is, if I understand him aright, he believes that our policy would have been wiser and our influence for peace greater if the Foreign Secretary had always been compelled to ask himself, at each new step: "What will Parliament, what will my constituents think of this?" or "How will this look under the test of a General Election?" He would admit, I presume, that such a policy must involve a certain loss in initiative, in decisiveness, and in rapidity. And he does not pretend that the ordinary mass of electors have more knowledge or more coolness or—I think—higher principles than Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey. But he does believe that, in spite of all drawbacks, this publicity, this constant reference to the plain man, would somehow have resulted in the production of a better spirit, and have let gusts of fresh and wholesome air into the stale corridors of diplomacy. I feel on this subject that the argument of the book fails to convince me.

There are several points, of course, which one willingly concedes to Mr. Ponsonby. If there had been democratic control in Germany there would probably have been a Social-Democratic Government, or at least a liberal and peace-seeking Government. But in France and England there were already liberal and peace-seeking Governments, and in Russia a Government which, whatever may be thought of its nascent Liberalism, was at least most earnest for peace. The Entente Powers possessed already the

pacific tone which Mr. Ponsonby's reforms profess to offer them. And it does not seem reasonable to apply a particular remedy to the peace-seekers because it would do good to the war-seekers. Again, most persons of experience will concede to Mr. Ponsonby that they have occasionally heard individual diplomats and Empire-builders talk about foreign affairs in a reckless and intriguing spirit, which would certainly not be countenanced by the House of Commons or an average popular constituency. A great deal of such talk is not to be taken seriously. It is the form in which these people take their romance. But sometimes, no doubt, it represents real opinions, and sometimes the holders of such opinions do acquire a temporary and surreptitious influence over public affairs. But my own experience has been that, though they always dread the "Talking Shop" and the "British Public," they dread "Downing Street" as much or even more. And rightly so, for as a matter of history during the last century, the Foreign Office has acted almost always as a drag on these forward or expansionist movements, and a far more effective drag than "the public" can be, for the mere reason that it knows more and is harder to deceive. The Foreign Office is normally engaged on a mass of useful and unobtrusive work, which the public never cares to read about, from the settling of small disputes by small agreements to the clearing of international waterways and the preservation of hippopotami. And international friction is what it most detests.

This shows, I think, that the vital issue at stake in foreign politics is much more an issue between reason and unreason, between prudence and recklessness, between moderation and chauvinism, than, as Mr. Ponsonby insists on regarding it, between democratic and oligarchic sentiment. I suspect really that he and his friends have been misled by a false analogy. A great many abuses in the past have been remedied by a mere extension of the franchise or a letting in of democratic fresh air. Cases of class privilege and class oppression, of indefensible favouritism or nepotism or traditional abuse, these and many others can be treated by the simple application of publicity and democratic control. These cases mostly occur in home politics, because there the most common conflicts are class conflicts; the facts, if not simple, are at least familiar; the issues to be decided are very largely moral issues, and the people are called in to give, not an expert, but a disinterested judgment. Now as a general rule in foreign politics the very reverse holds good. The conflicts are seldom or never class conflicts; the facts and the whole state of circumstances surrounding the facts are unfamiliar, and cannot be understood without special study; the issues are seldom plain

issues of right or wrong. Furthermore, the people of any one nation is, unfortunately, not disinterested. The disinterested arbitrator, whom analogy demands, is not any single "people," but the Concert of Europe—a different story altogether. Neither the quality of disinterestedness, nor the kindred qualities of reasonableness, tact, self-control, and knowledge, which are specially required for the handling of foreign controversies, can be secured by any mere mechanical method such as the application of democratic control.

Of course there are sometimes cases in foreign policy where the democratic remedy is indicated; cases where a Government is in some sense conspiring against the wishes of the people, or where a bureaucracy is, for the sake of avoiding friction, tolerating some outrageous wrong. In both types of case I think that our own political practice does ensure publicity; certainly any notion that a British Government can really conceal from all eyes the main trend of its foreign policy is the wildest dreaming; but, if Mr. Ponsonby can suggest any method by which to increase our assurance in this matter, he will be working in the spirit of the constitution as well as forwarding the cause of democracy, and we must listen to his proposal with all sympathy.

And here I will make my largest concession to him in the matter of our recent history. I think it is true, as he says, that owing to some extreme reticence in Ministers and other leaders of the nation, there grew up before the war a great divergence of expectation between the mind of the Foreign Office and that of the country, between those behind the scenes and the mass of outsiders. This divergence, I admit, was regrettable; but I do not think it arose from the cause which Mr. Ponsonby assigns. It was not because the Foreign Office was secretly aggressive and dreaded peaceful opinion. It was almost exactly the opposite. It was because the Foreign Office was straining every nerve for its twofold object, and it dreaded outside disturbance. Its object was, if possible, peace; if peace failed, security. It was trying to appease the sensitiveness of all reasonable Germany and at the same time to guard against the intrigues of militarist Germany. It was negotiating with a half-declared enemy, armed to the teeth, demanding world-power and ready to spring, muttering demands which seemed vague and sinister and which yet were well worth satisfying if they were capable of being satisfied; a half-declared enemy who had once been a friend and might still by supreme tact and patience be reconverted to friendship; and in that crisis it did not want the co-operation of anyone it could not trust. It told no falsehood and practised no intrigues. But it hid its difficulties, it spoke with a smiling face, it pretended always that

things were less terrible than they were. And when at last the storm broke, we who had not been fully warned were amazed and angry, and some of us thought we had been cheated.

Let Mr. Ponsonby look again at the writings of the Haldane-hunters and the other wolves of Jingoism. What is it that they complain of? It is that again and again there were dangerous situations out of which they could have made capital, and Lord Haldane and the rest of the Government did not give them the opportunity. German agents worked up sedition in India, German money corrupted the gendarmes in Persia, German diplomats committed breaches of diplomatic honour; and the Government kept it all dark! All the Yellow Press was waiting outside the door, longing for information, only too anxious to help; all the people who wanted to turn out the Government, with civil war or without civil war; the schemers who wanted militarism for the sake of reaction, the lunatics who wanted trouble because they thought it fun. I quite admit that they would not have had entirely their own way: the other side would have had its say also. But would there be much safety in that? Mr. Shaw would have rushed to preserve the peace with criticisms the reverse of sedative. Some Syndicalists and some Irishmen of extreme views would have expressed their preference for the foreigner over the English capitalist. Mr. Ponsonby himself . . . I would not for the world attack him. I believe he would have used all his influence absolutely and disinterestedly for good. But would he and his group, in a crisis like that, have supported the Government with real and effective friendship, have strengthened their hands and tried to show them that they could firmly count on the wholesome part of the nation? I believe they would; but I cannot blame the Foreign Office for doubting it. The nation as a whole would have been behind the Government. I have no doubt of that. But I believe that during those years the more thoughtful part of the nation actually preferred not to be consulted. And if any reader feels vehemently otherwise, I would ask him to look up the citations from the English Press quoted in Reventlow's important book, *Deutschland's Auswärtige Politik*, and then ask himself whether he would care to have such allies talking beside his Foreign Secretary when negotiations were peculiarly delicate.

"Then," Mr. Ponsonby may reply, "you confess quite frankly "that you do not trust the people?" Trust is a limited, not an unlimited, quantity; but I could answer that question better if I knew exactly what it meant, if I knew whether Mr. Ponsonby was referring to an actual or an ideal people. For he, like the rest of us, varies between the two conceptions. At times he admits that the mass of the people is ignorant, indifferent, apt to be swayed

by gusts of passion and deceived by interested newspapers, and that the good of its participation in active politics chiefly depends on the extreme danger of trying to keep it out. At others he still speaks of that ideal people whose lineaments have really come down to us from Shelley and Godwin; which looks straight at all questions without prejudice or personal interest and, therefore, with universal good will and unclouded moral judgment. When we think of "the people" as controlling our politics, do we mean a sort of residue which remains after removing all special classes and all persons of outstanding character or knowledge—a people which reads the yellowest type of newspaper and finds its heroes in Messrs. Bottomley and such, and its politics in the music hall? Or do we mean the sort of people which rises to the mind's eye as one returns from a meeting of the Workers' Educational Association or a particularly good trade union discussion? And can Mr. Ponsonby see any way whereby the first people shall not snatch the decision out of the hands of the second? In nine cases out of ten, doubtless, the common sense of the nation will assert itself. I have no doubt of that. But in the tenth case, in the critical and exciting and specially dangerous case, with organised bad influences ready to play on public opinion? No; undesirable as secrecy is on a multitude of grounds, I cannot see that perpetual publicity, as such, is any safe road to the keeping of peace.

I grant, of course, fully that, in foreign affairs as in all the rest of politics, the will of the people must be supreme, and the ultimate control must be with the citizens of the country acting through Parliament. But I do not believe that increased democracy will serve as a substitute for character and wisdom, any more than an artificially restricted franchise will. Our foreign politics are not below the average standard of the nation; I believe myself that they have been well above it. I believe that, under the present Foreign Secretary, our foreign policy has been conducted with as great care and prudence and with more than as great high-mindedness and resolute honesty of purpose, as that of any nation in modern history. But, if we are ever to rise to a foreign policy which shall be still higher, more daring and idealist, more ready to run risks for great ends, and more brilliant in meeting perils as yet far off and scarcely discernible, it will not be by any mere democratisation of machinery; it will only be by some enormous change of heart, in which the masses of the nation must take part fully as much as their rulers.

I need hardly assure those who know Mr. Ponsonby that his concrete proposals are in no way either unpractical or revolu-

tionary. In part, he merely calls attention to those reforms in the Foreign Office which have been recommended by the recent Civil Service Commission. Here everyone will agree with him. Further, he proposes two changes in what we may call political procedure and one important, but not unreasonable, change in the Constitution. There is to be (1) an annual debate, occupying at least two days, on the Foreign Office Vote, in which the Foreign Secretary shall expound his whole policy. Besides this (2) it shall be the recognised duty of the Foreign Secretary to make periodical pronouncements in the country on foreign affairs, especially when Parliament is not sitting. These proposals could hardly be made compulsory, but they both seem desirable, as far as an outsider can judge. The country would certainly be glad to have both the debate and the periodical speeches; and it is difficult to see that anything but good would in normal circumstances accrue to the Government. The sort of Foreign Secretary whose speeches would be a public danger would be sure to make them in any case. The change in the Constitution falls under three heads, and presents great difficulty. At present, as we all know, Parliament is a deliberative and legislative body; the executive power is vested in the Sovereign, acting through his Ministers. In practice, this sharp distinction is in many ways softened. A Government can be questioned about its executive acts, and cannot continue in existence if those acts are definitely disapproved by the House of Commons. The Home Secretary, for instance, can decide whether a particular condemned criminal shall be hanged or pardoned. If he knows the House wants the man pardoned he can still hang him, but he does so at his peril; because, though the man will remain hanged, the Home Secretary will not remain Home Secretary. Consequently, he will never hang a man against what he believes to be the general feeling of the House, unless he has very strong reasons and is confident that he can justify his action.

Similarly, the Government has at present the power of (1) making a treaty, (2) making an agreement or alliance with a foreign country, and (3) declaring war. Mr. Ponsonby wishes to make all these powers dependent on previous consent of Parliament. The question is difficult and merits a full discussion. The case for Mr. Ponsonby's reform is obvious. There is certainly something anomalous in the conception that a Government, which cannot pass the smallest Bill without full Parliamentary debate, should be able to negotiate a treaty or form an alliance or even declare war without saying a word to anyone. The case on the other side appears to rest on two arguments. First, there is a constitutional argument. Parliament is the Legislature, not the

Executive. It is from every point of view unfitted for executive work. It contains the executive body and can dismiss it, but it must allow that body to do its own work in its own way. True, Parliament may have to allow many small things to be done against its wishes rather than take the drastic step of turning the Government out; but, it is argued, that arrangement just gives the Executive sufficient elasticity and power of real initiative. The discretion, no doubt, is larger in foreign affairs than in home affairs, but it is not different in quality. And foreign affairs, as a matter of fact, require that larger discretion.

The second is a practical argument. It is pointed out that to make treaties dependent on the approval of Parliament is greatly to weaken the bargaining power of the Government. For a treaty is always a matter of give and take; each party has to make concessions. And, obviously, a foreign Power will often be willing to make a concession when assured of a firm bargain, which it would not make if it had to take the risk of having the whole bargain thrown back on its hands. For example, in the Anglo-Russian Treaty of 1907, Russia recognised our right to control the foreign relations of the Amir, which she had always disputed before. But would she have done so if she had known that the treaty as a whole was subject to the approval of the British Parliament, and that she might find herself in the position of having gained nothing but given up an important point which could never quite be recovered? The proposed limitation certainly weakens the Government's bargaining power; it also makes treaties harder to conclude. For after almost every important treaty, you find the respective Parliaments complaining that their own Minister has not driven a hard enough bargain. The Parliaments would thus be less likely to agree than the Ministers. And, further, a House which wants to quarrel with a Minister about other matters can often show its annoyance by rejecting a treaty; as, for instance, the United States Senate rejected the Arbitration Treaty with England. Considering that most treaties—especially if we remember the host of small but valuable treaties which attract no public notice—are attempts to settle international difficulties and remove causes of quarrel, while every treaty makes some demand upon international goodwill, it would seem a deplorable thing to increase the obstacles in the way of concluding them.

Furthermore, it is pleaded that, as a matter of experience, there has been of late years in England no abuse of any of these special powers. Before the crisis of 1914 the Prime Minister and the Foreign Secretary were able to assure the House that "there was no secret engagement which they would spring upon the House." The House was free to decide in any crisis what the British

"attitude should be." (Grey, August 3rd, 1914.) • The treaties concluded have mostly been treaties of arbitration or similar clearings up; the main exception was probably the Anglo-Russian Convention of 1907, which, curiously enough, was announced to the Duma while still unknown to the British Parliament. As to declarations of war, Mr. Ponsonby quotes a startling statement from Homer Lea to the effect that in the nineteenth century Great Britain embarked on no less than eighty wars with no prior declaration at all. This figure, if in any sense correct, must be obtained by counting every small expedition against a savage tribe as a war. Such expeditions are almost always caused by incidents which make declarations of war unsuitable. In the case of a war with any civilised nation it is almost unthinkable that a British Government should either begin a war without declaration, or declare war without having made sure of the overwhelming support of Parliament and the country. The whole course of proceedings in 1914, and earlier, shows with what iron determination Grey refused to make any agreement or alliance or promise on his own responsibility, without the support of Parliament, and how carefully the Government explained the whole situation to the House of Commons before taking any of the critical steps. True, if the House had insisted on preserving peace with Germany in 1914, Grey would presumably have resigned. That only shows that a Minister who does not possess the confidence of the House cannot continue in office.

Other countries, which possess written constitutions, have various rules limiting the power of the Executive in treaty making. We, with our unwritten tradition, are probably in a transition stage. The Executive has in practice made a habit of carefully consulting the House, and, indeed, is attacked by critics both at home and abroad for hampering its own effectiveness by doing so. It is argued that if the British Government had had the courage to contract definite alliances and to announce definite lines of policy, without any reference to public opinion or Parliament, the European situation would have been clarified and Germany saved from the blunder of trading too far upon our notorious indecision and pacifism. I do not share this view; but I incline to think that it is at least as plausible as Mr. Ponsonby's.

In the main, therefore, while believing that all Mr. Ponsonby's recommendations deserve sympathetic consideration, and some of them are almost beyond question right, I am not convinced that they would lead to any appreciable increase in the control exercised by the nation at large over foreign politics, much less that, if they had been put in practice ten years ago, they would have had the faintest effect in saving Europe from its present calamities. I do

not wish to say that changes of procedure are not important things. In many ways they are. But the lack of effective democratic control over foreign politics is surely due to larger and deeper causes than these reforms can touch. The masses of the country, as Mr. Ponsonby repeatedly tells us, are not interested in foreign politics and do not want to hear about them. The lack of interest depends on lack of knowledge, and the lack of knowledge on lack of opportunity. The people who are interested in remote places are normally the few who happen to have travelled there, a few officials, a few traders, and a few rich men with the taste for roaming. Even the countries nearest to us are seldom visited, and their languages seldom spoken, except by the leisured classes of society. It is hard to see any way out of this; the leisured classes must continue to have the interest and the knowledge, and therefore the main control. The working classes, I fully agree, have every right to be suspicious and to appoint their Parliamentary watchdogs. They have not been in any way betrayed, but they are quite right to take precautions against being betrayed. I hardly see how they can do more.

Except, indeed, in one way; the way frankly recommended by Mr. Bertrand Russell in a little brochure published by the Labour Press. His remedy is deliberately to make foreign policy a party question, and surround it with that exciting and inflammatory atmosphere which can be trusted to make the average voter attend. For the dullest or most abstruse subject becomes interesting as soon as our acquaintances begin fighting about it.

Of course Mr. Russell has a theory which justifies his gospel of strife—the theory that our recent policy “represents merely a “closing up of the ranks among the governing classes against “their common enemy, the people” (p. 70). But not being able to share that view, I confess that this proposal repels me. If the party fight comes about because of a real and grave difference of belief, then by all means let it come. There are cases where silence and acquiescence might be a greater evil than any strife of parties. But a deliberate encouragement of strife for the sake of attracting popular interest seems to me a deplorable thing even in home matters, and considerably worse in foreign. The inflammatory atmosphere may engender the necessary passion for overturning some obvious wrong; but it does not make for truth or understanding or justice, or the other qualities that are most needed in diplomacy. If the party in power is engaged on a policy which the party out of power considers really iniquitous, of course the latter is bound to protest and oppose, and to announce that when it gets into power its own policy will be different. But the fact of so violent a divergence between parties is in itself a misfortune.

It drives both parties into dangerous courses, and it clearly weakens the nation as a whole. For a nation's enmity becomes less formidable, and her friendship less attractive, when both are liable to be reversed at the next general election.

As a matter of fact, the continuity of our foreign policy since the South African War has been due not to the special desire of the two parties to be amiable with one another; they were singularly free from any such weakness; but simply to the facts of the situation. After a difference which rent the nation in two, and which was settled on definitely Liberal lines, there arose a situation in Europe about which most well-informed persons, whether Conservative or Liberal, took more or less the same view. This is the fundamental fact which has ruled our whole policy. No doubt each of the two parties abandoned something of their special predilections. The Imperialists accepted frankly the principle that the Empire must not be increased; the Liberals reluctantly agreed to enormous naval estimates. It is quite possible, now that the disaster we dreaded has come upon us, for each to imagine that if he had had his complete way things might have been better. Personally I doubt it. And I think that, even if a slight twist in one direction or the other would have been an advantage, that lost advantage was more than compensated by the fact that our policy was known to be permanent and our word could be trusted by friend and foe.

"Then you are content, are you?" a reader may say to me. "The policy of our Foreign Office was ideally right, and the end to which it has led us is quite unobjectionable?" No; the end has been disaster. It has been shipwreck. But not every wrecked ship was wrecked by the fault of its captain. I imagine that since August, 1914, almost every human being in Great Britain has tried, with whatever knowledge he possessed, to think what differences in our policy would have averted this war at some cost not greater than the war itself. And, as far as I have been able to read, no one has found a credible answer. Minor faults have been pointed out, odd lacks of information or energy or tact or initiative, such as are to be expected in a service containing vast numbers of men and spread all over the world; but no fundamental wrongness, no evil intent or folly. The fact seems to be that, if, some years ago, an angel had set himself to the task of saving Europe, he would not have begun by altering British policy. He would have begun by something quite else.

GILBERT MURRAY.

RIVAL ECONOMIC SYSTEMS IN EUROPE.

IS this war to be followed by the breaking up of Europe into two separate and hostile economic systems, each aiming to be, so far as possible, industrially self-contained, to reduce all commercial intercourse with one another to a minimum by tariff walls, and to employ every political and economic weapon in order to bring into its system neutral European countries and to secure monopolies of trade in other quarters of the world? Those who understand the part played by the struggle for markets and financial exploitation in the ulterior causation of this war, will feel no surprise that this issue should already be forcing its way into the consideration of the combatant nations. For war is the formal negation of internationalism and reinforces the fallacy that nations are opposed to one another in their trading interests by the more specious claim that economic self-sufficiency is essential for national security.

The war had not gone far before the passionate feelings evoked by Germany's methods of warfare began to find sporadic expression in our Press and on our platforms in demands for a boycott of all trade relations with enemy countries after peace was obtained. The avowed motives were for the most part political and sentimental, a disgust at the renewal of any sort of intercourse with Germany, and a desire to expel her from the commercial comity of nations, and to weaken and retard her powers of economic and military recuperation after the war. It was not long before our Tariff Reformers, depressed by twelve years of futile struggle and dwindling hopes, caught hold of the new opportunity, and began to reorganise themselves, in Anti-German Leagues and Unions, in order to conduct the new propaganda against German trade. Though these bodies made much ado about arrest of spies, internment of aliens, confiscation of enemy property, and other minor points of war policy, their main objects were to secure a stoppage of British trade with Germany and to cripple the revival of her internal and external trade after the war.

A great stimulus has recently been given to this movement by the not unnatural discovery that in Germany similar plans for economic and fiscal retaliation are in process of consideration. It is credibly reported that the German Government has approached

Austria and Hungary with definite proposals for an immediate policy of tariff arrangements, which should weld the Central Powers into a single economic system, in large measure complementary and self-sufficing as regards the necessities of life, and capable of bringing powerful pressure northward and eastward to secure the adhesion of allied or neutral neighbours. That some form of fiscal and financial union of Germany and Austria may emerge from this war is perhaps not unlikely, for the finances of Austria must already be in so desperate a case that some powerful infusion of German energy and organisation will be needed to ward off economic anarchy. A tariff arrangement between the two Empires, or even the bringing of Austro-Hungary into a Pan-German Zollverein, would hardly, however, in itself be an event calculated to create alarm in Western Europe. It is only when this proposal is expanded into the menace of a wider commercial conflict that its utility for our Protectionists is realised. This service seems to have been rendered by a certain Dr. Paul Neumann who, in a popular economic work, entitled *Mittel Europa*, has propounded one of those ambitious schemes so fascinating to the German mind. The German-Austrian-Hungarian States, in the capacity of an economic combine, are to use every art of diplomatic and fiscal stimulus in order to force into this system not only States such as Bulgaria and Turkey, which the war may leave their political and financial subjects, but other States which may maintain or regain a nominal political independence, such as Holland and Belgium, the Scandinavian countries, and the other Balkan States. The main idea is that Germany and Austro-Hungary are to form the nucleus of a great system, economic in its first intent, extending from the North Sea and the Baltic to the Alps, the Adriatic, and the Danube, and destined to draw in all the States on its fringe.* The policy is clearly realised as an extension of the war into the commercial arena. Frontiers are to be new trenches. "The consequence of this trench policy is, that one is bound to be clear as to who it is with whom one intends in all circumstances to live in friendship. Europe will be given two long walls, from North to South; one of them running approximately from the Lower Rhine to the Alps, and the other from Courland to either the right or the left of Roumania." "The smaller nations will be given only the choice between isolation and linking up, and as within the space of one generation isolation will become almost intolerable for them, they must sooner or later decide with which league they will, or can, march—in geography, production, and intellectual direction." The scheme has obvious attractions for a certain type of militant commercialist in Germany. It is not

* The *Times*' late Berlin correspondent, December 6th.

new. Friedrich List, half a century ago, foreshadowed its possibility and its advantages. Except for the closer economic and financial relations between Germany and Austria established during the war, no new power will, however, have been generated to bring into effective being the Middle European system. Its achievement rests on two suppositions. First, that the Central Powers and their Eastern allies issue intact from the struggle, retaining Serbia within their grasp; secondly, that the economic pressure of the Central Powers upon the Balkan and the Scandinavian States can be exercised so effectively as to induce them to abandon their wider world-commerce in order to enter this confined system. Neither of these suppositions can be accepted. No tariff reformer in this country envisages Austro-Hungary intact after the war and the Central Powers holding Serbia and dominant in the Near East. Nor can he show what new forces of commercial interests will become operative after the war to enable the economic imperialism of Germany to achieve its object. The sole substance likely to emerge from the large idea is a fiscal union of Germany and such portions of Austro-Hungary as still remain to that empire after the war. All the rest is a medley of vague possibilities. But the economic Middle Europe furnishes our tariff reformers with the political leverage for which they have been waiting. Hence we find the *Morning Post* and other organs of Protectionism accepting the Middle European system as an accomplished fact, and calling upon Great Britain to unite with her Allies in setting up a rival system. The present political and military alliance is to be converted into a fiscal and commercial alliance, and is to be continued after the war for purposes partly of commercial gain, partly of defence. Europe is thus to be broken into two economic systems; and since our system will, by means of its monopoly of overseas possessions and its control of the sea, dominate the non-European markets, the Central European Powers will be confined to their own territorial markets and such other restricted trade as the members of our system permit them to undertake.

Now it is necessary at the outside to realise that this proposed fiscal Alliance is only one item in the new plan of campaign of our Protectionists. The war has furnished a complete array of new political and sentimental clothing in which to dress the naked trade interests that constitute the true driving forces. The dangerous dependence of Great Britain upon Germany and other foreign countries for some of the necessities of life and industry must be remedied by stimulating British agriculture and securing to our manufacturers a virtual monopoly of the staple articles of internal consumption. For our large imports of food and raw materials

we must, as far as possible, rely exclusively upon imperial sources of supply, taking the necessary political and fiscal steps to bring about the changes in the flow of commerce that will make for this imperial self-containedness. Apart from these paramount considerations of imperial economic unity, we should give trade preferences to our Allies for the importation of any supplies of food and materials as may be needed to supplement the imperial supply, or any manufactured articles of luxury or use which are not produced, and cannot be produced, advantageously within this country. Russia should be our great new commercial asset, importing British manufactures to displace the German articles she formerly has taken, and paying us with the surplus produce of her fields and mines. The next claimants on our consideration are the neutral countries in Europe, Asia, and South America, with which we have done, and desire to do, a profitable trade. We should, of course, like to continue selling them as much as we can at profitable prices, and to buy as little as we can from them! But recognising that somehow or other this is impracticable, we shall have to admit their goods, though taking care that any manufactured goods they are allowed to send do not compete with our home industries. Direct trade with the rival Central system will either disappear altogether or will be confined to a few articles of a scientific character which are of special use, and for which we can as yet find no adequate substitutes.

By such considerations our Tariff Reformers provide themselves with an elaborate protective system in which political and commercial motives are closely interwoven. In 1903 Mr. Chamberlain endeavoured to float Protection upon the new tide of Imperialism and anti-Continentalism which the Boer War had evoked in this country. The political passions now available are far more concentrated and intense. Our nation is to be stampeded into Protection by hatred, fear, and suspicion of Germany. Our fiscal system is to be adjusted primarily to the following purposes:—

1. To punish Germany by refusing her access to our markets after the war.
2. To retard and impair her powers of economic and military recovery by crippling her foreign trade.
3. To defeat her alleged designs of invading and conquering our markets by dumping, and by scientific penetration with Governmental aid.
4. To prevent her from acquiring new colonial markets.
5. To frustrate the political and military designs which lurk behind the Central European economic system.

Military victory, we are told, will not avail to win security for Europe, unless the efforts which Germany will make to recover and

improve her trade and industry, and so prepare for another war, are frustrated by the joint action of the Allies. Great Britain, France, Russia, and Italy, together with their smaller allies, must agree to act in common against the economic revival of Germany, and must set up against her projected Middle Europe a more powerful encircling economic alliance. Though the special needs and circumstances of each nation preclude the formation of a close fiscal union of the Allies, they should agree among themselves (1) to encourage trade with one another by means of preferential tariff terms; (2) to place prohibitive duties upon Central European trade; (3) to refuse German and Austrian vessels access to their ports; (4) to put countervailing bounties upon articles competing with bounty-fed or transport-aided German articles of commerce. So far as this country is concerned, this economic alliance is to be incorporated as an integral part of a larger and more complicated scheme directed to other political, commercial, and defensive purposes. Defence is to be the paramount consideration. A general tariff for Great Britain itself is the necessary foundation of the scheme. It is needed, partly, to increase our internal food supplies and to secure our staple manufactures, partly, to furnish an instrument for favourable and hostile discriminations in dealing with other nations. So far as our commerce within the British Empire is concerned, this tariff would be virtually negligible in its incidence. Its chief use would be as a means of bargaining for such substantial preferences in our self-governing Dominions as would convert the Empire into an almost completely Free Trade area. This, it will be remembered, was Mr. Chamberlain's early ideal propounded in 1897. The next operation of our tariff would relate to our Allies, in pursuance of what is regarded as the central purpose of the scheme. This would admittedly be a step of delicate diplomacy. For it would require us to impose duties upon French, Russian, Italian, and other allied goods which have hitherto entered our markets free. However light these duties might be, they would not increase the popularity of the alliance, coming at a time when our Allies were crippled in their economic resources and striving to recover their former markets. It might, indeed, be urged that we should retain free markets for allied goods, allowing them to reciprocate by substantial preferences in their tariffs. But this would involve free entrance of Dominion goods, and would interfere too drastically with the deeper policy of our tariff-mongers. Nowhere have I seen it seriously proposed that we should set up an economic alliance on this one-sided Free Trade basis. We must, therefore, assume that in order to achieve their ends our tariff makers are prepared to risk the resentment which France in particular would feel at the imposition of import duties

upon the fruits, poultry, and dairy produce, silks, watches, articles of dress, and other commodities which have hitherto had free entry to our markets. The fiscal strength of the Alliance would involve a considerable preference to Allies over neutrals, partly in order to give substantial value to the Alliance, partly to bring in such neutrals as would strengthen the economic and political union. For it must not be forgotten that political strength and the preparation for another possible conflict lie at the roots of the entire arrangement. If the economic Alliance is to compete successfully with the pressures and lures by which the Central European system will seek to win over neighbouring states, it must offer solid advantages. The general tariff, then, for imports from neutral countries will have to be a high one, inconveniently high, alike for the importer and his British customer. But it must not be so high as too easily to drive the neutral into the enemy camp, and our national trade interests will oblige us to have regard to the tariffs which our Allies offer to these neutrals. Here, again, delicate discrimination will be needed. Finally, this country, not as an independent unit, but in conjunction with its Allies, must devise tariffs, bounties, shipping laws, and other penalties and obstacles to be imposed upon the enemy countries and any neutrals they may bring into their system.

Such is the nature of the proposals which are being urged with heated rhetoric upon the trading classes and their Chambers of Commerce. A conference of Chambers of Commerce, in which French representatives are to participate, is to be held during the current month, and a new organisation, entitled the British Manufacturers' Association, has been founded to promote the policy. The *Morning Post* and other Protectionist journals are devoting themselves eagerly and persistently to the propaganda. New items are continually being added to the programme. The Navigation Laws are to be revived, in order to destroy the German mercantile marine; enemy firms are to be prevented from working patents in this country; enemy investments are to be precluded from the Allied Stock Exchanges. All commercial, financial, and transport relations are to be reduced to the narrowest dimensions and kept on a basis of avowed hostility.

The advantage which British Protectionists hope to enjoy from this unrivalled opportunity is a practical immunity from the awkward processes of economic argument, by which their earlier experiments were brought to confusion. They hope to win over shoals of weaker-minded Free Traders by Adam Smith's admission that "defence is of much more importance than opulence." Our people will be told that they must not look merely to the volume of trade the country does, but to the kinds and the direction of

that trade, that it may benefit our friends and injure our enemies as much as possible. Our national industries and the wealth they yield must be assessed not so much by the aggregate values they represent as by the contribution they afford to our economic and fighting resources in the event of war. Above all things, we must make whatever other economic sacrifices may be necessary to relieve us from dependence upon enemy countries for any urgent sources of supply. All the old Protectionist fallacies will come back decked in this novel patriotic garb. To meet them it will not suffice to furbish up the old free trade weapons. For most of them glance harmless from the brazen effrontery of the assumed antagonism between defence and opulence. What is needed is the firm exposure of the falsehood of this alleged opposition. The gist of the falsehood lies in the supposition that national security is served by reducing to the narrowest dimensions economic internationalism, and by confining such intercourse as is retained to a selected group of friendly nations. The proposal to break Europe and the world into two rival economic systems would, were it carried into operation, not merely diminish the "opulence" of each nation, but would doubly damage its "defence." For its diminished opulence would not merely reduce the national resources available for military, naval, and other "preparatory" purposes, but it would enormously enhance the possibility of war. The stoppage of all trade with Germany after the war would admittedly leave both countries worse off. Why should this increase our power of defence? There is no reason to suppose that this stoppage of trade would injure Germany relatively more than us. True that we buy more from Germany directly than we sell to her. But what of that? The buyer presumably gains as much as the seller from an ordinary act of purchase. Moreover, by indirect processes of trade we must sell Germany as much as we buy from her. If, therefore, we enlarge the case of Britain and Germany into the case of the rival alliances, how will it enhance the relative strength of the Allies if they refused all economic intercourse with the Central European system?

The division of Europe into two economic systems not merely would impoverish the members of both groups by limiting the area of their commercial intercourse, but would sow the seeds of another early war. An opulence derived in large measure from the mutual advantages of foreign trade is not, indeed, a certain guarantee of peace, as experience has shown. But to deny it any pacific value is to fly in the face of history and common sense. Because Cobden and certain of his modern followers may have overrated the restraining influences of commerce, and have overlooked the dangerous antagonisms of commercial and financial

groups exploiting the public policy of their respective States for their private gains, we are not therefore justified in inferring that a cessation of all economic intercourse will make for peace. In the first place, the notion of scrapping the vast and complex fabric of material and moral intercourse which gives solidarity and unity to Europe, and of resolving it into two isolated systems is too absurd to bear consideration. No one really expects or desires such isolation. The real motives that animate the advocates of economic boycott are an express desire to damage Germany (by measures which react in necessarily equal damage on ourselves) and a concealed desire to get protection against the successful competition of German trade rivals at the expense of the general consuming public of their country. If, indeed, an era of complete isolation or non-intercourse were possible, it seems plausible to suggest that no conflict between the systems need arise. But this is not the actual hypothesis. For what is the origin of the contemplated situation? Early declarations on the part of the Allies of an intention to pursue an economic boycott of the Central Powers after the war stimulated the movement in Germany towards commercial fiscal union with Austro-Hungary and the wider project of a Central Europe. These rumours of an economically aggressive Central Europe then served to reinforce the counteracting movement in this country and France towards an economic alliance. For what? Not merely to stand aloof in economic defence, but to fight the economic system of Central Europe for the neutral markets of the world. Looking at the salient facts of the situation and the avowed intentions of the advocates of this course, it is impossible to escape the conviction that it aims and will operate to evoke and maintain a bitter commercial and political warfare between the present belligerent groups after the conclusion of the so-called peace. It is proposed, in a word, to maintain as nearly as possible the existing economic encirclement of the Central Powers, and to use the virtual monopoly of colonies and sea-power which the Allies possess to deny all facilities of commercial expansion and all share of the economic development of backward countries to the Central Powers.

Now, that any tolerable future for the civilisation of Europe could exist under such conditions, is simply inconceivable. If, as some British advocates of the procedure evidently hold, it were possible for the Allies after a crushing victory and a dictated peace, to pen in Germany and Austria by a rigorous commercial and navigation policy; to cripple their foreign trade, to deny them all expansion in the East (while compelling them in some miraculous way to pay huge indemnities whose payment involves the very extension of trade which they refuse!), would such a policy make

for security? It would necessarily stamp itself on every German mind as the continuation in a time of peace of the blockade and starvation established in the war. The more successful the boycott, the greater the exasperation of sentiment in the German people against England, whose trade jealousy has been falsely represented to them as the *vis motrix* of our war policy, and the greater the concentration of national feeling and policy upon revenge. I will not here discuss the probable developments of such a spirit of revenge, fed by our policy of economic repression. It is sufficient to say that this forcible holding down of Germany would involve the maintenance of powerful armies and navies on the part of the Allies, and that world-politics would be incessantly alive with dangerous suspicions and intrigues aiming at the break-up of the alliance and an early re-alignment of nations for another conflict. If, as is far more likely, the boycott was less complete, and the Central Powers did succeed in drawing into their system certain economically dependent neighbours, the rivalry thus established in the business world would naturally and necessarily tend to express itself in a new political balance of power, which, again, would speedily translate itself into a fresh competition of armaments with all the perils and incitements to war with which we are familiar. The division of civilised European States into two independent rival economic systems must bring about another war, completing the ruin of civilisation which this war has begun.

But, it may be said, if Germany carries out her project of fiscal union with Austria-Hungary, and extends the scheme to include Bulgaria and Turkey, with the manifest design of setting up this formidable Central Power, must not the Allies meet it by another economic alliance? The answer is that such an economic alliance will weaken, not increase, the respective powers of defence of the several allies, while it will establish the conditions which convert another war from a possibility into a certainty. The idea that defence, as against opulence, is justified by a policy which damages our enemy more than ourselves has already been shown to be without foundation. Such an economic central system would, indeed, be injurious both to its members and to the outside world, if it involved an absolutely isolated *enclâve* in the midst of civilisation. But the way to prevent it from playing this injurious part is to break its isolation by means of commercial intercourse. If we boycott German goods and do our best in concert with our Allies to keep German merchants out of our colonies and neutral markets, we facilitate that dangerous isolation. If, on the contrary, we maintain our Free Trade policy intact, acknowledging that, when war is at an end, normal commercial relations ought to be resumed, by that very act of resumption we break the economic

self-sufficiency of the Central Powers, while we reduce the sentiments of antagonism by which their subjects are goaded to support their separatist policy. The way to prevent the Central Powers from winning neutral neighbours into their system is to offer the latter most-favoured-nation's terms, which signifies, from the standpoint of our accepted policy, free imports. Were we to tie ourselves up in the elaborate tariff system of an alliance, we should have damaged this ability to out-compete the offers of the Central Powers to neutral nations. This menace of Protectionism, rearing once more its baleful shape under the cover of a post-war policy, must be fought not merely as the enemy of industry, but as the enemy of any sort of durable peace. For the foreign policy it carries on its back means a perpetuation of the system of hostile political alliances, carrying their clash of interests into every quarter of the habitable globe, and reviving once more the competition of armaments which is the sure harbinger of another war. This danger should be met not merely by a steady adhesion on the part of this country to its Free Trade policy, but by a vigorous attempt made at the peace, and afterwards, to secure a wider general policy of equal opportunity for commerce and finance in all existing colonies and protectorates, and a mutual guarantee for similar equality in all other areas of trade or economic development outside Europe. Though the policy of the open door may not heal all dissensions and satisfy all sentiments of national ambition, once incorporated as an operative principle in a general Treaty of the Powers it would furnish a better guarantee for future security than any other arrangement within the scope of early statecraft.

J. A. HOBSON.

THE PLACE OF THE WOODPECKER IN PRIMITIVE RELIGION.*

FIFTY years ago even those who had accepted the evolutionary interpretation of the history of the world could hardly have dreamed that it would be possible to penetrate so far into the mind of primitive man as to reconstruct his religion, and classify his greatest fears and his highest hopes. When one is by hypothesis thousands of years before the period of carved and inscribed monuments, not to say of written books, the proposal to discuss the religious thought of man at such a time when no materials are extant, must have seemed many times more ridiculous than writing the play of *Hamlet* with the part of the Prince of Denmark omitted. It is difficult enough to write history when one has materials, and requires more maturity of judgment than any other region of science; but to write history without materials could hardly be thought to differ from the writing of romance. Even where monumental evidence was available, as in the drawings of the cave-dwellers or the relics from the funeral barrow of the tribal chief, the material for reconstruction was scanty and sporadic, and could only lead to results that were in the highest degree tentative and uncertain. The real answer to such an *à priori* doctrine of uncertainty and inadequacy was the denial of the lack of documentary evidence, and the affirmation that it was abundant, and even actually existing in the present day, that beliefs and customs of ancient times coincide closely with beliefs still extant in the popular customs and ideas of simple and unlettered (or half-lettered) people; and it also appears upon examination that, however much individual races may differ in their beliefs, the course of evolution has been to a large extent a self-repeating process, which makes every race pass through a wide tract of common experience, from which it follows that the primitive man, who is with us yet in what are called the lower races, is a very good photograph of what the primitive man was like when he was our own particular ancestor; for we, too, have passed down very nearly the same road as we find those native races traversing, to whom we send our own larger experience and clearer light by means of the missionary and the educator.

If it is surprising that we are able to reconstruct primitive religion by the method of the study of survivals and of comparative cults,

* A lecture delivered before the Plymouth Institution on October 22nd, 1914.

it is no less astonishing to find out what primitive religion was like, as deduced from the collected and compared facts; for who would ever have suspected that all over the world (or almost so) the central cult-object was at one time a bird, and that bird not one of the most common objects of modern human interest? It is only quite recently that bird-cults have been suspected to be prior to beast-cults or man-cults. Who would ever have believed that the Jupiter of Phidias and all the beliefs associated with that splendid work of art were due to the displacement of a bird's form, to whose honours the great Olympian has succeeded? As I say, it all seems very unlikely and almost impossible. A little reflection, however, if that could have been made, would have lightened much of the preliminary difficulty. Bird-cults become easier, when we notice the survival of them to our own day. That conservative creature, the modern schoolboy, who spares the robin (but hardly anything else that is mortal within his range), does so, not because of a Christian legend concerning the robin who took one thorn from the brow of Christ, and so stained its own breast with an everlasting memorial, but because, ages and ages before, the robin had, in certain quarters, been supposed to be associated with the Thunder and Fire. The same schoolboy who kills the wren on New Year's Day, and makes a procession from house to house with the body of his victim, knows nothing about the line of priesthood which he occupies and the animal sacrifice which he fulfils.

Or, to take another not very remote instance, the cock upon the church tower is not there for religious reasons, nor to remind us, as Newman does:—

“That when they ceased to watch, Apostles fell.”

He was discharging social functions ages before Christianity came along; he was not even a weather-cock in the ordinary sense, betraying by his rotation the turning and changing of the winds; he was fixed in the old-time, and not movable, and he was only the weather-cock because he was—just the weather. Bird-cults are all about us, but perhaps the strangest of them all, the most widely diffused is that which is our present subject, the cult of the woodpecker.

How shall we establish the existence of such a cult, or demonstrate its importance? There are a number of lines of approach. Perhaps the best one to begin with is that indicated by classical archæology. There is a tradition which has been preserved to us from Greek sources that, in the early days, and in the island of Crete, an inscription was current which stated that:—

“Here lies dead (royal) Picus, who is also Zeus.”

Picus (or as the zoologists call him, following the early Latin peoples, Picus Martius) is the great black woodpecker, a very striking object with a brilliant red head. To the educated Greek the inscription was a piece of blasphemy, not so much because of its equation of Zeus with the great black woodpecker, as because it spoke of Zeus in the terms of mortality and pointed to his grave. It was this statement about the grave of Zeus that was the real reason why the Greek poet spoke of the Cretans as "everlasting liars"; not because they were more mendacious than other people of the time, but because they were guilty of an atrocious religious lie. I had the pleasure not long since of recovering the context of the well-known verse of Epimenides which St. Paul quotes about the Cretans. It ran thus:—

"A tomb they have fashioned for Thee, most High and most Holy :
The Cretans, liars for ever, vile beasts and detestable gluttons :
But Thou diest not ever, but livest for ever and ever,
And 'tis in Thee that we live and we move and we are."

I don't think much attention was paid to this scrap of the ancient Cretan religion; no one saw the bearing of it on Greek beliefs, nor felt the shudder which it caused to the pious mind; nor had the evidence come in which went to show that, however much pious Greeks of a later age resented the equation of Zeus with a dead woodpecker, they had themselves not long before held the very same beliefs.

When Aristophanes wrote the play of the Birds and drew the plan of the new bird-Utopia in the clouds, he makes the birds talk retrospectively of a time when the birds held the sovereignty which was now in the hands of Zeus, and at the same time talk prospectively of recovering their lost kingdom; for, according to them, there was a time when there was no Zeus, but woodpecker (oak-tapper as he calls him) was king. Put the statement of Aristophanes that:—

"Picus was before Zeus,"

by the side of the Cretan statement that:—

"Picus is also Zeus,"

and you can combine the two statements and say that Zeus is the evolution of Picus. Let us look a little closer at the language of Aristophanes and see what the birds really say on the subject. Here are some lines in a translation:—

"Zeus won't in a hurry the sceptre restore to the Woodpecker tapping
the Oak :
In times prehistoric 'tis easily proved, by evidence weighty and ample,
That Birds and not Gods were the rulers of men, and the lords of the
world: for example,

Time was when the Persians were ruled by the cock, a king autocratic,
alone :

The sceptre he wielded or ever the names, Megabazus, Darius, were
known;

And the Persian he still by the people is called, from the Empire that
once was his own."

The quotation shows the cult of King Picus very clearly, and adds to it a similar cult of the cock among the Persians; that is the weather-cock to which we were just now alluding.

Now let us leave the region of Greek antiquities for awhile—we shall have to return to it later—and let us ask the question whether there are any traces of similar belief upon Italian soil. There is a broad district, bordering on the Adriatic, known to the ancient geographers as the territory of Picenum, occupied by a people supposed to be of Sabine origin, who ultimately came into the Roman vassalage. The name of Picenum is easily seen to be an adjective formed from Picus, so that the district is called Woodpecker-land, and the town of the same name Woodpecker-burg. Tradition amongst the people of Picenum related how the founders of the community were emigrants who were guided to their promised land by a woodpecker, and for this act of grace the people of Picenum ever after worshipped an image of a woodpecker standing upon a pillar. So there is the sacred bird once more, and we observe that it gives its name to the settled country and to the settlers. We shall see the reason of this later on. The town is Woodpecker-town and the people Woodpeckerites. Notice in passing that the tradition became modified as time went on: the bird became a man, and King Picus was held to be a famous Latin king who ruled over the ancestral settlement. It is a parallel line of development which led to the enthronement of Zeus; birds became men, and men became gods, at least it looks that way. Now let us turn to Rome itself; we shall be surprised to find that Rome is a head-centre of woodpecker cult. We will show this in one or two very simple ways: first of all we will quote that delightful writer Plutarch, who indulges his curiosity in a volume of Questions as to Roman manners and customs; and because Elizabethan English is so much better than modern English, I am going to quote him in the translation of Philemon Holland. Here is the question and a series of answers to it:—

"What is the reason that the Latines doe so much honour and reverence the Woodpecker, and forbeare altogether to do that bird any harme? Is it for that Picus was reported in old time, by the enchantments and sorceries of his wife, to have changed his owne nature and to be metamorphised into a Woodpecker, under which form he gave oracles, and delivered answers unto those who propounded to him any demand?

“ Or rather, because this seemeth a mere fable and incredible tale : there is another storie reported, which carieth more probability with it, and soundeth nearer unto truth. That when Romulus and Remus were cast forth and exposed to death, not only a female wolfe gave them her teates to sucke, but also a certaine *Woodpecker flew unto them, and brought them foode in her bill and so fedde them*; and therefore haply it is, as Nigidius has well observed, what places soever at the foot of a hill covered and shadowed with oakes or other trees a Woodpecker haunteth, thither continually you shall have a wolfe to repaire. Or peradventure, seeing their manner is to consecrate unto *every god one kind of bird* or other, they reputed this Woodpecker, sacred unto Mars, because it is a couragious and hardy bird, having a bill so strong that he is able to overthrow an oke therewith after he hath jobbed and pecked into it so farre as to the very marrow and heart thereof.”

Whether you accept Plutarch's explanations or not, you must allow for his facts : the woodpecker was taboo in Rome and amongst the Latin peoples, and was taboo from the earliest times, since legend associated the bird with the preservation of the Twin founders of the city ; and if folk-lore made the woodpecker a foster-parent of the Twin-founders of the State, co-ordinate with the wolf that we know so well in Roman art, the bird must belong to the earliest tradition as to the Roman origins, and have a place in the first forms of Roman cults.

Now that Plutarch is right in the connection which he makes between the woodpecker and the Roman Twins may be seen in another way. It is common on Roman Denarii to find on one side of the coin the image of the foster-mother wolf, and the exposed infants ; but it occasionally happens that a Roman Denarius will add to this conventional representation of the she-wolf and her children a background consisting of a sacred tree (what the Romans called the *Ficus Ruminalis*) and sacred birds perched in its branches ; these birds Plutarch helps us to identify with the sacred woodpeckers. Moreover, as this part of the tradition cannot be a late invention, and is clearly of the nature of a survival, we may say with a good show of probability that the wolf-maternity has displaced an earlier parentage ; behind Mars, Rhea Sylvia and the wolf there lies a stratum in which the Twins are the nurslings of the woodpecker. That is a very important discovery indeed in the region of Roman history and origins. There is a copy of one of these tell-tale denarii, conveniently enlarged, in Miss Harrison's book entitled *Themis*, and we may confirm the accuracy of our interpretation of it, and of the connection of the Twin-founders of Rome with the woodpecker by showing you a similar tradition elsewhere wholly unconnected with Rome and its origin.

We now return to Greek soil, and to the province of Attica. We will not, however, discuss the problem of the foundation of

Athens, but go down to Eleusis (well known to all scholars as the centre of the celebrated Eleusinian mysteries and the home of the cult of the great goddess Demeter). Now tradition tells us much, in mythological language, about the sorrows of Demeter, the Mater Dolorosa of the Greeks, and of her weary journeys in quest of her lost daughter, all of which is reflected in the Eleusinian mysteries. Amongst other things, they relate that when nearing Eleusis, she was hospitably entertained by a certain king named Keleos, who lived in a town named Keleai. Now Keleos is the Greek name for the Greek woodpecker: so here we have the same kind of tradition as we noted in the foundation of Picenum, according to which the woodpecker town is founded (or at least discovered) by the black woodpecker, and the first king of the town is called good old king Picus. In Eleusis we have a similar story of a woodpecker-town founded by good old king Keleos. The cases are parallel, except that in the one case it is the black woodpecker, and in the other it is the green. The parallel is a just one, and it will probably be closer than the agreement already pointed out. So we ask the question whether the Eleusinian story has any twins in it. The mythologist reports at once that King Keleos had twin children, named Triptolemos and Jason, one of whom was regarded as the inventor of the plough and the other of the first ship; they will also tell us that Demeter, the Earth-Mother or Corn-Mother, or whatever she was, took the twins under her care, and even sought to make one of them immortal. So here again we have the affirmation of the parental relation of the woodpecker to twin children who found cities, who, if we may judge of the Eleusinian mythology, were the patrons of two great human inventions, the plough and the ship.

Now let us show in one or two ways that the coincidence which we have noted in the mythologies is not accidental. Remember how Aristophanes pointed out to us that the woodpecker had been ousted from his honours by Zeus, and how he pictured the conflict that was to take place between the birds and Zeus when they succeeded in regaining their kingdom of Heaven. They used to tell a story in Crete, in which we can see the actual conflict going on between bird and god, on a very earthly plane. The Cretans, as we pointed out, had a human conception of Zeus which, to the pious Greeks of later days, was flat blasphemy; not only did they point out the place where Zeus was buried, but they showed, too, the cave where he was born. Travellers and pilgrims of the ancient world came to that cave to see the swaddling bands of the infant god; so here was more blasphemy on the part of the lying Cretans. The child was, however, no chicken—he wielded the thunder the moment he was born, he was an *enfant terrible*.

One day it came to pass that a certain Keleos, in full armour, with his boon companions, came to the cave where the infant god was lying, with the intention of stealing the sacred honey which the bees had brought there for the sustenance of the child-god. Zeus turned upon them with brandished thunder, and would have slain them all: but the Fates intervened, and pointed out that the cave was a sanctuary, covered by a taboo, and that no one must be killed within its limits. So the dispute was settled by turning Keleos into a green woodpecker! and he has been one ever since. You will not be surprised to hear that this mythology only means that there has been a conflict of cults: Zeus, as we saw elsewhere, is himself woodpecker. Each of them is representative of the thunder; Zeus because he is the Greek thunder-god, the woodpecker because he was the Greek thunder-god, having been identified as such by his red head. As to the story about the woodpecker stealing the sacred honey, we need only mention at this point that it is a detail drawn from nature, and from the habit which the woodpecker has of rifling bees' nests. To the present day the Russian peasants in the Ural Mountains who keep their bees in the hollows of the pine trees, have to protect their primitive hives artificially against the ravages of the woodpecker. That may suffice for the present, as far as regards the bees. The parallel between Keleos, Picus, and Zeus is seen to be very close. The ancestral worship was one of the thunder, under the form of a bird.

Now for another interesting confirmation that the parallels are not accidental. I said that good old King Keleos had twin children, from whom were derived the arts of agriculture and ship-building. Their names were Triptolemus and Jason. At first sight it seems utterly ridiculous to make the green woodpecker the responsible parent of two such inventions. Let us see whether there are any savage tribes extant which hold similar beliefs. Those who in recent years visited the Japanese exhibition in London will recall an enclosure which was given up to a group of savages from the northern islands of Japan; a people about as primitive as almost any on the planet: they go by the name of Ainu, and the Japanese call them the Hairy Ainu, and have some debates as to whether they are really men at all. Amongst these people, a devoted missionary, of the Church Missionary Society, has been labouring for years, named Batchelor. Amongst his other good works, we must not consider it the least, that he has collected the customs and folk-lore of the people. And he tells us that they have, *inter alia*, a peculiar reverence for the woodpecker. Let us hear what Mr. Batchelor says on this point:—

“ The Woodpecker appears to be in a peculiar way the boat-maker's bird. The name Chipta-Chiri, by which he is known,

means 'the bird which digs out boats,' and he came by this designation because he is always to be found pecking at the branches and trunks of trees with his bill in the same way as the Ainu hack at them with their tools when making their dug-outs. He is thought a good deal of by some people, and his skin and head are kept for worship. This fetich is supposed to make the possessor thereof rich as well as clever in shaping out boats. Some Ainu say that he was originally sent by God to teach them how to make boats."

So the first ship-builder was the woodpecker, and now we understand why the Greeks referred the art of ship-building to Jason, the son of King Keleos. It is not such a very long way from Eleusis to Kamschatka or Northern Japan! Only two steps between the one religion and the other. Each of them involves the worship of the woodpecker, and apparently the key to the cult lies in the idea that the red-headed woodpecker is the visible representative of the thunder. It would be easy to show that the connection between the woodpecker and the Royal Twins was due to another belief, viz., that the thunder is responsible for the very distressing phenomenon (to primitive man) of the appearance of twin-children. I do not, however, wish to discuss the great primal fear which twin-children caused to their parents and the community in which they appeared, except in so far as the cult of twins is bound up with that of the woodpecker. If, however, you were to travel in West Africa you would see with your own eyes the traces of this aboriginal terror, according to which, even at the present day, it is required that a woman who has borne twins, with her offspring, should be taboo to the whole community and obliged to live (if permitted to live at all) in a special retreat, a bush-clearing, or an island in the river, which goes by the name of Twin-town, because none but twins or twin-mothers live there; nor does anyone approach them unless he is willing to become an outcast and share their taboo. It is necessary to mention this because in these West African twin-sanctuaries we find the key to the woodpecker towns, such as Rome, Picenum, and Eleusis. They were originally taboo centres, and the twins who founded them were real twins, who made real sanctuaries, and ultimately cities, by the very fact of their twinness.

Now let us leave classical archæology for a while, and the closely connected West African folk-lore, and ask ourselves whether the assumed woodpecker-cult has left any marks upon our own ancestral history, or on that of the northern peoples with whom we are associated. The Kalevala, or epic of the Finns, from which Longfellow took so much, both in metres and in matter, when he wrote *Hiawatha*, has a number of references to the woodpecker as an object of reverence. For instance, in Rune XIV., 37-43, he is described as the son of Tapio (Tapio appears to correspond

to the good old Saturn of the Romans), and is addressed as follows:—

“ Nyyrikki, son of Tapio,
 Thou the mighty red-capped hero,
 Blaze the path across the country,
 And erect the wooden guide-posts.
 That I trace this evil pathway
 And pursue the rightful roadway,
 • While I seek my destined quarry.”

In this rune the hunter invokes the guidance and protection of the woodpecker as he wanders through the Northern forests. In another rune (XLVI., 336, 7), he is described as:—

“ Handsome man, the son of Tapio,
 Handsome red-capped son of Tapio.”

So you see the Finns knew him as an object of reverence. It would be easy to find out some more about him and his relatives by a careful study of the Kalevala. Now let us come to Great Britain; we shall use our previous results, like the Finn did his woodpecker, we shall:—

“ Blaze a path across the country,
 And erect us wooden guide-posts.”

The simplest line of proceeding (bearing in mind what we found out about places and people named after the woodpecker, or actually founded by the bird and his offspring) will be to ask whether there are in this country any places or people that are so named. To answer that question we must ask another: what is the name by which the woodpecker was, in ancient times, known in different parts of the country? By that question we do not mean his book-name, nor his scientific name, but the popular name which he bears on the countryside, and which in most cases is a name that comes down with some modifications, out of remote antiquity. It will be found that the variety of folk-names of the woodpecker is surprising, and that to most of them there is an analogous place-name or personal name, indicating a locality which is associated with the bird, or the relation which a person bears to the bird directly, or indirectly, through the place with which the bird is associated.

Let me take a simple illustration. The English Dialect Dictionary will tell you that in Shropshire the bird is called Yockle; now take a county map, and you will find, not far from Shrewsbury, a village called Yockleton: this must be, from the Salopian point of view, the farm or town of the woodpecker. It is the exact parallel to the name Picenum, as derived from Picus. Cross over into Worcestershire, and you will find about three miles from Worcester a place called Spetchley. The close agreement of the first part of the name with the German Specht,

and the old English name Speight, suggests that we have here a place-name, and a personal name, which go back to the woodpecker.

Go down into the Fen country, and at Wisbech you will find a colony of worthy people, bearing the family name Peckover: the name is derived immediately from the green woodpecker, either through the French Pic-vert, or the Italian Pico-verde. But this, too, is a place-name, for if we go down into Cheshire, we find that the mansion of Lord Tollemache, as well as the neighbouring village, bears the name of Peckforton, *i.e.* exactly the town of Pic-vert. The name has come over from Normandy, and so we have the Latin *Picus* naturalised among us, through the French Pic; and wherever you find anyone bearing the name Pick, Peck, Peek, or Peake, you have a person lineally descended from the woodpecker. The Pickton form is also extant; there is a Pickton in Bedfordshire; it used to be explained as the town of the Picts, of whom we used to read in the history books. It was a fallacious etymology, but the best that could be done under the circumstances. There never were any Picts in Bedfordshire. There is a Norman-French diminutive form, which occurs frequently in England; they make the diminutive Picot, just as we in Shakespeare's time talked of magpies as magots. Pickett and Pigott are both of them woodpecker men.

Here is another curious line. I was walking recently down the High Street of Guildford, and noticed the name of Woodhatch over a shop door. As the form *Hatch* in Southern English corresponds to *Hack* in Northern English, and as the name Woodhack is actually given to the woodpecker in Lincolnshire, it is reasonable to suppose that we have here an exact woodpecker name; and when a little later I noticed that two miles from Reigate there was again a village named Woodhatch, it was clear that the Guildford family had migrated from the neighbourhood of Reigate and had brought the place-name with them. Nor was it difficult to draw the further conclusion that wherever you came across a person named Hack or Hatch that person was of woodpecker ancestry; and the same with the diminutive Hackett.

In Devonshire a common name for the bird is Woodall, and he is a rain-bird, *i.e.* a thunder-bird once removed.

"Us be going to have rain; the 'oodalls are hollering," says the Devonshire farmer; and the family of the Woodalls are brought into the sacred tradition.*

* This is good Chaucerian English: the form for his day being Woodwale: in the English *Romance of the Rose* we have:—

"For there was many a byrde syngyng,
Throughout the yerde althringyng;
In many places was nightyngales,
Alpes (*i.e.*, bulfinches), finches, and woodwales,
That in the swete song delighten."

In Yorkshire he has a variety of names: the Teutonic Specht has left its mark in Speeton; amongst other queer names I noted the form Pickatree: it was Scandinavian, occurring in Denmark Traepikker, and in Norway as Trepikka, forms which are analogous to our woodpecker. It was with much interest that I detected in Durham, near Chester-le-Street, a village named Picktree, *i.e.* exactly woodpecker. And so we might run on; and we should find that when we had connected the parallel forms from various counties and neighbouring countries, there were nearly 200 names to be discussed. No other bird can show anything like it.

Here is one more instance of many that may be noted. The name Eccles is a well-known place and a personal name in England, and has been commonly supposed to imply relationship to the church. Unfortunately for this hypothesis, the name occurs without the final "s" in a variety of forms: Eccle, Hikol, Ekil, &c., and all of these are woodpecker names. Amongst others, there is Ecclefechan, which I suppose means little woodpecker. Any person who bears the name Eccles is, probably, an Ephesian of the old Church.

Now what shall we say to all this extraordinary variety? Will someone say they are merely comic appellations, given in playfulness to red-headed people? That would be to project back upon antiquity a drollery of which they were incapable; our ancestors worshipped Thor, whose hair and beard were red; and his hair and beard were red because he was the thunder. The ancients revered the woodpecker: they did not use him as the medium for a sorry jest. He was their protector, their companion in travel, their *genius loci*, and a number of other things. He was appealed to in dangerous localities and at the crossing of fords, and the like; that is why you see, all over England, the name Pickford on the carrier's waggon; it is a place-name, borrowed from a danger spot which the bird presided over. It may very well turn out that for practical everyday living, the chief deity of our ancestors was this beautiful bird with the many names. What we would like to know next is, whether any of these ancient woodpecker centres are, at the same time twin centres. Did our ancestors expose twins, and did they regard them as children of the thunder? I am not yet in a position to answer these questions positively; but such evidence as I can produce leads strongly to the belief that it was so, and that Romulus and Remus might just as well have been born in England as in Rome.

J. RENDEL HARRIS.

BERLIN AND RUHLEBEN DURING WAR.

I.

IN the middle of July, 1914, the heavy mass of clouds that I had watched brooding over Germany for six years, never more than delicately poised, lowered too dark to leave much hope that it could longer bear its burden of destiny. "Peace or World-war?" The newspapers asked the question, men and women asked it, some in articulate tones, some with bated breath that quivered on the air tenser and tenser day by day, then hour by hour, till the final burst.

The burst came. What was Berlin like during those August days when Germany called her whole manhood to wage war by land and sea and air? A vast camp, with men in khaki in all directions, and what remained of the civil population excitedly discussing military movements? Hardly any picture could more grossly misrepresent Prussia's capital at the time. There was no paralysis of the nation's soul even for a moment, no hurrying this way and that as if Germany had lost her bearings in a world suddenly turned upside down; neither Berlin nor any other place in Germany found itself unwarned or unprepared in a strange situation. Not that the war-shadows came over a Berlin serene and unmoved, but the machine-like organisation and the whole system under which the country is administered preclude panic and surprise. Every man knew exactly what he was to do, where he was to go, and what he was to take with him. Germany had thought war so long, that its materialising at this stage in her history was as natural as at any other.

On July 31st the public columns were placarded with huge notices announcing that the province of Brandenburg was under military law, and the newspapers from now on during the next four fateful days were issuing an "Extra-blatt" almost every hour. The one question on men's lips was *Die Haltung Englands?* (England's attitude?), of overwhelming moment to Germany, because even the man in the street seemed to feel that on the answer to this short interrogative depended "world-sway or downfall." Then August 4th gave the answer. In the evening

I was in Unter-den-Linden, and noticed a crowd surging westward and down Wilhelm-strasse. The dark mass is making for the British Embassy; anger, hate, revenge stamped on every face. Suddenly a crash of broken windows, followed by the resonant noise of glass on the pavement below, tells its own tale. Henceforth, like the Russian and the Frenchman, I, too, am an alien enemy in Germany. In ordinary circumstances the German crowd is not unruly, but in the absence of the drill-master and the policeman it can become greatly excited and display a dangerous thirst for vengeance. Two or three days before, when the Kaiser spoke from the balcony of the Schloss, I stood on the outskirts of another concourse of heaving humanity. All I could hear of the speech was the word *Schwert* once or twice, and it evoked a tumultuous response from the vast assemblage.

The face of Berlin did not change much outwardly for some months. There were more men dressed in field-grey, the police carried their revolvers more ostentatiously in their belts, the telegraph office and some other public buildings were strongly guarded; several theatres were closed altogether, no places of amusement were as full as in normal times. But the trams were still crowded, the shops busy, and during the long summer evenings you saw men and women revelling in the good things provided in the open-air spaces that front the hotels of Potsdamer-strasse and Unter-den-Linden. The weeks wore on. The Berlin of the ebb-tide of 1914 was becoming visibly different from the Berlin of a year ago. It was not only outwardly different to the eye, to the observer who can look below the surface of things there was an inward change as well. More and more shops became empty, the streets were less and less lively, fewer and fewer civilians of youthful vigour were seen, more and more people were dressed in mourning, women were acting as conductors on trams and 'buses, and in other capacities, many maimed and bandaged forms bore evidence that for them at least "the front" had been a very real thing. And the mood of the people was not the same as in the early days of August.

It is not always easy, even in normal times, to take the pulse of a large city and interpret the symptoms with exactness. At first I was filled with something like wonder at the self-control and calm dignity in the face of appalling crisis. But there were also abundant signs of the overweening Prussian spirit often bordering on delirium. The flag-waving, over unimportant successes as well as substantial victories, was very frantic; the singing of *Deutschland über Alles* very wild. "Re-open after "the taking of Paris" was a notice I saw in many shops that had been temporarily closed. August 25th is one of the few

dates I remember, because the whole day was full of incident for me. Here I am only concerned with my experience of the afternoon. At about four o'clock I emerged from the underground railway at Nollendorff-platz. I saw men and women running to and fro selling newspapers, and business with them was brisk. They were shouting something in which I could distinguish only the words "englische Armee . . .," but as I drew nearer the shouting became clarified into "die englische Armee voll-
"ständig geschlagen" ("Total defeat of the English Army.") When I returned to Berlin in the evening I found the city holding high carnival. What struck me about the conversation of the people in Berlin at this time was a note of confidence, which only found partial expression in flags and patriotic songs, a note that could be felt to come from the heart of the ordinary man and woman. The Germans had supreme trust in their invincible army.

Months before prices of food soared to unattainable heights, there was acute distress among the very poor, and relief was distributed both by the municipal authorities and by private citizens. Several soup kitchens were established in the city. Twice, in February and March, I visited the unattractive districts round about Wassmann-strasse and Pallisaden-strasse, and tried to find out for myself the condition of the people in these quarters. I saw no begging, and the children were all neat and clean, though the pinched faces of some of them betrayed how cruelly the times doomed them to suffer within the carefully patched little garments. Throughout the war the spirit of the women made a strong impression on me. In organising charities and relief committees, knitting woollen garments, visiting the poor quarters, nursing the sick and wounded, and comforting them generally, they worked with a sense of responsibility. I knew several women who had lost husbands and sons. One, whose only two sons were killed on the West front, said to me, with just a trace of emotion: "It is for the Fatherland." In one respect the Berlin of these days presented a marked contrast with the Berlin of pre-war times. The churches, but yesterday empty and forsaken, were suddenly transformed into busy centres of activity, where dense crowds on Sundays and week-days heard the "holy war" proclaimed.

Later, though there were still signs of confidence in some sort of final victory, enthusiasm was daily on the wane. This was especially noticeable in the men who had followed events closely and thoughtfully. The loss of fervour was due to very definite causes. No serious defeat, except naval disasters which they could not explain away, and were merely *Heldentaten*—heroic

efforts, against unheard-of odds—were ever reported in the German newspapers. Every retreat was “in accordance with our plans.” Yet no final decision seemed in sight. Food rose to famine prices, and German organisation, with all its efficacy, could not make meat and wheat out of gravel. Each weekly casualty list posted outside the War Office, in Dorotheen-strasse, showed that the manhood of the country was being reduced at a stupendous rate. Drilled into believing what the authorities tell it to believe, at last even a German populace begins to get uneasy about the progress to such a “victory.” The weeks grew to months, and what the newspapers had declared had not yet been confirmed by concrete results. The Allies had not become weakened and divided by internal conflicts, their resources were not exhausted, their spirit was not broken, and as far as the real enemy, *der wirkliche Feind*, was concerned, she had not seen India and Egypt rise in revolt, her colonies had not clamoured for independence, and the abject terror caused by the Zeppelin raids on London had not brought a single sack of wheat to Hamburg or Bremen.

England was “the real enemy.” The meaning of attrition became known to the German mind gradually. This was one of the few things about England and her infamy that the average man could grasp for himself, and the reasons behind his feeling were solid enough without any aid from Press or politician. Early in 1915 petroleum was hardly procurable at all, the price of candles had nearly doubled, butter was a luxury for the rich, and the card-system limiting the quantity of bread purchasable each week had already been introduced. To-day this system extends to the purchase of petroleum, meat, butter, and eggs, as well as bread. Of course I heard chants of hate, and the *Erbfeind* (“hereditary enemy”) was assailed with a vigour characteristically Prussian. In this respect there was a wide gulf of difference in the feeling towards England and the feeling towards France and Russia. German antagonism to Britain and her Empire has been compounded of a grudge and a thwarted ambition, and it has been maturing for years, whereas France and Russia were not regarded as serious stumbling-blocks by German Imperialists. This difference of attitude was reflected very vividly in the Press, both before and during the war, and here, beyond question, the Press was speaking for the nation.

It may be thought that, cooped up in a small space surrounded by barbed wire and guarded at all points by sentries, one could gather little of the mood of the Germany outside. It is true we no longer actually witnessed happenings and events beyond the limits of the camp. Yet even from Ruhleben we were, if not able to read all the writing on the wall, at least in a position to note

many signs of despondency and war-weariness. From the German newspapers we gleaned only particles of information on this head. But many prisoners had German wives, and these had relatives and friends. Remarks in letters that might easily escape the censor conveyed a whole world of meaning to the recipients. Gustav or Fritz had been sent to the East or the West. We learned who Gustav or Fritz was, that he had lost an eye or suffered from heart-disease, and had twice previously been declared by the doctors unfit for military service. Plumbers, carpenters, and others brought from Berlin or Spandau to work in the camp were sometimes talkative, and revealed much of the prevailing mind of the country. On the day following the dear-food riots at Neu-Cöln we had graphic details of the whole disturbance. It is hardly necessary to say here that we should have remained in utter darkness about this happening if we had depended solely on the austere and dignified columns of the *Tageblatt*. From time to time a prisoner was released for a period, and though such a prisoner was confined to a small district during his furlough, he could not help noticing many indications of the condition of Germany and the temper of the people. On his return he would not fail to give his fellow prisoners the full benefit of his observations. We also heard a good deal occasionally from new arrivals. English people employed in certain occupations had been allowed to remain at large after the general internment, because their services were indispensable to their firms. At a later date they made their appearance, and each man brought his budget of new experiences. From all these sources streams of information were continually flowing into the camp.

Since I returned to England I have been asked no other question as often as this: Was the war prepared for and desired by the Germans as a nation, or was it thrust upon them by the Kaiser and the autocracy? Probably no people ever wants anything with complete unanimity. When the war became an irrevocable fact there was perfect solidarity among all parties and all sections of the community, and the Social Democrats stood behind Kaiser and army as firmly as any other party. The first member of the Reichstag killed in action was the Socialist, Ludwig Franck, and throughout the early successes in Belgium and France the "internationalists" chimed in heartily with the universal jubilation. A succession of disappointments and growing distress seem to be weakening to some extent the solidarity of August, 1914; but before the fateful die was cast, gauging the mind of the nation as a whole, as far as such a state of mind in the nation is ever realised, I should say that Germany welcomed any war which she thought she could win.

II.

The small talk of the concentration camp for British civilian prisoners at Ruhleben could only be of minor interest to the English public. The number of times we had soup, the quality of it, the housing accommodation, all the material discomforts of life incidental to such conditions, have been narrated in detail often enough. But they are externalities. Not so, however, the evidence of national character that emerges from one's experience as a prisoner in such a camp. That is more than the fleeting traces that appear and disappear before the sojourner in every foreign country, its memory becomes absorbed into one's being.

"Revenge is sweet." You must go to Germany if you would realise the full flavour of this sweetness. *Vergeltung* (retaliation) was almost a standing headline in the German newspapers at the beginning of the war, and it still finds in those columns no unfamiliar place. It is the strongest, the most constant, element in the German's whole make-up. When we differentiated between regular prisoners and the men captured on submarines that violated the laws of war, the German authorities immediately selected thirty-nine officers from their British prisoners for differential treatment. Many English people felt this as a real outrage on their moral sense, but innumerable instances of the same spirit, and the incredibly strange forms that it takes, could be given by any observant foreigner who happened to be living in Berlin or Ruhleben between August, 1914, and December, 1915. When it was known that Germans in England had been interned, there was an immediate outcry all over Berlin for reprisals. Some of us who had lived in the city for years, were bluntly told by men and women whom we looked upon as fast friends that we had no right to be at large, while indignities of every kind were being heaped upon the Germans in England. For in Germany what the newspapers declare the people believe.

A large number of the British subjects interned on November 6th, 1914, tried to leave Germany two days before the actual declaration of war, but one and all received the same answer to inquiries: "No trains till after the mobilisation." A fair proportion of those thus compulsorily held back were undergoing treatment for various maladies at Wiesbaden, Carlsbad, and other places. My own experience was almost unique. I was not arrested till November 16th, and then I was taken to the Stadtvogtei (central police station), in Berlin, where I was kept in solitary confinement for two days. On the afternoon of the second day I heard one of the warders outside tell another that the Rittmeister was in the passage round the corner. The door of my cell was

not locked, so I pushed it open, rushed round the corner indicated, and was brought to a dead stand face to face with the Rittmeister. I told him that it had been reported in all the newspapers that British subjects born in the Dominions would not be arrested till the Germans were similarly treated. He asked me several questions which I answered, apparently to his satisfaction, as he promised that I should be released at nine o'clock. Precisely at this hour the same evening the heavy iron door swung open, a warder called out my name, ordered me to pack up and leave. I was not troubled again till March. As soon as the Australian Government began interning Germans—*Vergeltung*.

During my first week in Ruhleben I interviewed fifty-one individuals who had been interned in other camps in Germany. Some of the details they gave me of their treatment brought to light the inherent nature of *Deutschtum*. The German instinct, where the infliction of pain on an enemy is concerned, is something positive and characteristic. It is not the mere taking reprisals, it is not the absence of certain other instincts, but rather a studied cruelty, an active, sometimes refined, delight in torturing. There are recitals that bear a burning conviction on their face, that jut out from the crop of atrocities and rumours of atrocities which strife between nation and nation always breeds. I select two witnesses from this list. The first has been interned at Sennelager, Münster, and Celle. At one of these camps for several cold nights the prisoners had no shelter at all, and either slept on the ground or wandered about till morning. At another, a common form of punishment was to tie the prisoners by the arms and feet to trees, but so that the feet did not rest on the ground. "Have you ever undergone this punishment?" I asked. "Oh yes, I have the marks of the cord on my arms yet." "Just show them to me." "That's very easy. There." "What were the commonest offences for which this punishment was inflicted?" "Lying on the bed at any time between 6 a.m. and 6 p.m., and smoking in prohibited places." Frequently the unfortunate sufferers were in a state of collapse for hours after they were "cut down," sometimes they fainted. Nor must the responsibility for this be charged to a few ignorant soldiers. The members of a deputation that protested to the officers were sentenced to three days' solitary confinement for insubordination. At one camp a Belgian just brought in in a famishing condition, rushed for the bread-cart which, as it happened, was at the moment being dragged by some prisoners to the kitchen. My informant saw this Belgian shot dead on the spot.

The next man was a sailor. He was detained on his vessel in Bremen before Great Britain formally declared war. The sentries

in charge would make some announcement in German, of which most of the seamen on the hulk understood practically nothing. But as the latter did not forthwith carry out the order given, they were savagely thrashed with a "gummi" (rubber whip). One man was in the hospital two weeks for treatment after such a whipping. The sailor interviewed then pulled up one leg of his trousers, and showed me the marks left by the "gummi," still quite distinct after a period of seven months. He also introduced me to another seaman from the same hulk who had suffered similarly.

I cannot say that I saw, or heard of, much active ill-treatment of prisoners in Ruhleben. But few of the soldiers in charge of the barracks could, with loyalty to the facts, be called humane. Nearly all had something of the spirit of the Prussian military official, and one or two were positively brutal. At first, too, the medical attention was altogether inadequate. I heard a pathetic story from a man who had been in Ruhleben from the first day of the general internment, and who occupied a "bed" in the loft of one of the barracks, the roof of which was not completely water-tight. The fellow-prisoner who slept next to him suffered from rheumatism and diseased lungs. The soldier in charge of the barrack, finding him in bed after 7 o'clock one morning, threw water over him, dragged him out, and compelled him to dress. When the doctor saw him he ordered his immediate removal to the lazaret. The next day the man was dead.

About six months ago, when the shortage of food seemed likely to develop into an acute problem, one influential Berlin newspaper said that the Government could be relied on to see that the prisoners, civil and military, starved first, if there was to be any starvation at all. The very week I was released, Herr Heinz Potthoff, a leading light in the Progressive Radical Party, declared that hundreds of thousands of prisoners were consuming Germany's food. "If Germany sees herself obliged to choose between slaying them and surrendering what she has won by the sword, she must decide upon the former course." Some people here may not take such pronouncements quite seriously, but they contain within them a whole world of *Deutschtum*.

On two occasions all the prisoners were lined up by a general Appell, in front of the barracks, and those of German sympathies (*Deutsch gesinnt*) were called upon to stand out from the rest. On the second occasion (April 18th, 1915) about six hundred stood out, and their names were recorded. Most of these men were either of German descent, or born in Germany; they had become naturalised in England. At no time since the outbreak of the war had I to listen to more virulently anti-British sentiments than those

to which these interned "British" subjects gave vent. If I were asked to mention the one thing that made the strongest impression on my mind as the result of my incarceration, it would probably be this fact. The ceremony of renouncing their nationality seems to have been an easy one for Germans in England and our Dominions. Many of those among this element in the camp were virtually spies, one or two of them direct emissaries of the German Government. Over six months ago a prisoner indiscreetly remarked to one of these pro-Germans that he would like to put the Kaiser in the camp for a week and feed him on Ruhleben soup. This was *Majestätsbeleidigung* (*Lèse-majesté*) and cost the utterer of the "seditious" language several weeks' imprisonment in the Stadtvogtei or Alt Moabit gaol. Since then another Ruhleben prisoner has been charged with this offence. These spies also do good service for their masters in watching for, and denouncing, any prisoners reading an English newspaper, the punishment for which offence is seventy-two hours in the cells. For we did get our *Times* into the camp, though a single copy used to cost us, ultimately, about twenty marks. The story of how it came through so many barriers will not be related here. A long article on the treatment of Germans interned in England appeared in the *Berliner Tageblatt* about a week before I was released. It was with feelings akin to both indignation and amusement that we read of one outstanding grievance—the men interned in England were not receiving their German newspapers regularly.

The whole system of punishments, whether inflicted on the camp collectively or on individuals, reflected *Deutschtum* in all its littleness. Two youths under nineteen years of age break into the casino kitchen and help themselves to the good things stored there. Everybody must suffer—the sports ground is closed for two days. I knew one prisoner who was released for a period and almost immediately brought back for criticising the camp and the conditions prevailing.

For three months no newspapers, German or English, were permitted into the camp, but announcements of German victories were ostentatiously posted up at the office, or in some conspicuous place. Also, every German success, great or small, was the occasion for an insolent display of flags all over the camp.

A. D. McLAREN.

THACKERAY ON THE HUMOURIST AS HERO.

WHEN one speculates on the effects of the war on literature, one hopes that Thackeray is amongst the authors whose readers have been multiplied by the great conflict of the nations. For though he disclaims all title "to rank among the military "novelists," he was as keenly interested as a seventeenth-century dramatist in different types of men-at-arms. Some of the finest pages from his pen were inspired by episodes in the mighty contests which in the early eighteenth and nineteenth centuries England and her Allies waged against the domination of Europe by a despotic war-lord. Many a lover of the novelist must have turned anew of late to the chapters in *Esmond* that lead us from Blenheim to Malplaquet; or those in *Vanity Fair*, wherein we hear the echoes at Brussels from the field of Waterloo.

But there is another of Thackeray's works, with a less wide appeal than these two great novels, that invites renewed study in these stern days when national and individual character is being tried by such fiery tests. The lectures on *The English Humourists of the Eighteenth Century* were not intended to form a manual of literary criticism. They were an endeavour to re-create a number of representative figures against the background of the Augustan or the Hanoverian age. Except Hogarth, these humourists are all men of letters. But in Thackeray's eyes, throughout these lectures, the man of letters and the man of action are in essence the same. The happy warrior, whether he wields the pen or the sword, fights in the same spirit, is beset by kindred dangers, and in either case closes his career in victory or defeat.

The lectures were originally given in London, at Willis's Rooms, between May 21st and July 3rd, 1851, and were repeated in various towns in England and Scotland; and, in the following year, in America.* Among the audience in Willis's Rooms was Carlyle, and it is impossible to read *The English Humourists* without being struck by the remarkable resemblance of Thackeray's critical "method of approach" to that of Carlyle, especially in the lectures on *Heroes and Hero-Worship*. Thackeray chooses his group of English eighteenth-century notabilities because they are "humourists," and Carlyle his representative men of thought and

* They were first published in 1853. The recent publication of two elaborately annotated editions of them is an indication of their continued popularity.

action in all ages and countries because they are "heroes." But in each case the aim of the lecturer was to reveal the essential spirit of the men of whom he had chosen to speak. Thackeray himself took the precaution of warning his hearers at the outset that, though his subject was "Humourists," they must not expect to be entertained with "a merely humorous or facetious story."

"Harlequin without his mask is a man, full of cares and perplexities, like the rest of us, whose self must always be serious to him, under whatever mask or disguise or uniform he presents it to the public."

It is this "self" of which Thackeray is always in quest throughout his lectures; seeking to penetrate to it through the writer's works, through his letters, the records of his life, and his general environment. How closely his method approximates to that of Carlyle appears most clearly from the closing passage of the lecture on "Prior, Gay, and Pope."

"In considering Pope's admirable career, I am forced into similitudes drawn from other courage and greatness, and into comparing him with those who achieved triumphs in actual war. I think of the works of young Pope as I do of the actions of young Bonaparte or young Nelson. In their common life you will find frailties and meannesses, as great as the vices and follies of the meanest men. But in the presence of the great occasion, the great soul flashes out and conquers transcendent. In thinking of the splendour of Pope's young victories, of his merit, unequalled as his renown, I hail and salute the achieving genius, and do homage to the pen of a hero."

The comparison of Pope's "young victories" to those of Napoleon and Nelson is exactly in the spirit of Carlyle's famous declaration that "the Hero can be Poet, Prophet, King, Priest, or 'what you will, according to the kind of world he finds himself 'born into,' and that the Poet 'could not sing the Heroic warrior, 'unless he himself were at least a Heroic warrior too.'" And when we remember Pope's physical infirmities, and the limitation of his interests to the salon, the boudoir, and the schools, we feel that in comparing his early achievements to those of the mighty conqueror and seaman, Thackeray has chosen the most challenging illustration of his thesis that could be found.

In another passage in the same lecture he again emphasises the fundamental similarity of all heroic spirits:—

"Mind that there is always a certain stamp about great men; they may be as mean on many points as you and I, but they carry their great air; they speak of common life more largely and generously than common men do. . . . He who reads these noble records of a past age salutes and reverences the great spirits who adorn it."

And are there any words of Carlyle more saturated with the spirit of hero-worship than these?—

“I should like to have been Shakespeare’s shoe-black, just to have lived in his house, just to have worshipped him, to have run on his errands, and seen that sweet, serene face. I should like, as a young man, to have lived on Fielding’s staircase in the Temple, and after helping him up to bed perhaps, and opening his door with his latch-key, to have shaken hands with him in the morning, and heard him talk and crack jokes over his breakfast and his mug of small beer. Who would not give something to pass a night at the club with Johnson, and Goldsmith, and James Boswell, Esq., of Auchinleck?”

Was it because he thought that no one should venture to follow in the footsteps of James Boswell, Esq., that Thackeray did not include Johnson among his humourists? In any case, they are a dozen as they stand. If *Vanity Fair* is a novel without a hero, *The English Humourists* has no lack of them.

In his quest of eighteenth century heroes, Thackeray was naturally influenced by his own conception of what constitutes heroic character. He realised that a man may have “the great air,” in spite of faults of passion, hot blood, and improvidence. But where he found, or thought he found, meanness, sentimentality, hypocrisy, or lack of chivalry to women, his condemnation was unsparing. That is why his treatment of the humourists is so much less appreciative in some cases than in others.

The searching issues of the present world-conflict have proved with startling vividness how nobly right is Thackeray’s conception of the heroic character, whether in peace or war. When applied with complete knowledge and insight, it is a true touchstone. But if the knowledge and the insight are imperfect, even such a test may partly break down.

Take, for instance, the lecture on Swift. Thackeray recognises the lonely grandeur of his intellect and of his personality. “An “immense genius; an awful downfall and ruin. So great a man “he seems to me, that thinking of him is like thinking of an empire “falling.” An entirely apt and illuminating simile. Yet in the course of the lecture he brings charges against him which seem to me quite inconsistent with those lofty phrases:—

“If you had been his inferior in parts . . . his equal in mere social station, he would have bullied, scorned, and insulted you; if undeterred by his great reputation you had met him like a man, he would have quailed before you, and not had the pluck to reply, and gone home, and years after written a foul epigram about you—watched for you in a sewer, and come out to assail you with a coward’s blow and a dirty bludgeon. If you had been a lord with a blue ribbon, who flattered his vanity or could help his ambition,

he would have been the most delightful company in the world. . . . His servility was so boisterous that it looked like independence."

Or, again:—

"I know of few things more conclusive as to the sincerity of Swift's religion than his advice to poor John Gay to turn clergyman, and look out for a seat on the Bench. Gay, the author of *The Beggar's Opera*—Gay, the wildest of the wits about town—it was this man that Jonathan Swift advised to take orders, to invest in a cassock and bands, just as he advised him to husband his shillings and put his thousand pounds out at interest. The Queen, and the bishops, and the world were right in mistrusting the religion of that man."

Here Thackeray accuses Swift of servility and hypocrisy in the most vulgar acceptance of the terms. He is insensible to the irony which runs through the *Tale of a Tub*, and Swift's other religious and political tracts. He does not take into consideration his intellectual scorn of fanaticism, his ambition to rise that he might serve great causes in Church and State, his idealism turned sour. The problem of Swift's inmost "self" is not one that can be probed in an hour's lecture to a miscellaneous audience, even by a Thackeray. And the treatment of the Dean's relations with Stella, vivid and moving though it is, is thrown out of perspective by the assumption that Stella, "one of the saints of English story," was a victim of Swift's ill-usage, only partly atoned for by his final sacrifice in her favour of "that young woman who lived five 'doors from [his] lodgings in Bury Street."

Similarly, Thackeray's acrid estimate of Sterne is due largely to the fact that, after twenty-five years of married life, Yorick, on his own confession, was "fatigatus et ægrotus de mea uxore," and was writing philandering letters to Eliza, otherwise Mrs. Elizabeth Draper, wife of Daniel Draper, Esq., Counsellor of Bombay. Far be it from us to defend such letters, whether from Prebendaries of York or other married gentlemen in less dignified positions. But Thackeray at once assumes that all the blame lies with Sterne, and that his amorous coquettings with Eliza and other ladies were the outcome of a diseased and lachrymose sentimentality.

"I suppose Sterne had this artistical sensibility; he used to blubber perpetually in his study, and, finding his tears infectious and that they brought him a great popularity, he exercised the lucrative gift of weeping; he utilized it, and cried on every occasion. I own that I don't value or respect much the cheap dribble of those fountains. He fatigues me with his perpetual disquiet and his uneasy appeals to my risible or sentimental faculties."

Such a passage contains the proverbially dangerous half-truth. It ignores two things which are essential to a just appreciation of Sterne; that his sentimentality is shot through and through with a subtle intellectuality which gives it a unique function and value; and that this sentimentality was not merely a personal attribute of the author of *Tristram Shandy*, but was one of the predominant notes of eighteenth-century literature, from Richardson to Rousseau. If Thackeray had nothing better to say of Sterne, he would have done well to leave him alone.

Considering his harshness to Sterne, it is curious to find him so indulgent to Pope. It is true that Pope's tortuous proceedings about his correspondence had not been brought fully to light in 1851. Even so, one is scarcely prepared for the statement that, with some exceptions, including almost all his letters to women, "I do not know, in the range of our literature, volumes more "delightful." There were two things that seem to have biassed Thackeray in Pope's favour—"the constant tenderness and fidelity "of affection" towards his mother, "which pervaded and sanctified "his life"—and his merits as a literary artist. I have already quoted his tribute to Pope as a "hero," and without prejudice to the poet of Twickenham's commanding place in the literature of the Augustan age, the estimate seems to me as over-generous as that of Sterne is the reverse.

But there is another group of Thackeray's portraits of which we feel that they give us the very men as they lived and moved. Addison and Steele, Fielding and Goldsmith—each of these he knew as intimately as if they had been his contemporaries. They all belonged to the type of which he had intuitive understanding—essential nobility marred by a measure, greater or less, of human frailties. Addison, it is true, "the parson in a tye-wig," stands somewhat apart from the others. "He must have been one of the "finest gentlemen the world ever saw; at all moments of life serene "and courteous, cheerful and calm. He could scarcely ever have "had a degrading thought." Yet even he had his failing. "If he "had not had that little weakness for wine—why, we could scarcely "have found a fault with him, and could not have liked him as "we do."

Nor does Addison's critical, quizzing attitude towards the other sex satisfy Thackeray's exacting standard. Here it was that Steele, the reckless and improvident captain of Fusiliers, redressed the balance in his own favour:—

"His heart seems to warm and his eye to kindle when he meets with a good and beautiful woman; and it is with his heart, as well as with his hat, that he salutes her. About children and all that relates to home he is not less tender, and more than once

speaks in apology of what he calls his softness. He would have been nothing without that delightful weakness. It is that which gives his works their worth and his style its charm. It, like his life, is full of faults and careless blunders; and redeemed like that by his sweet and compassionate nature. . . . I own to liking Dick Steele the man and Dick Steele the author much better than much better men and much better authors."

It needed insight and courage to rehabilitate Steele in the eyes of mid-Victorian respectability which had found in Addison, chaperoned by Macaulay, a figure after its own heart. It needed yet greater boldness to proclaim aloud the essential nobility of the author of *Tom Jones* :—

"Stained, as you see him, and worn by care and dissipation, that man retains some of the most precious and splendid human qualities and endowments. He has an admirable natural love of truth, the keenest instinctive antipathy to hypocrisy, the happiest satirical gift of laughing it to scorn. His wit is wonderfully wise and detective; it flashes upon a rogue and lightens up a rascal like a policeman's lantern. He is one of the manliest and kindest of human beings."

And beside him, akin in courage and kindness, but slighter and frailer, glides the gracious figure of Goldsmith. "Your love for him is half pity. You come hot and tired from the day's battle, and this sweet minstrel sings to you. . . . He carries no weapon save the harp on which he plays to you, and with which he delights great and humble, young and old."

Was it conscious or unpremeditated art by which Thackeray, opening his lectures amidst the hurtle and thunder of the falling empire of Swift's greatness, closes them upon soft and low pastoral airs from Goldsmith's limpid verse and prose?

I have mentioned above that literary criticism as such has an insignificant place in the volume. In the opening sentence Thackeray announced that it was of the men and of their lives rather than of their books that he intended to speak. But where he incidentally plays the critic, his judgment is, as a rule, as discerning as his expression of it is terse and lucid. Take, for instance, the few sentences which catch the very spirit of Steele's style. "The great charm of Steele's writing is its naturalness. He wrote so quickly and carelessly, that he was forced to make the reader his confidant, and had not the time to deceive him. He had a small share of book-learning, but a vast acquaintance with the world." With this compare the passage in which he does homage to the craftsmanship of Pope—which is the exact antithesis of Steele's :—

"Men of letters should admire him as being one of the greatest literary artists that England has seen. He polished, he refined, he thought; he took thoughts from other works to adorn and complete his own; borrowing an idea or a cadence from another poet, as he would a figure, or a simile from a flower, or a river, stream, or any object which struck him in his walk, or contemplation of Nature."

It is curious to find Thackeray, in the middle of the nineteenth century, eulogising Pope's style with such whole-hearted fervour. He seems serenely unconscious of Wordsworth's attack on the "poetic diction" of the Augustan age, or of the pre-Raphaelite crusade on behalf of nature and simplicity which had been begun in *The Germ*, in the year before his lectures were delivered. The conscientious finish, the urbanity, the allusiveness of Pope's art appealed to kindred qualities in the novelist's own literary methods. But his enthusiasm does not stop short this side of idolatry when he declares that in the final passage of *The Dunciad*, beginning,

"She comes, she comes, the sable throne behold,
Of Night primæval and of Chaos old,"

Pope "reaches to the very greatest height which his sublime art has attained, and shows himself the equal of all poets of all times." And in quite a different field of literature, *Humphrey Clinker* gets something more than its deserts when it is voted to be "the most laughable story that has ever been written since the goodly art of novel writing began."

But to many readers the most delightful passages in the book are those in which, with a broad brush, Thackeray paints the social background against which his humourists played their parts. Here he characteristically relies not upon the historians and biographers, but upon the novelists, essayists, and caricaturists:—

"I take up a volume of Dr. Smollett, or a volume of *The Spectator*, and say the fiction carries a greater amount of truth in solution than the volume which purports to be all true. Out of the fictitious book I get the expression of the life of the time: of the manners, of the movements, the dress, the pleasures, the laughter, the ridicules of society—the old times live again, and I travel in the old country of England. Can the heaviest historian do more for me?"

"We arrive," he laments, "at places now, but we travel no more." If this could be said in 1851, what verb would the lecturer have substituted to-day? And from the fiction and periodicals of our more complex age will some magician of the twenty-first century conjure up such a picture of Georgian London before the war as Thackeray does of the capital in the time of Queen Anne?

"The Maypole rises in the Strand again; the churches are crowded with daily worshippers; the beaux are gathering in the coffee-houses; the gentry are going to the drawing-room; the ladies are thronging to the toy-shops; the chairmen are jostling in the streets; the footmen are running with links before the chariots, or fighting round the theatre doors."

He stands beside Addison as he gazes out of his window. "at Ardelia's coach as she blazes to the Drawing Room, with her coronet and six footmen, and, remembering that her father was a Turkey merchant in the City, calculates how many sponges went to purchase her ear-ring, and how many drums of figs to build her coach-box." He looks over the shoulder of Hogarth and sees "how the Lord Mayor dines in state; how the prodigal drinks and sports at the bagnio; how the poor girl beats hemp in Bridewell; how the thief divides his booty and drinks his punch at the night-cellar, and how he finishes his career at the gibbet."

As we read such passages, we are not merely catching vivid glimpses of the Capital two hundred years ago, we are being shown something of the process of Thackeray's development as a novelist. It is not an accident that the lectures on the *Humourists* were first delivered in the year before the publication of *Esmond*. Hitherto, especially in *Vanity Fair* and *Pendennis*, Thackeray had painted the life and manners of the early and middle nineteenth century. But his method was in lineal descent from that of Fielding, and by a natural impulse he turned, after a time, to the eighteenth century for a subject suited to his art in its grandest style. Here he could not rely solely on his own penetrating genius. With a lofty conception of the allegiance to truth to which the historical novelist is bound, he had set himself to master the documents which preserve the form and presence of the age of Queen Anne and her successors. Of this study the *Humourists* is the preliminary, and *Esmond* the crowning, outcome. The lectures are an imperishable possession on their own account, for their brilliant, if not always impartial portraiture, their social vignettes, their subtly modulated prose harmonies, and the light that they throw on Thackeray's conception of the heroic ideal in life and in art. But beyond this they are the antechamber through which we shall do well to pass into that glorious imaginative structure where real eighteenth century figures—Marlborough and the Pretender, Addison and Steele, mingle for ever with the offspring of the novelist's creative genius, Beatrix, Henry Esmond, Lady Castlewood—

"Forms more real than living man,
Nurslings of immortality."

F. S. BOAS.

PRISONS AND THE WAR.

THE Annual Report of the Prison Commissioners for England and Wales, just received, comes as a boon and a blessing to men. Its publication is opportune, and it would be well if a copy could reach the hands of every thinking man and woman in our land. But, alas! it is a "Blue Book," and like most of its kind, will probably be consulted only by those who seek for the information its pages afford. Official though it is, it is a most heartening production, bringing with it a message of hope. Coming to us in these days of gloom, when some men's hearts are failing them for fear, and others are using every possible means to belittle the character of their fellows, this "Blue Book" is sent like a great wave of oxygen to purify the air, to cheer the heart and brace the national nerves. It was sorely needed, for since the fateful day in August, 1914, prophets of evil both numerous and influential have lost no opportunity of informing the public of the magnitude and verity of certain evils upon which this Report throws some light. Drunkenness among women in general, and especially among soldiers' wives, was a favourite topic. Lurid, if dismal stories, were told and re-told, with circumstantial detail, until female intemperance and the wastefulness of soldiers' wives were accepted as sad and deplorable facts. It fell to my lot to prove the fallacy of some statements, and among my possessions are a number of letters from soldiers' wives and others, thanking me for championing their cause and removing the brand of shame that had been so recklessly imposed upon them.

So this Report is welcome because it tells of increased sobriety among women, because it shows the nation to be increasingly law-abiding, and shows that many of our prisons are quite unnecessary. It informs us that even the poor shoddy humanity, weaklings in mind and body, of which the great bulk of our prisoners is composed, feel that touch of Nature that makes us all kin at this particular time. And it tells, too, of the patriotism of the prison officials, and testifies to their devotion and courage. It is also welcome because it is a reflex of the great English heart, and still more welcome because it proves the Prison Commissioners to be living men with brains, hearts, wisdom, and courage.

On its opening pages we are confronted with a startling and

cheering announcement. The total number of prisoners for the year ending March 31st, 1915, was 37,320 less than the total for the previous year, the figures for last year being 150,603 prisoners of all kinds, for the present year 114,283 only. This extraordinary decrease can only be appreciated when the totals for the last ten years are considered. During the year ending March 31st, 1905, no less than 197,941 prisoners, irrespective of debtor and Courts Martial prisoners, were committed to prison; during the year ending March 31st, 1915, only 104,000 prisoners, irrespective of debtors and Courts Martial prisoners, were committed. Since the year 1905, there has been a rapid but continuous decrease in the number of committals. The year 1913-14 obtained the distinction of having reached the lowest total of committals on statistical record. To lower the record by more than 37,000 is beyond doubt extraordinary.

In order to understand the reasons for this wholesale reduction in the number of committals to prison, certain things have to be borne in mind. During the last ten years, as I have already pointed out, the prison population regularly, year by year, has decreased. In the reports issued by the Prison Commissioners during these years, we are told, more than once, that there has been a growing national obedience to law and order, and also that probation and other substitutes for imprisonment have exercised a considerable influence. It is well to bear these things in mind when estimating the influence exercised by the present war upon the prison population. If I were permitted to enumerate the reasons for the continuous reduction in the numbers of prisoners, prior to the war, I would place them as follows:—

1. In spite of labour troubles and suffrage excitement, there has been a decided advance in the obedience rendered to Law and Order.
2. There has been a decided increase in national sobriety among males and females.
3. Efficient alternatives to imprisonment have been provided by law.
4. The nation has been prosperous, times have been good, and work has been plentiful.
5. There has been a growing disinclination to commit unnecessarily to prison.

All these causes were in operation when the war was declared. That is to say, they must be considered as operating during the months of April, May, June, and July, 1914, so that the prison record of those four months must be considered apart from the war. That the war did cause a lessened supply of prisoners will be shown later on, but that apart from the decrease caused by the war, the number of prisoners was below normal, and that the most serious

kinds of crime had fallen off is evident from the fact that during the year under review only 591 were sentenced to terms of penal servitude, while in the previous year 797 were so sentenced. A diminution of 206 convicts during the year cannot be attributed to the war, though it may have caused a slight reduction.

That the war did exercise an immediate effect upon the local prison population is established by the figures given by the Prison Commissioners. They say: "The local prison population, which on August 4th, 1914, was 13,580 (11,531 males and 2,049 females) had fallen on March 31st, 1915, (7,178 males and 2,010 females)." As their figures show a reduction of 4,353 males, but only 39 in the number of female prisoners, the reduction in the number of female prisoners may appear of no moment, but in reality it is an important and encouraging fact: The wonder is that there was not a very large increase in the number of female prisoners, considering the excitement that prevailed and the opportunities and temptations that existed for immorality and drinking. Personally, I am of the opinion that even degraded and dissolute women behaved, and are behaving, exceedingly well in this time of general excitement. The Commissioners present us with figures that show that during the year the number of women received into prison for prostitution was 14 per cent. less, and the number received for drunkenness was 7 per cent. less than those of the previous year, for which year the figures for these offences were very low.

That during eight months of war, the male population of our prisons should substantially decrease is but natural, for a large number of men were withdrawn from industrial life and submitted to military discipline. Nevertheless, the sobriety and good behaviour of our male population generally is remarkable and worthy of praise, and the fact that the number sentenced to imprisonment by Courts Martial was but 470 in excess of the previous year, testifies to the splendid behaviour of the larger army of recruits who for many months were submitted to deplorable conditions, many temptations, and to a discipline that was by no means thorough.

The reduction in the number of male prisoners is accounted for as follows: Committals for offences against police regulations decreased by 44 per cent., begging and sleeping out by 38 per cent., Poor Law offences 35, burglary, housebreaking, &c., by 31, larcenies, &c., by 28, drunkenness by 26, and assaults by 18 per cent. I offer these figures because they emphasise the increasing good behaviour of the poorer classes generally, independently of any influence exercised by the war.

But another effect of the war upon the prison population was a

positive reduction in the average health, strength, and capabilities of the prisoners. Even in times of peace, prisoners generally are marked by inferior stature, weight, physique, and intelligence. Comparatively few possess both sound mind and body, many of them are fit subjects for detention in places other than prison. But prison contained a certain number of young men fit for military training, who in ordinary times would have been refused admission to the army. But the times not being ordinary times, the privilege of living or dying for their country was no longer denied them. Many of them joined the forces, and prison knew them no longer. But their absence left the prison population the weaker and more shoddy. In a word, the prison population, after their departure, was composed mostly of habitual offenders and weaklings. The Prison Commissioners in this Report call attention to this matter, and the Medical Commissioner enlarges upon it. I wish to emphasise it, because I want by-and-bye to give a word of praise to poor shoddy humanity.

It is evident that the Prison Commissioners anticipated the steady decrease in the number of prisoners to continue. They made their arrangements accordingly, and were not disappointed, for they tell us "that this remarkable fall in the prison population "has relieved a difficulty which had arisen owing to the sudden "departure on the outbreak of war of so many reservists from the "prison staffs. It also became possible for the Commissioners to "grant permission to enlist from all ranks who sent in applications, "twenty-nine superior officers, including the surveyor, twenty-three clerks, and 548 subordinate officers having joined the "forces since the outbreak of war." A gallant six hundred, of whose record the Commissioners are justly proud, for thirty-one have been killed, twenty-five wounded, four are missing, six prisoners of war; four of the subordinate staff have been given commission rank, and two have been awarded the Distinguished Conduct medal. It is right to say that the Commissioners could not have allowed this wholesale departure of their servants and have given such magnificent help to the country had they not held the positive conviction that the decreasing number of prisoners would still further decrease. But this service to the country did not stand alone, for the diminution of prisoners enabled the Commissioners to hand over to the military authorities the prisons at Devizes, Lewes, Hereford, Chelmsford, and Knutsford, portions of the prisons of Stafford, Wandsworth, Wakefield, and Parkhurst. Here an extraordinary but satisfactory state of things is revealed. The prison staff reduced by six hundred, five prisons closed, and the daily average of prisoners lessened by 2,000.

It is only just to the Commissioners, and incidentally to the

country generally, to say that the Commissioners, prior to the war, had contemplated the closure of some prisons, and the adaptation of others to specific purposes. Yet in spite of these drawbacks, the gross value of prison labour was £1,700 in advance of the previous year. In normal times there would have been a decrease of more than £32,000. How did this industrial miracle come about? It is easy to find the answer. The Commissioners seized the opportunity and secured an abundance of remunerative and interesting work, work that carried with it the conviction that it was useful work, helpful to the country in its time of need. So oakum picking disappeared, the senseless round of monotonous and useless tasks ceased, the physical dead march ended. A divine fury for work, for activity, for usefulness possessed the prisoners, and idleness disappeared. Order prevailed, prison offences almost vanished, physical chastisement was seldom required. Newcastle Prison reports: "It is a delight day by day to watch the zealous industry of both men and women. Idleness is unknown, and applications for still more work are frequent. Prisoners regard the extra hours of labour and Sunday work as a privilege." Pentonville reports: "Everyone seems to understand that he is working, not because he is compelled to work, but because he is helping his country." At Stafford Prison "the prisoners ask for work and still more work, and sometimes have to be asked to stop at 10 p.m."

Every day the prisoners turned out no less than 5,000 articles for war service. When I think of the hurrying activities of the poor smitten humanity, of their desire to be of service, and of their hours of devoted labour, my heart goes out to them. Many of them doubtless are old friends of mine, and I am glad, because it is very hopeful even though it is very pitiful. I rejoice that the Commissioners seized the opportunity, and profoundly do I hope that never again will the cry for work, interesting work, go up to Heaven from our English prisons.

Surely the Commissioners may, with very good grace, tell us that "additional diet has been given," and certainly no one will complain that the prisoners are once each week made "acquainted with the progress of the war by land and sea." Why not? they are citizens, they are workers, they are giving of their best; they are of some service, and they know it. This teaches a lesson that needs to be learned and enforced. Convince men that they are useless and they are damned. Prove to them that they are of service and they are ennobled, for service is the breath of life and the very germ of manhood. Even the poor and wretched long for some chance of rendering service, and of knowing that they too have some share in the one great human heart.

The Commissioners give well-merited praise to their depleted staff, upon whom the heavier duties necessarily fell. They, too, gave ungrudged service, longer hours, many of them willingly giving up their annual holiday without a murmur. All this is good, and that is why I say this "Blue Book" is a reflex of the country's heart. But I must not, in praising prisoners and officials, forget what is due to others. Let us see what the Report has to say about the drunkenness of women, and the worthlessness of soldiers' wives:—

"It has been frequently stated that since the outbreak of war there has been an increase in drunkenness among women. So far as prison statistics can afford proof, the information received from the majority of prisons does not support that statement."

"The women received on conviction for the offence of drunkenness has fallen from 15,149 in 1913-14, to 14,045 in the year under review, a decrease of 7 per cent."

"At Birmingham, Durham, Liverpool, and Manchester, the decrease has been greater, amounting to 16 per cent. At two prisons only, Newcastle and Plymouth, is any substantial increase recorded, where the numbers have risen from 481 to 566 and from 47 to 74 respectively."

At Birmingham since the outbreak of war, a decrease in cases of drunkenness has been no less than 40 per cent. At Cardiff the figures were 451 for the previous year and 376 for the present year. At Holloway (the only London female prison) the committals since last August were 8,386, as compared with 9,343 for the same period in the preceding year. With regard to the delinquencies of soldiers' wives, Birmingham reports: "It is believed that only four women were received that were in receipt of separation allowance, and only three were in receipt of charitable allowance." Holloway reports "that during the eight months, only thirty-six women were in receipt of separation allowance, and it is encouraging to note that the percentage of wives and mothers committed to Holloway is relatively negligible. While some women are admittedly foolish and thriftless, there is no reason to doubt that as a class these womenfolk are doing their duty at home faithfully and loyally." It is well for us to have this testimony, and it is to be hoped that some of our Bishops and certain ladies will hesitate before they again make the charge of increased female intemperance.

It may be said that the prison records are not in themselves sufficient, and that they do not disprove the charge of growing insobriety amongst women. Quite so! but the police-court statistics are not yet available; when they are I venture to say that they will bear witness to the increasing sobriety of English women, notwithstanding the fact that a number of wild, dissolute

women are repeatedly charged. But at present it is sufficient that this Report gives no evidence in support of the indictment brought against women generally, and against soldiers' wives in particular.

But the Prison Commissioners are not satisfied with all that appertains to their little world; they have their grievance, and they make it public. The prison population is still too large, the continuous decrease must still further decrease. The number of committals is still too large, for thousands ought never to be sent to prison. It is evident that the Prison Commissioners are anxious to work themselves out of work and to commit professional suicide. But they prove their case easily enough. They are particularly indignant over the numerous committals of youths between sixteen and twenty-one years of age for small offences, and contend that the alternative to imprisonment established by statute ought to be, and must be, more freely used. They are determined that Section I. of the Criminal Justice Administration Act, which came into force in December, 1914, shall be put in active operation, or they will know the reason why. This Section makes it obligatory (not permissive) on the part of all magistrates to allow an offender not less than seven clear days before committal to prison, in which to pay any fine imposed, provided that the offender has a fixed abode within the jurisdiction of the court, or in the absence of any special reason.

The wisdom and justice of this enactment becomes manifest from a consideration of prison statistics, which show that every year about one-half of the total number of prisoners, be that total large or small, are imprisoned in default of payment of fines. I have previously in *THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW* pointed out that during the ten years ending 1910 nearly one million persons were imprisoned in England and Wales alone for not being able to pay promptly the fines imposed upon them—last year the number was reduced to 51,392, or 49.9 per cent. of the total committals. It is disappointing to find that out of the total of 4,721 males received into prison in default of payment of fines since December last—that is, in the four months during which the Act had been in operation, 1,011 only had been allowed time to pay before committal, while in the case of 3,710 no time had been allowed. With regard to women, the case was even worse; for out of a total of 4,211 committals, 515 only had been allowed time for payment. The Commissioners may very well complain that the Act is not being fairly used. They are especially severe about the continued and unnecessary committal of youthful prisoners, and supply figures that bring a grave indictment against Courts of Summary Jurisdiction. It appears that 1,973 juvenile adult prisoners were received during the year, of whom 69 per cent. were

first offenders and 52 per cent. were committed in default of payment of fines, and what is more significant, 23 per cent. paid their fines after reception into prison. From this statement it is obvious that at least 234 youths were unnecessarily imprisoned, in all probability the number was much larger, as 353 of the fines did not exceed 10s., and 352 others did not exceed 20s. Out of the total of committals (1,973) no less than 1,020 were for non-payment of fines.

Well may the Commissioners tell us that they have given instruction to the governors of prisons to report every committal of persons of this age, with such information as they may be able to obtain. "We shall then make it our duty to call the attention of the Secretary of State to any case where, in our opinion, advantage might have been taken of the powers conferred by Section I. of the Act." This is a threat which, if carried out, will entail a certain amount of unpleasantness, but I am persuaded that nothing less will suffice to bring home to some Courts the importance of rendering a cheerful obedience to certain clauses of the Criminal Justice Administration Act. They can render this drastic action of the Commissioners altogether unnecessary, prevent considerable friction, and confer benefit upon the whole community by obeying in spirit and substance. If they do not, it is evident that the Commissioners will indict the offending Courts before the Home Office, for, as I have pointed out, the Commissioners are by no means lacking in courage and determination.

And truly it is difficult to find any sensible reason for the continuance of this evil, against which some of us have protested for half a lifetime. When we inquire closely into the matter, we are faced with some strange anomalies that exist under the present conditions. Numbers of youths who are deliberately dishonest, cover their dishonesty by falsification of accounts, rob the innocent, and spend their gains in senseless waste, are dealt with under the Probation Act, which means that nothing happens to them except that they are placed for a time under the supervision of a kind-hearted probation officer, whose duty it is to inspire and encourage the delinquents to better things and provide them with new situations. Against this I have nothing to say except this, that these offenders are very seldom ordered to make restitution to the innocent persons they have robbed. Yet the Probation Act gives positive power to Courts to make such orders when the offenders are placed on probation.

Very different is the case with lads who are charged with offences against police regulations, breaches of bye-laws, gambling, or adventuring their halfpence in a game of "pitch and toss." For these heinous offences no kindly probation officers are ready to

give inspiration and friendly guidance. They are promptly fined, for their offence is rank; they must pay, and pay promptly, or go to prison. Surely such procedure is wrong! I have some doubts as to its legality. Yet this method prevails in our Children's Courts, for there youthful disorder is fined, while youthful dishonesty is practically rewarded. But the Probation Act provides for these young offenders being placed on probation, and the Criminal Justice Act provides for them being placed under "super-vision" until their fines are paid. Hence the wrath of the Commissioners; neither of these alternatives is largely used. The Commissioners appear determined that they shall be utilised, and surely one cannot blame them, for they tell us that thirty juvenile adults were sentenced to one day, 183 to five days, 355 to more than five days but not exceeding seven days, thirty-eight to over fourteen days but not exceeding twenty-one days, and 140 to between three weeks and a month's imprisonment. In all, 1,020 lads were sent to prison for very short sentences, whose fines in 353 cases were less than 10s., and in 352 cases were above 10s. but did not exceed 20s.

The disastrous consequences attending short terms of imprisonment have been insisted on for years. The Commissioners quote with approval the following passages in the Report of the Borstal Committee for Wakefield Prison: "There is not a single redeeming feature in a short sentence; it carries with it all the social stigma and industrial penalties of imprisonment, with no commensurate gain to the offender or the community. If there still remains in the minds of the administrators of justice the obsolete and exploded theory that prison is essentially a place for punishment, and for punishment alone, for the expiation of offences in dehumanising, senseless tasks and arbitrary discipline, truly there could be devised no more diabolical form of punishment than short sentences oft repeated."

I have previously expressed my opinion about the courage of the Prison Commissioners, but after seeing their endorsement and approval of the above passage I am the more confirmed in my opinion, for here we have the prison system condemned, root and branch. But they know, as no one else knows, that short sentences served in youth are the main recruiting factors for the army of prisoners of older growth. Holding these opinions, founded on long experience and mature judgment, the Prison Commissioners are more than justified in their crusade against the unnecessary imprisonment of impulsive youths. In that crusade every patriotic Englishman will wish them a speedy and complete success.

THOMAS HOLMES.

THE UNIVERSITY OF A SMALL NATION.

A SMALL nation is a well-defined racial aggregate of relatively scanty population and territory, whether sovereign, like Belgium and Serbia, a group of city-states politically separate or loosely federated, like ancient Greece, or embodied as a component unit in a larger state, like Scotland, Ireland, and Wales.

Running through these types there is the common factor described by the Athenians in their reply to the Spartan envoys who visited Athens in 479 B.C.*:—

“Again, there is our common brotherhood with the Hellenes, our common language, the altars and the sacrifices of which we all partake, the common character which we bear. . . . Know then now, if ye have not known it before, that while one Athenian remains alive we will never join alliance with Xerxes.”

Out of these distinctive conditions spring common ideals, meaning standards or upward limits of national conduct, ever unattainable though ever binding, principles of interpretation of world-problems (such as Plato's canons of education in the *Republic*—that God is good and the author of good and not of evil), neither mystical aspiration nor sentiment merely though tinged with both, but conditions of wellbeing and stability, economic no less than ethical and spiritual, and, lastly, landmarks or beacons of social progress for the small nation itself and the larger unit of which it forms part, or to which it is neighbour.

Of these ideals, the foremost is freedom in the whole scope of its meaning. Herodotus tells us not only that the Greeks had observed that the men of Xerxes's army worked under the lash, but also how intensely the Athenians grieved when the Greek city of Miletus, the cradle of science and philosophy in Asia Minor, was captured by the Persians in 494 B.C., four years before Marathon. Therefore they withstood the invader to the death. Consequently philosophy, history, and art flourished like wild flowers in the soil of the free democracy of Athens, even through

* *Herodotus*, VIII. 144.

the tempest-ridden days of the internecine Peloponnesian War. The touchstone of an ideal is that a nation is willing to die for it, and conversely the touchstone of a nation is that it is capable of perishing for an ideal.

What makes the ideals of small nations so valuable to man is the cost at which they have been acquired. Swept and harried by successive onsets of overwhelming assailants, defensive war is ingrained in their fibre; equally rooted is their longing for the peace which is the prize of successful resistance. Heroism in defence and aspiration after perpetual peace thus alike become part of their consciousness as ideals. Even in the same breath as the heroism of ancient Athens, it will be agreed that it is not unmeet to quote an example of these blended ideals from modern Wales, if one only reflects that Wales is a unit of the British Empire and situated at its centre, and that the occasion of their emergence was in the opening years of the nineteenth century, a juncture more fateful than any these islands have yet encountered, except that which now confronts them. Dewi Wyn was a Welsh poet, who was born in the parish of Llanystumdwy, Carnarvonshire, in 1784, and lived there until his death in 1841. The reader of his *Ode in Praise of the Island of Britain* (1805) will find loyalty to the throne and defence against the alien foeman proclaimed with an intensity and width of imaginative vision unsurpassed even by the vindication of the kindred ideals of human brotherhood, universal peace, and diffused well-being in his odes *Charity* (1819), and *Address to the Working Men* (1820).

Subject to constant economic pressure, the small nations have all alike to conquer a hard-won subsistence on the mountain slope, on the dunes of the coast, or by adventure on the vaster expanse of the sea. Though they cling to their homes with a limpet-like tenacity, their tenure is always insecure. Thus they gather a wealth of national experience of struggles, sufferings, mistakes, and the deductions drawn therefrom by their greater personalities, which are recorded as lessons for after ages. This purpose first becomes explicit in Thucydides' *History of the Peloponnesian War*.^{*} In the *Gorgias* of Plato it assumes the form of the dramatic dialogue, in which Sophoclean irony is brought into play, one of the principal weapons in the spiritual equipment of the small nations. The very words used by the doomed victim reveal his unconsciousness of his tragic plight. To the spectator, who is in the secret of destiny, they spell ruin for individual and nation

^{*} I. 22. "But if he who desires to have before his eyes a true picture of the events which have happened, and of the like events which may be expected hereafter to happen in the order of human things, shall pronounce what I have written to be useful, then I shall be satisfied. My history is an everlasting possession, not a prize composition to be heard and forgotten."

alike. But these, alas! are substantially* the words offered to the people and the University students of Germany as a gospel in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. If the experiences of ancient Greece are not finally repudiated as irrelevant and contemptible in scale beside those of modern Europe, it will only be because the small nations persist in perishing as witness for their validity.

Thucydides was moved to write the *History* and Plato the *Gorgias* by a motive which grew in clearness and strength as the meaning of the events of their time came home to them by intense study. It might be expressed in a word by saying that Greece had arrived at the stage of recognising the need of a national University. The Academy of Plato was founded by him to be the organised expression of the ideals of the nation in response to the deepest-felt need of the time. It was resorted to by the ablest youth of all the cities of Hellas. Plato's deliberate purpose in this movement may be further illustrated from the opening passages of his latest dialogue, the *Laws*. There he formulates the ideal of peace,† and in indissoluble dependence thereon, that ideal of education which the successors of Plato, Pestalozzi in Switzerland, Robert Owen in Wales, and Madame Montessori in Italy, have held aloft in our own era.

At the Congress of the Universities of the Empire held in London some three or four years ago, the question of special provision for research students came under discussion. In a conversation held

* Plato, *Gorgias*, 483-4: "And it is plain in many instances that this is so, not only in all the other animals, but also in mankind in entire States and races, that right I mean is decided to consist in this, that a stronger should bear rule and have the advantage over the weaker. For by what right did Xerxes invade Greece, or his father Scythia? or in any other of the ten thousand similar cases of the kind that might be produced? No, no, these men no doubt follow nature in acting thus—aye, by my faith, and law too, the law of nature; not, however, I daresay, that which *we* frame by way of moulding the characters of the best and strongest of us . . . telling them that they must be content with their fair share, and that this is the meaning of fairness and justice. But I fancy when there arises a man of ability he flings off all these restraints and bursts them asunder, and makes his escape; and trampling under foot all our written enactments, and juggleries, and spells, and laws, clean against nature every one of them, our slave arises up against us and shows himself our master, and *then* natural justice shines forth in its true light."—(*Trans.* E. M. Cope.)

The corresponding passage of Thucydides is also a dialogue, where the dramatic irony is no less intense. See the *Melian Dialogue* in Thucydides, Book V., 85-113, and especially chapters 89 and 105.

† Plato, *Laws*, 628: "For what men in general would term peace would be said by them (*i.e.*, by the founders of the Cretan régime) to be a mere name; in reality, every city is in a natural state of war with every other. . . . All institutions, public and private, were arranged by them with a view to war." In place of this, the Athenian Stranger lays down what may be described as a new law of human organisation as follows: "But war, whether external or civil, is not the best, and the need of either is to be deprecated, but peace with one another and good will are best. . . . And in like manner no one can be a true statesman, whether he aims at the happiness of the individual or the State, who looks only or first of all to external warfare; nor will he ever be a sound legislator who orders peace for the sake of war, and not war for the sake of peace."

afterwards between some of the delegates, including one from Australia and another from North America, a descendant of Presbyterian emigrants from Scotland, the latter's attitude was one of cautious misgiving as to whether the University of Wisconsin had not more to teach concerning research and the diffusion of its results than the Universities of Britain, as to which very likely he was right. The present writer suggested that the tide of migrating research students had begun to turn back from Germany to Britain, instancing Cambridge, Manchester, and Liverpool; and, growing bolder as he realised that a University, if it is anything, is more than itself, as being the expression of the intellectual individuality of the country to which it belongs, he pointed to the way in which the philosophic bent and tradition of Scotland had been manifested, for example, in the interpretation of Plato by Lewis Campbell at St. Andrews and by Edward Caird at Glasgow and Oxford.

This example has since received notable confirmation in the Platonic studies of Professors Burnet and Taylor of St. Andrews, culminating in the former's "Thales to Plato."* Plato's *Apology of Socrates* in the hands of certain critics is sublimated into pure fiction. Professor Burnet offers his readers as the sole alternatives either the nihilism of this school or his own vindication of the Platonic Socrates as historical reality. Without pronouncing lightly on so far-reaching a challenge, we may venture to say that Professor Burnet, by his reverently receptive attitude, has succeeded in strengthening his readers' sense of the reality of the ideal of human worth and human destiny for which Socrates gave up his life. These things are to the small nations even yet an "ever-lasting yea," inviolate in its intrinsic significance, like Ben Nevis or Snowdon in the visible scene, beacons for man's guidance amid the vicissitudes of his unfolding destiny.

Without disparagement of what Germany has achieved, and yet under happier auspices will achieve, for that criticism which is a revelation of the past and a key to the future, it is obvious that criticism is no longer to be standardised to one type. What if the Greek thinkers, instead of being true to their own individuality, had turned to defending materialism instead of exposing it, and if the Tragedians and Thucydides had exhibited its dramatic movement in human action as thus vindicated and justified? True to their own genius and their own nationality, they embodied in their literature a defence against its advances more permanent than any battlements.

Thus it still rests with the small nations and their Universities, while equipping themselves with the weapons and profiting by the

* *Greek Philosophy: Part I. Thales to Plato. 1914.*

accumulated materials of modern science, to bring to bear, for the assistance of the commonwealth of nations, the sifted and garnered wealth of their distinctive traditions and experience.

The practical operation of this principle in the case of the Principality of Wales is not unworthy of citation even in this connection. It is of general interest as being typical, and none the less valuable because it is a contemporary growth, the University and its Constituent Colleges dating only from 1872. The University College of Aberystwyth was founded in that year, those of Cardiff and Bangor respectively in 1883 and 1884. The University Charter was granted in 1893.* The Charters of the National Library of Wales and the National Museum of Wales were both granted in 1907. The Welsh system of Intermediate Schools, on which the possibilities of University education, whether it be regarded as the education of the mind and character, or as the instrument of the advance of knowledge, so vitally depend, was established in 1889.

The University of Wales was founded by the direct action of the people to be at once the organised expression of their higher life, and a key to the interpretation for Wales of the corresponding inheritance of other nations. For nationality, rightly conceived, is a means of envisaging the deepest things that man has in common, by the aid of their varied setting in the individual outlook or angle of vision of a particular people, through which means alone it can apprehend and communicate them.

About ten years ago the University and its Colleges passed through an anxious phase, which ended in the renewed recognition and acceptance by the Government of the claim of Wales to the aid of the State in developing her intellectual resources on a scale more adequate to her nationality and its attendant needs and conditions. This aid is sought not alone for the sake of Wales, but as a means of fitting her to serve the kingdom as a whole. The weapon for that purpose is the collective zeal, talent, and character of the people. That is an asset so valuable that the assistance received and still needed will be repaid to the State by the benefit to the kingdom of a trained and educated Welsh nation. The meagre grants were then increased, and the whole outlook of the University and Colleges was thereby changed for the better. In the light of the work done or brought to a completion during this brief period, we may say that Wales has at any rate made a fresh beginning of advance in study and research in the things of the mind and their application to the promotion of human welfare, which is of rich promise for her intellectual future. The University teachers and students as a whole responded to the

* The latest account of the University movement is that which is given in the lately-published *Life of the late Principal Viriamu Jones* by his widow.

full extent of the opportunity. One common feature which marks their projects is to consider higher study and research from the standpoint of nationality as a key to advance in knowledge. With its aid subjects such as language, literature, and history, and even a wide range of pure and applied science, assume a new meaning. So far from being narrowed they gain in suggestiveness for knowledge as a whole, while in relation to the inherited aptitudes and social and industrial needs of Wales they have an added interest which illuminates the whole field of education.

There is much that could be given in detailed illustration of this statement. One example has been given above, in the case of the poet Dewi Wyn, which suggests the value of the modern literature of Wales as a factor in a liberal education.

By the right use of the means now available, the University and the Intermediate Schools can bring the youth of Wales under the influence of the national literature as powerfully as St. Paul's School made its curriculum, as reformed by Colet, felt on the school studies and subsequent writings of Milton.*

Dewi Wyn's poetry could hardly have come into the curriculum of any Welsh school before 1906, for that is the date of the first popular selection of his writings.† But, happily, there is one thing even better than the study of great poetry in school, and that is to have inherited at first hand, as some of the Welshmen of the Victorian age were privileged to do, the inspiration of that poetic awakening. Dewi Wyn was a plain and simple man, but the example at least helps a Welshman to understand the tribute of Mr. Gladstone, himself a nation-maker, to Homer, when he says:—"The poet seeks to fashion his country, to glorify his country, to make known his country's crown in the highest developments of character to which human nature, by the means which were in his view, could reach."‡

The study of the ancient literature, and especially of the Welsh romances of the *Mabinogion*, during the last twenty-five years is gradually revivifying the imagination and informing the character of the people by admitting it to the franchise of its own past. In the Sciences—for example in Geology, Anthropology, Archæology, and Agriculture—the same attitude of mind is yielding a corresponding result. In Medicine, the proposal to develop the single medical school in Wales, viz., at Cardiff, is designed to train to a high point of efficiency the inherited skill of

* See *Milton as Schoolboy and as Schoolmaster*. A. F. Leach. 1908.

† *Dewi Wyn, Llanuwchllyn: Ab Owen*. 1906. This is the ninth volume of a series called *Cyfres y Fil*, which now contains about 40 volumes of ancient and modern Welsh literature.

‡ *Landmarks of Homeric Study*. W. E. Gladstone. 1890. P. 106.

the Cymric people in the treatment of disease, and then bring it to bear on needs and problems which urgently present themselves in Glamorgan and Monmouth, whose population is increasing more rapidly than that of any corresponding areas in any part of the kingdom.

Teachers and students imbued with this standpoint would be the last to claim perfection for their methods, or that what they have done is more than a beginning. Anyone who has reflected on the needs of a nation is much more inclined to ask who can cope with them than to be contented with what is being done. If, however, they can approach their work in some such spirit, they will be less likely, though misunderstanding the present, to miss the opportunity of the future. They have learned once for all that its Universities are at the heart and centre of a nation's life, and that the manner in which they interpret and fulfil their function is consequently of great importance for good or evil.

T. F. ROBERTS.

MRS. EMILY CRAWFORD.

ON December 30th, after a few hours' illness, passed away, at Clifton, at the age of eighty-four, one of our most distinguished journalists, and a former contributor to this REVIEW. An Irishwoman by birth and a Frenchwoman by her residence from quite early life in the France that she loved, she carried an open and vivacious mind into the many-sided life of the French capital, and in her career as a journalist came in contact, not only with many of the royalties, foremost statesmen, and literary men of Europe, but was a sharer in some of the great events whose significance is renewed by the Great War. She married Mr. Crawford in 1864, and her married life was a most happy one. She soon threw all her interest into his work as Paris correspondent of the *Daily News*. She also later on became a regular contributor to *Truth*. For Mr. Labouchere she had a real appreciation. Her last article for *Truth* came out on the morning of her death. She also wrote for several years for the *New York Tribune* and other American papers. During the last years of her husband's life she carried on most of the correspondence with the *Daily News*. He died in 1885. After that date she continued her work until growing infirmity made it advisable to seek a quieter home than Paris, and she retired, ten years ago, to Senlis. There she remained writing, reading, pouring out from her well-furnished mind and wonderful memory stories and reflections on events she had lived through. Early in September, 1914, the imminent destruction by the Germans of Senlis obliged her, with much sorrow, to leave the little peaceful inn of "Les Arènes." With much difficulty and with tender care, her son, Robert, succeeded in getting her safe to the home of her elder son at Clifton, and in this neighbourhood she remained till her death. Those who knew her best much regretted that she did not put on permanent record her many experiences—her vivid stories of the later years of Napoleon III., of the death of the Emperor Maximilian of Mexico, of the Siege of Paris in 1870, of the Commune, of France's wonderful recovery to fairly normal life, of the friendship with Gambetta, Clemenceau, Victor Hugo, and with M. Carnot and many other French statesmen. Her mischievous amuse-

ment in describing some of the foibles as well as the virtues of the royal and other distinguished persons who crowded on to her stage would have made excellent reading, and would, perhaps, have thrown light on what has now become history. She was a born journalist, but there was a far deeper side to her nature than that of being merely a sprightly recorder and interpreter of public events. Those who knew her best realised this in many a long conversation, recalled now that they are, alas! at an end. She lived in large subjects, and did not worry herself about being conventional. In her later years in Paris she constantly slept in a little bedroom in her office. It saved her some trouble, and in answer to us more commonplace persons who wanted her to be more comfortable she laughed and said she "felt like a bird on a bough." A quiet domestic life was certainly not to her taste, yet her sons were devoted to her and shared intimately the thoughts of her life. She had her prejudices, and some were unreasonable. And her judgments of character were sometimes too hastily formed to be just. Her predisposition in favour of French nationality, habits, tone, made her at times unduly critical of us more stodgy English. Yet some of her strongest admirations and esteem were for friends in England, of whom one was the late editor of this REVIEW.

MARY H. L. BUNTING.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT.

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MEN O' MYSTERY.

THERE is probably no countryside which is sufficiently far from a great town to make it a real countryside with all the appurtenances thereof, that has not got its man of mystery, and very often (though the fully credited witch is rare to-day) its woman of mystery. It is in the study of these characters that one touches the real nature of the district. They represent, no doubt in an exaggerated form, the peculiar characteristics that the environment and daily life of the place has stamped into the souls of the people. In most of the population these characteristics are hidden from any but the very intimate observer by shyness, by a small vocabulary, by little leisure, and by fatigue during such leisure as there is. Every now and again, however, an exceptional creature is born, who knows neither real shyness nor fatigue, who has a gift of humour, and a considerable vocabulary. In him or her the native characteristics shine, too obviously perhaps; but in such a fashion as to give a key, if one will but use it, to the inner hearts of all the people. The very brightness of these men's natures makes, in most cases, steady agricultural toil impossible, though they work hard enough in their own mysterious ways. They are not rogues or vagabonds, though they have often been so classed, and are, indeed, the link between the merry tramp and the folk *adscripti glebæ*. For the most part they have a private profession which they pursue in earnest in addition to the more or less casual farm labour which gives them a rooted place in the entirely respectable, sturdy society to which they belong, and which at heart they love. These private professions vary according to locality, but may be broadly classed as in some form or fashion either botanical or faunal. They gather mushrooms and strange roots and herbs of rare kinds, specimens of much sought-for plants

and flowers; they find, too, strange beasts for strange markets, such as public and private zoos; they poach for bird and fish; they are the secret handmen of masters of hunts; they are the real lords of nature as we know it in out-of-the-way England. It is strange that so bald a sentence as this should raise so many sights and scenes and dreams in the mind of those who know the type. It seems a simple thing just to find and gather and take to market things licit and illicit. But it is not simple, and it is a joy that probably transcends in the doer most of the joys that human beings find in daily life.

To unlock the doors of nature seems to be our goal here. To the mathematician and the scientist, working in study or laboratory, there is a rare and wonderful joy as law reveals itself and acts as a key to a new puzzle, a new mystery unsuspected till the old mystery is solved. Such men lead a life that is quite apart from their common life in the work-a-day, rest-a-bit world. In that other life the transcendental side of their nature comes to light, and they dwell in a world that is pure thought and pure æsthetic combined, something wonderful and lovely, from which they turn with a sigh to serve necessity. To the man o' mystery in the wild countryside there are likewise two lives: the one that he lives with his fellows, a life full of earnestness, not devoid of pleasure or interest, a life that for its physical and intellectual enjoyment centres round that quite admirable club, the *Anchor in Hope*, where on Saturday nights ploughmen and shepherds meet and talk of peace and war, and recreate themselves with the noble games of darts and dominoes and up-codd'em, and drink the rather thin, and, to be strictly accurate, the very infrequent, local beer. There is much to be said for the life of an agricultural labourer. It is infinitely more interesting than that of a town worker, and under a good master the labourer is far happier than men in towns earning five times the money. Every farmer who loves his men, and therefore farms successfully, will confirm the fact. Intercourse with nature is full of surprises, gives scope for judgment, and for the prophetic spirit, devoted in towns to gambling; is healthy, and on the whole, hopeful. This is the work-a-day, rest-a-bit life of the man o' mystery. He cannot do without it and would not do without it. It is his "earth here," and he is an intrinsic part of the life. But he has his earthly heaven and his transcendental life besides, and though it makes him an unreliable; or even a merely casual, farm hand, and though his fellows secretly look askance at him while he affords them infinite merriment, yet he cannot do without this other life, and he seeks it late and early; very late and very early, when the owl is going to bed and the

lark is getting up, and *vice versâ*. He can tread on a twig without cracking it; he can deceive the owl with his call, the fox with his bark, the peewit with his cry. He is a man of deceit and knowledge, and devious are his ways. The badger and the grass-snake are friends of his, and he has seen the cuckoo carrying eggs to a strange home. He is lord of the woods, the meadow, and the stream, the teller of tales, the master of folk-lore, the weather-propnet, the lover of children, the favourite (despite all suspicions) of the farm kitchen and its young men and maidens, when the wind shrieks round the farm on a winter's Saturday night, and suddenly he appears out of the tempest—a man o' mystery, with bright eyes and even voice, greeting them from the unknown, and bearing gifts from the wild: a hare, a salmon, or a pheasant it may be, or haply only such mushrooms as never were.

Come in with him for a moment; or, better still, be such a farm visitor and such a friend of his that when he sees you he greets you with a special smile, and makes ready to tell you something that he knows you want to know, some secret of the "blasted heath." The scene is one to stir the imagination. The great stone-floored kitchen is alive with firelight which, flashing on many faces with moments of comparative darkness, gives *chiaroscuro* effects that suggest witchery. The great chimney is a place of mystery, with many things hidden in its dark recesses. The rattered-roof is dark and hard with wood peat smoke, and harbours mysterious packages hung aloft to dry. Above the wooden table near the window that looks into the huge farmyard, hangs a lamp that shines down on the mistress of the farm, mending great stockings; a pleasant, rather stern face, that lightens up as Fred Harrage glides in. Across the kitchen from the window is the door into the fresh, white dairy, where great pans of milk await skimming in the morning. Close to the fire is the farmer, a vast, dark man of few words and sober mind, but with a gift of humour. In a half-circle from him round the fire are several farm hands, some boys apprenticed to the land, two sons—still boys, two older daughters, a dairymaid, and a friend from the farm across Close Lane. All turn as Fred enters with his greeting: "Good evenin', friends; a capful o' rain before morning, I think. "The wind is talking about rain in Blackwood to-night." "Have you just come through Blackwood, this night o' all nights? I "wouldn't go through that there wood night-time at all, I tell "you, Fred. Did you see it?" "Why not," said Fred, unbuttoning a coat that was a maze of huge pockets, drawing from one of them, with the hand of a master, a hare still warm and pathetic, and placing the same with an air of assumed modesty on the table before Mrs. Multon. "Why not? 'Tis a moonshiny

"night. But I did see it. 'Twor a white stag in my judgment."
" 'Tis the Devil they do say," said Mrs. Multon, "and all do know that it did gore a score o' sheep last Lammas, as well as old Mrs. Zippin's white donkey." "Nonsense, maids' and owd 'ooman's tales," said Mr. Multon. "There wor no sheep gored to speak of last Lammas, save two that wor caught by t' owd cow. The white donkey wor gored by a loose fence. There is no sense in this talk."

"I believe in the beast," said Mrs. Multon, "but them as have seen it do know best. Tell us all that you did see, Fred."
" 'Twor like this," said Fred, as he stretched his gaitered legs before the fire and quaffed home-brewed ale after a stout attack on excellent bread, cheese, and butter. "And, mind you, I do think that theer be nothing mysterious in it, save what do be mysterious everlastingly in Nature and the blessed woods."

Then Fred, his left hand playing in his grizzled short beard, and a dreamy look shining out of the strange round pale blue eyes, eyes that made the pale face seem something quite out of the common run of human faces, discoursed at large on the mysteries of nature and this mystery in particular. It was when he was in this mood that all the countryside loved him, for he said what all the men and women thought but could not say.

"I do feel the spring already, although it be not Valentine's day yet," he said quietly. "I do feel restless, and so do the white stag. He and I be old friends. He did chase I this night in Blackwood, and I did laugh right up to the moon when he did catch me outside the great thickets by Bramworthy Farm, and while I did laugh he did breathe on me and grunt, and rub his great wet nose down my coat. Zee." And he showed a long snail-like stain down the old brown coat. "'Tis a fine stag, but he be different to the other deer, as I be different to other men."

"No, no, Fred, you only see more."

"I be different, and that is why the lonely stag and lonely me do have runs together and, in manner of speaking, talk together. You see he knows I know the moor better than he do know it. First he grew wild when he saw me skipping along where he knew he dare not go, and then he said to himself, where I could go he could go. So he took to following me on dark nights when he feeds down in the valley, and then when he found that I was a friend, he took to chasing I, and I took to chasing he; and when I led him into a bog he was angry at first and bellowed, and then he laughed. To-night I laughed right up at the moon when he stamped his little feet beside me, and so he snorted and trotted off to pasture. Nature is full of mystery. I do know a

"badger even better than the stag. I did catch him when he was a young badger, a little fluffy creature, and I did teach him manners and my whistle." Here Fred gave his whistle, a weird, thin, penetrating sound. "And now I can go down into Blackwood and sit and whistle, and presently, if the moon is up, there is the tiniest rustle a little way off, and presently a great badger jumps on my chest as I lay under the moon, and often he brings me a present to give folk. He brought this for Mr. Multon to-night," and out of another amazing pocket Fred produced a pheasant most certainly killed by a badger.

"'Tes horrible if true, Mr. Fred," said the dairymaid, and a genial air of disbelief, mingled with a frank dread of truth, spread round the kitchen. But Mr. Multon was the believer this time. "Why should not other beasts besides cat and dog be friends with man? But 'tis sad waste o' time Fred," said he; "and you such a farm hand as none other is if you but choose." "I do love the woods and streams, Robert," he quietly replied. "They be wife, and children, and relations, and friends to me. I do love them, and so do you all love them. I am your messenger to them. I did meet two other creatures o' Nature this night." "Human," added he dreamily. A new eagerness ran round the kitchen. This was a night of nights. All knew whom he meant. If these two were added to the party, the cups of life would be full, and a late Saturday night would crown the week.

"I met 'Three Strides,' with his basket on his back, by the bridge top o' the moor just at sunset, and who should be with him but Humpty, both out for the herb man of the city, who is making a new wonderful medicine for rheumatism, and needs that little herb which only grows just above here, and only 'Three Strides and Humpty can find. They could find none to-night. 'Tes early for it, and all there was I had had for my own rheumatism which, what with stags and badgers, and hares and salmon, has been in a bad way this winter," and the pale, bearded man laughed quietly, while Mrs. Multon exclaimed indignantly, "'Tes a shame depriving two owd men o' their living. But, hark! here they are." And sure enough in there came two of the strangest creatures of Nature, and two of the gentlest that ever lived. So tall was "Three Strides" that he bent as he entered the lofty door, and even then his wicker basket scraped the lintel. So short was Humpty that he looked like an old little shock-headed boy as he came behind his friend. "A sup and a bit," cried the lean giant with scraggled grey beard as he entered, "and then a flash o' the fiddle, and so to the hay loft, neighbour, after a fruitless day o' the moor." All were on their feet in a moment except Fred, who, having seen them that

day before, nodded only, and smiled behind his mighty hand which hid the flickering fire from his pale mysterious face. But if he was a man of mystery, his fellows of the moor stirred the sense of incomparable knowledge far more deeply. It is true that "Three Strides" had been baffled by the craft of the first-comer, but all knew that he was the king of all magicians, this mighty man with the deep-set eyes of even a paler blue than Fred could show, with the emaciated ascetic face trimmed with thin straggling beard, the splendid forehead, the tireless frame. To him Fred was a child; he could, though over eighty, out-walk him, out-think him, and could tell tales of fairy folk on the green that made children throng around. It was not an unknown scene for "Three Strides" to be found a stone's throw from the school seated on the summer turf with a class round him learning more in half an hour than could be won in a month of regular schooling. And he had one gift that no other magician in that country had, the magic of the fiddle. And Humpty, the little lynx-eyed Humpty, was his familiar. If the moorland talks between these two could be revealed, as they may be one day, new light would be cast on the mysteries of Nature. "Three Strides" kept his fiddle at this farm, and soon a scene that some great Dutch painter might have unfolded arose. "Three Strides" was making music flow from the strings: his own music, reminiscences of the sounds of wood and fell and river through seventy years of memoried life. Surely in some such way folk-music arose. The flare of the fire fell on the group of faces turned towards the Paganini of the woods. Earnest indeed were these, for the musician was revealing all the hidden yearnings of their hearts, all the deep inwardness of their natures. The sounds were words to them; he brought these children into that wonderful other life which he had found, and as the firelight rose and fell, with it fell and rose the sighs of the unimprisoned. Something like a sob came from the youngest of these three men as the thin sweet voice of Humpty broke out with the refrain:—

*Come to the woods, the woods of spring,
Where the first cowslips peep,
There will we sing, there will we sing,
In sight of folded sheep.*

Suddenly Fred fumbled in his coat, and as the violin and the voice ceased he gave the old giant a bundle of green herbs. "I *knew* thou'd been there," the old man said, "and I came to 'fetch 'em with my fiddle." And so to bed in the loft of scented hay.

J. E. G. DE M.

REVIEWS.

REIMS CATHEDRAL AND GERMANY.*

M. Moreau-Nélaton's sumptuous work dealing with Reims Cathedral is a memorial of German savagery that will keep alive for many generations the tradition of the *Bosche* of the early twentieth century, and it is a record that will preserve for future generations some very complete idea of the Cathedral as it was before the Kaiser and his General Staff set the descendants of the Heidelberg man the task of destroying it. The volume consists of a long monograph entitled "Considérations générales d'art et d'histoire," followed by an epilogue detailing the process of destruction. The rest of the volume consists of 135 full-page plates of the most exquisite workmanship, reproducing the salient features of this superb work of art. Of these plates the last eight are photographic reproductions of the Cathedral "après le Bombardement." We are shown the "façade occidentale" (six plates), "les combles de la nef et les tours," and "les combles de la nef, du transept et de l'abside." These photographs are, of course, the answer to those who, in England as well as in other countries, are continually whispering that Reims Cathedral is intact. The photograph of the nave shows the absolute desolation that remains. Roofless, gutted, and paved with the wreckage of priceless treasures, it is a fit memorial of the Germany of the last half century. What Reims was, the first hundred and twenty-seven plates show; what German culture has made of it the remaining pictures give some indication; but the wreck of the Cathedral itself will be Germany's permanent memorial. Yet the ruins have even a nobler purpose. "Ses reliques sont saintes. Saccagée et dolente, la cathédrale du sacre s'identifie mieux qu'à aucune heure de notre histoire passée avec l'âme du peuple de France. Sa Passion est intimement unie au miracle de notre résurrection nationale."

This superb Cathedral "c'est l'âme de l'histoire de France." It is the third ecclesiastical building that has occupied this sacred ground. The primitive sanctuary was built by Saint Nicaise, about the year 400. The builder was here slaughtered by the Vandals. The building survived into the ninth century. A new church was begun in 820, and was completed by the famous Hinemar in 862. Charles the Bald presided at its dedication. During three centuries this simple church was continually enlarged and almost transformed, but on May 6th, 1210, the entire building was destroyed by fire.

* La Cathédrale de Reims. Etienne Moreau-Nélaton. Paris: Librairie Centrale des Beaux-Arts, 2, Rue de L'Echelle (prix 20 francs).

A year later, Archbishop Aubry de Humbert laid the foundation stone of the new Cathedral, and the work, carried on with the help of the Papacy, and largely by national subscriptions, went on throughout the thirteenth century. The architects seem to have been Jean d'Orbais who probably built the choir, Jean le Loup, Gaucher de Reims, and Bernard de Soissons. These four men of genius brought the work down to the year 1290. It is difficult to say what part, if any, Hugues Libergier who died in 1263, and Robert de Coucy who died in 1311, played in the building. Much that was formerly attributed to these architects is now associated with other names. Bernard de Soissons was apparently responsible for the nave, "le grand portail," and "la grande Rose." With long intervals during two centuries work on the cathedral continued. In 1481 an accidental fire destroyed the roof of the nave and did other damage, but this was rapidly repaired early in the sixteenth century. There have been no substantial modifications since that date, though certain structural restorations were carried out in 1845 by Arveuf, again in 1860 by Viollet-le-Duc, and, of course, during the last half-century the structure has been continuously cared for.

The tragic September evening of 1914 that opened a new phase in the history of Notre Dame de Reims proved, too, a turning point in the history of France. The shock rallied the entire French people. It was at last fully realised that the powers of Hell were in full blast, and that all modern civilisation must rise to grapple with and destroy, beyond any hope of revival, the German terror.

"En cette minute tragique, la France, touchée au cœur, a reçu une blessure qui saignera toujours. Le Germain maudit s'est entaché d'un sacrilège unpardonnable. Encore, le début du drame permettait-il quelques illusions sur son dénouement. Le hasard m'ayant conduit le 19 au matin sur le parvis du monument, je contemplai une dernière fois son radieux frontispice indemne de tout outrage. Du haut de son piédestal fleuri, la Vierge à la large couronne laissait tomber tranquillement son doux regard maternel sur une demi-douzaine de petits soldats, tapis contre la porte du sanctuaire confié à leur garde. L'autre Marie, en conciliabule avec l'ange du Seigneur, que l'imagier d'antan a placée aussi au seuil de son temple, toute aux confidences de son céleste compagnon, regardait avec une sereine indifférence la pointe acérée des baïonnettes déposées à ses pieds. Cependant, depuis plusieurs jours, les projectiles pleuvaient sur la ville. La veille, deux bombes s'étaient abattues sur la nef de l'église, où gisaient des blessés, et plusieurs, de ces malheureux avaient été achevés. Je distinguais, dans la pénombre d'un bas-côté, les cadavres des victimes; je donnai un coup d'œil furtif aux captifs invalides étendus sur une épaisse couche de foin, dont j'aperçois encore la mine penaude de bêtes traguées. Après quoi, je m'éloignai de l'unfortunée cité. Il était six heures trois quarts. A sept heures

et demie, les obus incendiaires tombaient en masse sur le vaisseau que je venais de quitter. Le lendemain, les journaux annonçaient que le toit était consumé par les flammes et que l'un des portails, qu'enveloppait le malencontreux échafaudage, avait souffert de graves dommages par suite de son écroulement sur les sculptures. Le crime était accompli. Notre pays était atteint dans son patrimoine le plus sacré."

It was on this very spot in the days of Clovis, "que l'eau du baptême, versée par la main du prêtre, a consacré la rupture du roi des Francs avec la barbarie germanique et l'entrée de son peuple dans le giron de la civilisation latine." "La barbarie Germanique" has taken a characteristic revenge, and it is one of those acts of vengeance that brings its own reward. This smiling temple of art, "la cathédrales des anges" represented all that was beyond the grasp of German materialism: "Voilà ce qu'ils nous envient; voilà ce qui aiguise leur féroce jalousie." "Le Sourire de Reims" represented all that Germany is not; and she destroyed it. For Germans, "la cathédrale et son profond symbolisme parlent une langue morte." That tongue she could not silence, and France will leave the tortured form of Our Lady of Reims untouched for ever "Comme un opprobre éternel pour le criminel. Personne ne commettra l'impiété d'y toucher." Many nations in many ages will visit it, the cenotaph of Imperial Germany.

* * *

HOMER AND HISTORY.*

This important volume is based upon a series of six prepared lectures that were to have been delivered on the Norman Wait Harris Foundation in the North-Western University (Illinois) in the autumn of 1914. The war rendered the delivery of the lectures impossible, but the committee of the foundation have given their permission to the publication of this Monograph on Homer and History. Dr. Leaf, though he declares that his book is "little consonant . . . with the surroundings of the moment," yet asserts that

"it may at least serve as a protest, faint and feeble enough, against the extinction of intellectual interest in the flood of barbarous materialism which has been let loose upon Europe. That such work as this should receive attention or encouragement at such a time seems to be past hope: it can at best be a memento of days when research was not wholly concentrated upon explosives and poison gas. Let us hope that America at least will pass on the torch of learning to the next generation."

* *Homer and History*. By Walter Leaf, Litt.D., Hon. Litt.D. (Oxon), President of the Hellenic Society. With Maps. Messrs. Macmillan (price 12s. net).

It is perhaps not altogether unfair to point out that Dr. Leaf is dealing with a war that has some things in common with the present great conflict of Civilisation against German barbarism, and to add that it is difficult to hope that America will pass on the torch of learning when she has failed to pass on the torch of international righteousness. When America failed to protest against the German destruction of The Hague Conventions to which she was a party, she failed in all the larger aspects of humanism.

Dr. Leaf in his fascinating pages sets out to establish the position that the Homeric poems are a contemporary picture of the Achaian Age. He tells us in his preface that

"the main position which the following pages are designed to support is one which dates from many years ago; it is substantially identical with the views published in my Introduction to the English translation of *Schuchhardt on Schliemann's Excavations* (1891), and, again, in my *Companion to the Iliad* (1892). In many respects subsequent discoveries, more especially the revelations of Crete, have involved important modifications; but I am none the less reverting to my theme of nearly a quarter of a century ago, that 'the poems really do depict, as contemporaries, the Achaian age, as they profess.'"

Dr. Leaf holds that the discovery of Mycenæan Troy involves "the historical reality of the Trojan war," and hence, in some measure or another, of Greek historical tradition. He inverts the "general principle on which the problem of history in Homer has generally been approached," the assumption that the historical part of Homer is a residuum of a folk-lore whole. "That method" has only led to disappointment and failure. Let us try to give "history the first mortgage on the estate, and then we can see what is left for mythology and folk-lore." The "uncontrolled guess work" of Lachmann, Gruppe, Dümmler, and Bethe is dismissed in very much the same fashion that Roby dismisses the guess work and brick-without-straw work of the German scholars on the Twelve Tables and origins of Roman Law. The Germanic theory that the heroes of the Epos are humanised gods, is dismissed as "a pure assumption." In the Homeric heroes the divine element is "merely secondary." Moreover, "the Tale of Troy" shows no signs of derivation from any celestial mythology. The German scholars ought to have learnt from the Norse Epic that the divine element is, as Professor Chadwick in his *Heroic Age* points out, imported into historical events: "The fact is that 'the human race does not make men out of gods; but it is always very busy in making gods out of men.'" Warren Hastings had shrines raised to him in India, and Saint Charles the Martyr has

suffered a similar fate in England; while, we may add, von Hindenburg, in West African fashion, has already in his lifetime been deified in Prussia. Hence Dr. Leaf concludes that: "Some, at least, of the heroes whom Homer names as having taken a prominent part in that war were real persons, named by Homer's names, who did actually fight in that war." But we must not assume too much. No doubt the larger part of the incidents and names are pure inventions, but "even after making all these large concessions to poetic invention, we shall admit the possibility that there were broad data in the legend to which the poets conformed." Moreover, the folk-lore element which largely appears in the *Odyssey* and is conspicuously absent in the *Iliad* can be accurately determined:—

"We can tell exactly the point where it begins and the point where it ends. It begins between the storm which drives Odysseus away from Maleia and his landing in the country of the Lotophagoi (*Odyssey*, ix., 80—84). It ends in the course of the deep sleep which comes upon Odysseus as the Phaiakians are conveying him from Scherie to Ithaka (*Od.*, xiii., 78—95). All that happens to Odysseus between these two points of his story is folk-tale undisguised. It has no connection with the Tale of Troy; it is pure story-telling. Just as the intervention of the gods in the *Iliad* is so contrived as never to affect the course of the war, so the saga portion of the *Odyssey* is held quite clear of all events which could by any possibility be claimed as historical. And this clean-cut separation speaks not of a tale which has been purged of the theological and fairy story elements, but of a tale to which these elements have been added from without, merely for the instruction and delectation of the poet's audience."

The story of the Wooden Horse is the one exception to this rule. In "the *Odyssey* it is fully developed in all its details. And "it is the one piece of the whole tale which cannot be taken as "literal history." Dr. Leaf considers that this saga "is only "one stage removed from sober fact." He thinks that the great Mycenæan walls at Hissarlik could only have been scaled "with "the aid of some engineering device like that of the wheeled "towers familiar to the Assyrians, drawn up close to the walls, "and disgorging upon them their hidden freight of warriors. ". . . It is highly probable that Troy was in fact taken in this "way by a wooden horse; and that name led at once to the fanciful "poetic treatment which Homer has fixed for all later poets." The view that "the ostensibly historic background of the Homeric "poems" represents facts in poetic form, facts which are a barrier that the poet cannot overpass, was "the theory of the ancient "Greeks themselves," and is confirmed by the evidence of spade work not available in classical days. If Dr. Leaf's conclusions are

sound, we are enabled at last to learn something of the birth of Hellenism, of that amazing movement which suddenly blazes before our eyes without any intimation of historic sources:—

“ The answer to the question lies somewhere in what, following Professor Murray, I have called the Dark Ages, the three or four hundred years which precede the first glimmer of authentic history in the eighth century. We find Greece suddenly emerging from that darkness into the brilliant outburst of Ionic philosophy, Aeolic poetry, Doric manliness, which combine to form what we call Hellenism. Greek commerce and Greek ideas have taken possession of the world from Kertch to Cadiz, from Benghazi to Marseilles. Yet of the steps by which this amazing expansion was attained we know next to nothing; the most wonderful development of the human mind which the world has witnessed remains a riddle. The answer to it, if it comes at all, can only be finally given by archæology. But, so far, archæology is practically silent after the fall of the Mycenæan epoch. There may yet be in store discoveries which will tell us as much about the rise and fall of Ionia as the remains of Knossos and Phaistos have told us about the rise and fall of Crete. But, in the meantime, the Homeric Epic, with Hesiod and the scanty remains of the Epic Cycle, are our only witnesses for that long period; and their testimony is hard to interpret.”

All the available material, and surely we must include comparative archæology as well as comparative folk-lore, as exhibited in the discoveries of the North, must be made to converge on “some fixed point of hard fact.” This may be found possibly in the history of the Philistines as traced by Professor Macalister but more certainly in the historical material of the Homeric poems. We have indicated at some length the general ideas set out in Dr. Leaf’s first chapter, as these lead the reader, with a sense of fascination, into the successive chapters on the Coming of the Achæians (who “were part of the flood “of incomers from the north, whose first wave had overwhelmed Greece and passed on to Knossos” and dominated Greece from the beginning of the fourteenth century B.C.), on Bœotia and the Bœotians (who “held no such prominent place “in the Trojan War as the Catalogue assigns to them”), on the Dominions of Peleus and Odysseus, and the Central Empire of Agamemnon (“ruled from Mykene by the King of Argos, and “supported around its borders by a ring of chieftains, all acknowledging his supremacy and following him in a great national “adventure, the Trojan War”), on the Fusion of Races, and the Achæian Epos. In the chapter on “the Fusion of Races” we see the union of the group-society of the Pelasgian races with the Achæians on their release from the slowly dissolved military despotism that held them together. All this story has its parallel

in the principles that underlie our present war against a people artificially held together, as the Achæans were artificially held together, by unscrupulous military despotism. Dr. Leaf points out that the Achæan military despotism had at last to give way to the assemblage of city-states. So we may believe will be the case again. The pages on the fusion of the Pelasgian and Achæan faiths, as modified by the Thracian worship of Dionysos, are important, though we doubt if Dr. Leaf has said the last word on this obscure subject. The Australian comparative evidence should be closely applied to the evidence used by Dr. Leaf. The beginnings of worship are more probably subjective than suggested by the natural phenomena which supplement such beginnings.

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PRACTICABLE SOCIALISM.*

The end of the Great War will be the beginning of a new era in the social life of England and of the Empire. Whatever may be the general tendencies of the new age, it will have certain dangers to contend against. There may be a reaction from social reform; there may be a great wave of industrial socialism. In either event public opinion needs to be steadied and directed. In either event the progress of national religious life and education, of public health, of the protection of industrial workers must go on at a geometrically progressive rate. We have to replace the men lost in the war; we have to overtake the trade that is waiting for willing hands and has been held up by the war; we have to organise the labour of the youth of the country after that youth has been adequately trained; we have to place women in a new economic position. It is the duty of every one of us quietly to think out these problems. For such a purpose the series of essays by the late Canon and Mrs. Barnett will be found of the greatest possible value and use.

Canon Barnett, in his opening essay, dwells on the supreme importance of religion—which he defines as “thought about the “Higher-than-self worked through the emotions into the acts “of daily life”—in national life. To-day the whole population is a thinking population, and “the first constituent of religion, the “activity of thought, is thus present amid the non-church-going “population”; moreover, “they have the thought that the High and “Mighty which inhabits Eternity is good,” but “they have lost

* *Practicable Socialism*. New Series. By the late Canon S. A. Barnett and Mrs. S. A. Barnett. With frontispiece. Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. (price 6s. net).

"touch with the forms of religious thought as they have not lost touch with the forms of political thought. Forms are the clothes of thought." But they are "essential to religion." Without forms the thought of the great mass of the people about God "is not worked through their emotions into their daily lives." Canon Barnett therefore concludes that

"The religion of the majority of the people is, I think, not such as enables them to say: 'Here I take my stand. This course of life I can and will follow. This policy must overcome the world.' It is not such either as keeps down pride and egoism, and leads them to say as Abram said to Lot: 'If you go to the right I will go to the left.' It does not make men and women anxious to own themselves debtors and to give praise. It does not drive them to greater and greater experiments in love; it does not give them peace. It is not the spur to action or the solace in distress. It has little recognition in daily talk or in the Press. . . . There are, I suggest, three infallible signs of the presence of religion—calm courage, joyful humility, and a sense of life stronger than death. These signs are not obvious among the people."

This was written eight and a-half years ago. In that period there has been, according to this test (and according to many other tests), a great revival in national religious life since "calm courage, joyful humility, and a sense of life stronger than death" have been the outstanding features in this great struggle, not only of our vast forces in the field and on the seas, but also of the myriad households of anxious sorrowing folk. This growing sense of religion requires organisation and form. That is one of the great problems to be solved during and after the war.

We turn to the intellectual and material conditions. Canon Barnett makes it clear that it must all be based on religion. He wrote in 1907:—

"For thirty-four years my wife and I have been engaged in social experiments. Many ways have been tried, and always the recognised object has been the religion of the people—religion that is, in the sense which I have defined as that faith in the Highest which is the impulse of human progress, man's spur to loving action, man's rest in the midst of sorrow, man's hope in death. With the object of preparing the way to this religion, schools have been improved, houses have been built and open spaces secured. Holidays have been made more healthy, and the best in art has been made more common. But, viewing all these efforts of many reformers, I am prepared to say that the most pressing need is for higher education. . . . There is no activity which more surely advances religion than the teaching which gives insight, far sight, and wide sight. . . . My own belief is that the eye opened by higher education is on the way to find in the present the form of the Christ who will satisfy the human longing for the Higher-than-self."

Here is a goal, indeed, that Canon and Mrs. Barnett have done much to bring before the people. These essays, by two such noble reformers, on Recreation, the whole vast problem of holidays, on Settlements as seeds of the higher life in great poverty-stricken districts, on Poverty and Labour, in which the whole question of the poor and poor law relief is dealt with ("charities should aim at "encouraging growth rather than at giving relief. They should "be inspired by hope rather than by pity"), on Social Service and the problem of the amelioration of the conditions of town life, on Education, with its infinite possibilities, knit up in Canon Barnett's great plan for the reform, under the influence of university life, of current methods for the training of teachers; these essays are replete with ideas and ideals that are absolutely essential if we are to build up a new spiritualised nation after the war. The book must needs be closely studied by every social worker of our day.

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DR. INGRAM'S HISTORY OF POLITICAL ECONOMY.*

When Dr. Ingram died, it was said of him that he was probably the most learned man in the world. Born in 1823, he became equally notable as a mathematician, a Greek scholar (in 1866 he was appointed Regius Professor of Greek at Trinity College, Dublin), a philologist, a statistician, and an economist. He was a literary critic of distinction, and no mean poet. He was a humanist in the broadest sense. Nothing that related to humanity was outside his province. "The chief animating motive in Ingram's life was his "enthusiasm of humanity," says Professor Ely. It is significant of such a man that he should be a counterblast to Mill's narrowness in the very fact that he published a history of political economy reflecting pure humanism and some unfortunate Comtism. In 1878 the British Association met in Dublin, and Dr. Ingram (then the President of the Statistical and Social Inquiry Society of Ireland), as President of the Section of Economic Science and Statistics, read a paper on "The present position and prospects of political "economy," in which he declared that political economy is a branch of sociology, must be chiefly inductive, and must deal with

* *A History of Political Economy*, by John Kells Ingram, LL.D., Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin. New and enlarged edition, with a supplementary chapter by William A. Scott, Professor of Political Economy, University of Wisconsin; and an Introduction by Richard T. Ely, LL.D., Professor of Political Economy, University of Wisconsin. Messrs. A. & C. Black (price 7s. 6d. net).

actual conditions and not stand as a pure abstract theory. The address created considerable stir in Germany, and through Germany, in America. Two years later Dr. Ingram, before the Trade Union Congress, in Dublin, pleaded for a "really human conception of labour," which is not separable from the personality of the workman. Such a conception involves adequate wages, education, and a happy home life; and Dr. Ingram clenched his position in the view (usefully quoted by Professor Ely) which is at last beginning to control English educational thought:—

"What is really important for working men is not that a few should rise out of their class—this sometimes rather injures the class by depriving it of its more energetic members. The truly vital interest is that the whole class should rise in material comfort and security and still more in intellectual and moral attainments."

A thinker holding such views was likely to give a new future to the then much discredited science of Political Economy. To do this a history of the science from the earliest times was needed. This Ingram wrote for publication in the ninth edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* (1885), and this history, enlarged, appeared in book form in 1888. The article had been previously separately printed in America for the use of students. We hope that this was done with the consent of the author and the publisher. The book had an instant success, appearing as it did in most European languages, as well as in Japanese. Ingram gave his message to the world. To-day, twenty-seven years later, two professors of Wisconsin University have issued a new edition, to which Professor Scott has added a chapter, showing the developments in political economy since 1888 in various countries. In the section on Great Britain, considerable stress is laid on the work of Smart, Wicksteed, Edgeworth, adherents of what is here called the Austrian school; of Ashley and Cunningham as adherents of the historical school. But Wicksteed is, we think, no opponent of the historical school. The main stream of thought is, however, referred to the writings of Marshall, Shield Nicholson, Bonar, and Cannan. The economists previously mentioned are regarded as "the chief affluents" to this main stream, which accepts the theories of Adam Smith and J. S. Mill. Those theories needed, however, if we may say so, the larger humanism that great economists like Nicholson and Wicksteed directly, or indirectly, have given to them. Professor Scott tells us that both Marshall and Nicholson have "made use of the newer theories and taken cognisance of the new conditions which have developed since "Mill's time."

THE UNITY OF CIVILISATION.*

Both to those who take a bright view of the prospects of Europe when the hurricane is over and to those whose forecast is less sanguine, the volume of essays on *The Unity of Western Civilisation*, edited by Mr. Marvin, may be confidently recommended. The optimists will find new reasons for their faith, and the pessimists will derive some temporary, or, perhaps, even some lasting encouragement. The message of this striking work is one of hope. The editor declares that, while he and his colleagues agree in thinking our cause both just and necessary, they agree also that the common elements in Western civilisation which make for a real commonwealth of nations will survive even the most shattering of conflicts. The essays are based on lectures delivered at a Summer School at Woodbrooke Settlement, and they breathe the spirit of helpful endeavour for which that invaluable institution is celebrated.

The note of the book is struck in the introductory essay by the editor. In face of the greatest tragedy in history, he begins, it is to history that we appeal. Only on two occasions since the break-up of the Roman Empire has a situation so serious threatened the unity of the Western World. The first was the Reformation and the hundred years of religious war which it entailed; the second was the struggle against Napoleon. On both occasions the right cause triumphed, and Europe weathered the storm. "We shall not fail with our greater forces of the present to regain a Europe freer, stronger, and more united than that which now seems to be shaken to the depths." The tendency of mankind is towards co-operation, and that tendency grows stronger as civilisation develops. The robust optimism of Mr. Marvin is based on nothing less fundamental than his reading of human nature and human need.

The three essays that follow trace the gropings and strivings of the race towards organisation in prehistoric times, in the classical world, and in the Middle Ages. The latter theme is handled with his usual sympathetic insight by Mr. Ernest Barker. Mediæval Christendom was afflicted by many plagues of body and soul from which we have freed ourselves; but it firmly grasped the organic nature of European society. Its weakness lay in the fact that its main bond of union was a common theological system, the rejection of which at the Reformation broke Europe in pieces and was followed by the rise of strong, self-sufficing and competing States.

The unity of Western civilisation has been nothing more than

**The Unity of Western Civilisation*. Essays edited by F. S. Marvin, Milford.

a tradition or an ideal since the revolt of Luther; but the last four centuries have witnessed an attempt, along many parallel lines, to reorganise Europe. These movements are described in the essays which form the larger part of the book. Professor Geldart writes on law; Dr. Carlyle on literature and art; Professor Hobhouse on science and philosophy; Mr. Headlam on education; Mr. Hartley Withers on commerce and finance; Miss Constance Smith and Mr. Delisle Burns on social reform; Mr. H. G. Wood on religion. In every case the writers call attention to the unifying forces operating in the particular sphere of human activity which they describe, and in every case they reach the conclusion that the tendencies making towards unity are the strongest. There is, however, no attempt to blink the terrible fact that the nations of Europe have been fighting each other for generations, and are fighting to-day with a ferocious intensity rarely equalled in the past. In his thoughtful essay, "The Political Bases of a World-State," Mr. Hobson boldly grapples with the most difficult of all the problems of European reconstruction. An international polity, he declares, based on the absolute independence of States is defective in its very nature. The unfettered sovereignty of the individual State, the doctrine that there is nothing superior to the will of the ruler at any given moment, dates from the secularisation of politics in the sixteenth century, and was proclaimed by Machiavelli and Hobbes long before it was adopted by Hegel. The principle has been repeatedly challenged by eminent thinkers of every country, but it has dominated, and still dominates, the actions of most of the rulers of the modern world. Mr. Hobson is rightly convinced that the peace of the world will remain subject to continual interruptions until States reconcile themselves to parting with some portion of their sovereignty in order to obtain a security which armaments fail to guarantee. It is his hope, if not his definite expectation, that the horrors of the war may create a general and irresistible demand for some form of international organisation.

The volume ends with the reappearance of the editor, who repeats his message of comfort. "The progress of a united mankind is an ideal slowly realising itself in time. A blow comes, such as the present war, and seems to shatter the whole picture which so many hands have limned and so many eyes admired. Those who have followed its growth through the ages know well that no such blow can finally destroy a living growth, or even go very deep in injuring its features." If this utterance seems a little too lighthearted under present circumstances, we can, at all events, agree that "the realisation of the ideal is quickened the more we think of it and believe in it."

G. P. G.

LOUIS RAEMAEKERS AND GERMANY.*

Probably Mr. Louis Raemaekers' cartoons will live for centuries and, horrible though they are, we welcome the publication of some of them at a nominal price, for in this way far more effectively than by any written record will the too-easily-forgetful English nation keep in mind the unspeakable nature of German outrages against women, nuns, priests, children, old men, and unarmed civilians in Belgium and Northern France. That these outrages, combined with wholesale robbery, were specially organised by the German General Staff, controlled by the Kaiser, has been made clear by the various reports and by documentary evidence, and this fact justifies the truly awful cartoons of the German Emperor that are a notable feature of these terrible records. It is interesting to note that this publication synchronises with the publication of the list of over 18,000 houses, churches, and public buildings destroyed in Belgium by the German army, and with the publication of the fruitless efforts made by Cardinal Mercier to induce the German Cardinals to appoint a committee of six Cardinals—three German and three Belgian with a neutral Cardinal as president—to inquire into the horrors of the Belgian campaign. Germany dare not face such an inquiry. She has not only acquiesced in, but as a nation has rejoiced in, the devildoms of her military tyrants. Mr. Raemaekers has summed up the psychology of the case in the cartoon entitled "Victory," where three German professors, quietly examining the transfigured corpse of Belgia with her dead child at her feet, exclaim: "Why couldn't she submit? She would have 'been well paid.'" The guilt of the German theological professors is perhaps the most dreadful part of the whole terrible business. No word of protest has come from Professor Harnack or Professor Deissmann. They acquiesce as the German Cardinals acquiesce in the degradation of Germany. The whole German position is summed up in the extract from the Berlin *Lokalanzeiger* of May 9th, 1915, which Mr. Raemaekers prints under the heartrending cartoon of "The children of the *Lusitania*." It runs as follows: "We do not want any love among the Americans, but we do want respect, and the case of the *Lusitania* will win it for us better than a hundred victories on land." We hope that this volume of Dutch cartoons will be bought (the cost is but twopence) throughout the length and breadth of the land. It is the best of all stimulants, for it reveals the truth and thus will secure unremitting efforts by our people in this fight to a finish of civilisation against the organised barbarism of Germany.

* *Raemaekers' Cartoons.* By permission of the proprietors of *Land and Water*. Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton (price 2d.).

SHORTER REVIEWS.

By an omission that we regret we have failed hitherto to notice and commend the remarkable volume entitled "Dante and the Early Astronomers" (Messrs. Gall & Inglis, price 15s. net), by Miss M. A. Orr (Mrs. John Evershed). The work was written at the Kodaikanal Observatory, in Southern India, and, as Mrs. Evershed remarks, in her preface, "an observatory on a mountain top is an ideal place in which to write on astronomy and poetry," despite the lack of certain books. But the help of Mr. Wicksteed (himself an authority on Dante's astronomical knowledge), who supplied various books on Dante subjects, and of the author's husband on astronomical problems, has overcome all difficulties, and here we have an admirable work dealing first with the beginnings of astronomy, Greek astronomy from Homeric times to the days of Ptolemy (say, 900 B.C. to 150 A.D.), astronomy under Roman emperors and popes, the Arabian astronomy, and the return of astronomy to Europe by way of the Arabs. This first point brings us down to the days of Dante. The few pages dealing with the stars as seen by Homer are very attractive, and might, perhaps, have been fuller. The question of star colours, as depicted by Homer, might possibly to-day have a scientific value. However, we are not proposing to criticise this learned and invaluable introduction, which is a real contribution to the history of astronomy. The problem of astronomy is largely discussed in Dante's writings, in, that is to say, the *Vita Nuova*, the *Canzoniere*, *Convivio*, the *Comedy*, and other writings. He quotes widely from the authorities available in his time, but he bases himself on Ptolemy through Alfraganus, the Arabian observer. His was "Dante's text-book on astronomy," though, of course, he also used Aristotle and Cicero, as well as certain school men. Dante's writings are full of astronomical references. He "seems to have taken some trouble to find out the exact period of the sun's revolution . . . it is interesting to know that he had found out more than popular books could tell him about the period of the sun's revolution." He possibly owed this to Brunetto Latini, who, however, was satisfied with the rough estimate of 365 days six hours. However, we cannot here deal with the elaborate detail, or even the broad outline of the Dantesque astronomy, brought together by Mrs. Evershed, but desire to commend this book to all students of Dante and astronomy. No public library should be without it.

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In "Cornwall: Painted by G. F. Nicholls, Described by G. E. Mitton" (A. & C. Black, price 7s. 6d. net), we have a book of quite unusual merit. Mr. Mitton's letterpress gives a very living and just picture (with many historical references) of this really strange land, with its districts of exquisite beauty, of un-English quality, with its race that stands sharply distinguished from the other peoples of our islands, with its wonderful vestiges of pre-historic times and unique legendary records. We do not know that we altogether agree with the estimate of the people or with the account given of the stock. In the view of the present writer there is a very large intermixture of Phœnician, or Eastern Mediterranean, blood. It is impossible to look at the older fishermen in the more remote parts, where there has been little inter-marriage with the English, and not feel that these bearded men, with expansive foreheads and hooked noses, are akin to some Eastern stock; have, indeed, a common source with the Jews. The

trading and insular characteristics of the people suggest the same thing. The almost exploded theory that the ancient Britons were driven into the extreme corners of the island is to some extent adopted here to account for the singularity of the people ; but it seems inadequate. There were far more Britons left in Kent than ever arrived in Cornwall. But there is little in common between the peasantries of the two countries. Another theory is required, and it is supplied by the fact of the age-long trading between Cornwall and the Levant. One other point of comment on the text. Mr. Mitton stands up for the interior scenery, and there is much to be said for his point of view. But the treelessness is for the most part desperate, and the fault, as any reasonable Cornishman knows, is with the farmers. They grub up every vestige of a tree, leave their cattle without shelter (and, incidentally, interfere with the rain supply) in the foolish belief that trees and hedgerows impoverish the soil. If Cornishmen wish their lovely country to reach its true highest level of beauty they will go in for tree-planting. How beautiful the country is can be realised from Mr. Nicholls's exquisite pictures, reproduced here in colours with the highest technical skill. These works of art are a permanent memorial to the charm and, often almost sub-tropical, glory of Cornwall. This book will take many seekers after beauty to Cornwall. To those who know the "delectable Duchy" it will be a memorial ; to those who do not it will be an unfailing lure. We wish Mr. Mitton had given us an appendix on the Cornish language. The likelihood of its revival by the efforts of the County Council is checked by the war. But it is a fine tongue, and it is not yet too late to revive, by means of evening classes, perhaps the most curious feature of this remarkable peninsula.

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The fourth volume has just been issued of the "Official Guide to Eastern Asia," with full particulars as to the "Trans-Continental Connections between Europe and Asia." It has been prepared by the Imperial Japanese Government Railway Board and is issued from Tokyo (Kelly & Welsh, Ltd., and the Japan Tourist Bureau, Yokohama, &c.). It is elaborately illustrated and has innumerable maps. The aim of the work "is to supply the traveller from Europe or America with such information as will enable him to more thoroughly enjoy and appreciate the objects of interest he meets with on his tour." The old methods of travel are now supplemented by the Siberian and Manchurian railways, and there is, therefore, room for a guide book on the whole, vast, and infinitely varied area of Eastern Asia. The Imperial Japanese Government Railway Board in 1908 and 1909 sent out experts to collect material in Chosen, Manchuria, China Proper, Farther India, and the South Sea Islands. Of course, much of the material, as the editors point out, is not up-to-date—thanks to railway developments and unrest in China ; but, on the other hand, there is much that is unchangeable, and we believe that this extremely detailed itinerary, with its elaborate scheme of information as to life, customs, travel, history, and geography will have a permanent value. It shows how remarkably Eastern Asia is being surveyed by Japan with a view, no doubt, to both commercial and political possibilities. China should, in any event, gain by the awakening forces that are pouring in from East and West alike. The first volume deals with routes of travel from West to East, and is limited to Manchuria and Chosen. The second and third volumes deal in minute elaboration with South-West and North-East Japan and contain much material of

historical and social value. The short account of Christianity in Japan is of curious interest. It now forms "a vital part" of the life of the community." The "Finding of the Christians" in 1865, who had preserved the faith in secret for over two centuries, was a dramatic moment. In our view Christianity will develop along its own lines in Japan as in China when once it has secured a sound basis. There are now possibly a hundred thousand church-members in Japan, including many ministers of Japanese birth. The fourth volume deals with China, and is not less elaborate in social, political, religious, geographical, and historical detail than those dealing with Japan. The whole work is well conceived, and of real value, even if it is somewhat out of date, though the Chinese material has been brought up to 1913. There will be an effort to correct errors in later volumes. The fifth volume will deal with the West Indies.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Mr. Claude Grahame-White and Mr. Harry Harper, who have written much on air-work, have given us in "Aircraft in the Great War: A Record and Study" (T. Fisher Unwin, price 7s. 6d. net) an invaluable account, of high literary value, not only of the machines and the men who use them, but of aerial strategy itself, of such strategy as part of wider strategy, of bomb-dropping from the air, of artillery control by aeroplane direction, of actual combats in the air. The authors feel that the Zeppelin and such craft are a failure: "they have the size of a battleship, offering a large target, without the battleship's armour or guns." "The Zeppelin, as used in this war, has all the drawbacks of her size without realising their advantages." It is significant that none of the Allies have thought it worth while to follow the German pattern. Aeroplanes have proved far more effective, though even with these it is not yet possible "to effect damage that has military significance" "on any fortified position." It is not impossible that things have changed since this book was published last year. On the question of air-scouting one is rather tempted to ask if it was effective air-scouting that made the Germans in such a hurry to turn away from Paris in September, 1914. If so, the aeroplane served Germany well and only just in time. In future years there is no doubt that warplanes will be immensely improved; the chief fact that strikes the observer to-day and the reader of this book is the amazing heroism of the airmen. Paulhan's flight back from the German lines is indeed a thing to wonder at. This book is full of the profoundest interest, and deserves the widest circulation.

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In "The Morality of Nations" (University of London Press, price 2s. 6d.) Mr. Delisle Burns, whose volume on "Political Ideals" was recently noticed in the pages of this REVIEW, deals with a branch of political science which has been curiously neglected by most writers. It has been forced into prominence by the war, but Mr. Burns maintains that a reconstruction of our theory of the State is, in any case, overdue. Till now we have usually confined our attention to the State as an isolated phenomenon, and occupied ourselves with discussing its institutions and its relation to the individual. We are now taught that it is as fruitless for political philosophy to deal with the State in isolation

from other States as for moral philosophy to deal with the individual apart from other individuals. Mr. Burns is convinced, and will convince most of his readers, that the relation of a State to its neighbours is one of the vital aspects of its existence, and that it can only be profitably examined in connection with a comprehensive view of what he calls the morality of nations. By this he means something very much wider than International Law, even when that has been extended and strengthened. The very title of the book shows how whole-heartedly the author rejects the notion of the omnipotence of the State, both in its relation to other States and in its domestic jurisdiction. "German State-worship," he remarks categorically, "is antiquated." But many ideas and institutions that are antiquated live on and take a lot of killing. Indeed, nothing but the wide diffusion of sound ideas as to the solidarity of nations can really weaken and destroy the idolatry of the State. In this task of education Mr. Burns's volume will play a very useful part. He is an unusually independent thinker, and he expresses his ideas with remarkable point. In these pages politics, morality, and law meet and intermingle, and he handles his tangled theme with easy mastery and in a spirit of broad, constructive humanitarianism.

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A very interesting book has been added to the *Musician's Library*, edited by Mr. Claude Landi, M. Romain Rolland's volume, translated by Miss Mary Blacklock, entitled "Some Musicians of Former Days" (Messrs. Kegan Paul, price 2s. 6d. net). Mr. Landi contributes a fascinating introductory essay, entitled "Of the Place of Music in General History." He boldly, and perhaps rightly, advances the proposition that "the political life of a nation is only a superficial part of its 'being'; we can only read its soul by knowing its literature, philosophy, and art. 'Very often, thanks to its depth and spontaneity, music is 'the first indication of tendencies which later translate themselves 'into words, and afterwards into deed. . . . There are even cases 'where music is the only witness of a whole inner life, which never 'reaches the surface.'" Mr. Landi makes it clear that music takes a great place in the general processes of history. M. Rolland deals with the beginning of opera, show us the influence of Mazarin on music, brings us to Rossi's *Orfeo*, and leads us on to Lully (the Napoleon in many senses of the opera), Gluck, Grétry, Mozart. The book will charm music lovers, and teach us much of the national significance of musical taste and tendencies. If national music becomes morbid or unhealthy, it is certain that the nation is in like case.

* * *

Mr. James Sibree, F.R.G.S., has given us in "A Naturalist in Madagascar" (Messrs. Seely, Service & Co., price 16s. net) "a record "of observation, experiences, and impressions made during a period of "over fifty years' intimate association with the natives and study of "the animal and vegetable life of the island." This is not, as Mr. Sibree points out, a book of big game hunting and hairbreadth escapes. There is no big game in the island. "The most dangerous sport in its "woods is hunting the wild boar; the largest carnivore to be met with "is the fierce little *fôsa*, and the crocodile is the most dangerous reptile." It is Mr. Sibree's business to lead us through "wonderful and mysterious "forests," to show us the life of bird and beast and plant and flower. We see with him arums fifteen feet high, humped oxen (that in time of need, like the camel, find support from the excrescence), hot streams, the curious water-yam, the crested stork, with its huge nest perhaps six feet in diameter, with three rooms, in one of which two eggs are laid (those

who destroy the nest are said to become lepers); the inch long black wasp in its clay nest under the eaves, the beetle, the lovely butterflies (there are a few cases of mimicry and dimorphism among the butterflies of the interior), miraculous sunsets, monster tortoises. Curiously enough the only groups of stars for which the Malagasy have names, are the Pleiades (*Kòtokèli-miadi-laona*, *i.e.*, "little boys fighting over the rice-mortar") and the three stars of Orion's belt (*Tèlo-no-ho-réfy*, *i.e.*, "three make a fathom"). Venus is called *Filàrikàndro*, "the leader of the day." Forest scenes, village scenes, town scenes, the lakes, the volcanoes, the people are pictured. The inhabitants, whether the *Sakalava* or *Hova* stock, are of Melanesian origin, though with some admixture of African, Arab, and European blood. The island has known, of course, the horrors of war, but Mr. James Sibree's account (he and Mrs. Sibree worked together on the island for forty-four years) gives one the idea of an idyllic land, with a dreamy past, and a future in the hands of those (whether missionary or others) who may strive to mould a very plastic stock.

* * *

We are very glad indeed to welcome Sir Edward Clarke's "The Book of Psalms: the Prayer Book Version Corrected" (Smith, Elder, price 3s. 6d. net), and more especially as it is partly a tribute to the "honoured memory" of that distinguished scholar, Dr. Ginsburg, with whom he had worked at the psalms, and who so dearly desired a new translation of the psalms. Sir Edward has given us instead a revised form of that Prayer Book version which everyone uses. He has cleared up the twenty unintelligible passages and done away with many obscurities by the use of the Revised Version of the Old Testament, with its marginal notes. Some of the changes have been criticised, and it is possible that all are not ideal, but we have now at our hand this great treatise of English literature without the blemishes that marred it. We believe that Sir Edward Clarke's edition will be widely and deservedly used wherever English is spoken and the psalms loved.

* * *

We must draw early attention to Miss Else C. M. Benecke's translations of "Tales by Polish Authors: Henryk Sienkiewics, Stefan Zerowski, Adam Szymanski, Wacław Sieroszewski" (B. H. Blackwell, Oxford, price 3s. 6d. net). We say, advisedly, that Sienkiewics's "Bastek the Conqueror" stands beside the work of M. Erckmann-Chatrian for the extraordinary vividness of war, as seen by the peasant soldier, that is shown in the story. The realism is terrible enough; but the fashion in which the village life stands out against the background of grim war is a great literary achievement. Sieroszewski's story of "Chachah and the Bear" is another aspect of life in the snows. The book should be widely read, for literature is finding new masters in Poland and the North.

* * *

Mr. A. Bothwell Gosse, in "The Civilisation of the Ancient Egyptians" (Messrs. T. C. & E. C. Jack, price 5s. net)—a volume which is intended to illustrate the principle that elaborate illustrations by means of the camera and the pencil are the best method to familiarise the mind with subjects of general interest and importance—gives us a pleasant account of Ancient Egyptian life, and illustrates it in a wonderful fashion. The domestic life, education, work, amusements, arts, sciences, government, religion, are all brought before us with vivid reproductions of Egyptian relics. The book is a gift-book of real value.

THE WORK OF THE CENTRAL CONTROL BOARD.

TO the social reformer, the results of the regulations which have been made and the action which is being taken by the Central Control Board (Liquor Traffic) are full of interest. They represent the working of an experiment which is likely to be very instructive and valuable, and may prove to be the starting-point of a new departure in the effort to grapple with a most difficult and fundamental social problem which has baffled and defied our legislators for many generations.

As the result of complaints and reports that the drinking habits of a section of the workpeople employed in munition, shipbuilding, transport, and other special and vitally important war work, were seriously reducing the power of the nation to provide itself and its allies with the munitions and supplies which were essential to victory, and that the expenditure of separation allowances on drink was increasing drunkenness and idleness amongst women, and also that the practice of treating soldiers and others promoted drunkenness and excessive drinking, the Central Control Board was constituted in June, 1915, under the chairmanship of Lord D'Abernon. The Board got to work with commendable promptitude, and as the result of inquiry into the local conditions, made on the spot by some of its members, in those areas where it seemed probable that stringent control of the liquor traffic would promote the efficiency of labour on war work and curtail excessive drinking in other directions, the issue of Orders in Council applying the regulations drawn up by the Board to those areas was commenced, and has continued, as circumstances appeared to require their extension to new districts. The first Order, which applied to Newhaven, was made on July 15th, and came into operation on July 26th. In rapid succession during the next ten weeks Orders were issued applying to Southampton, Barrow, Dartford, the North-East Coast, Bristol, Liverpool and the Mersey, Newport, Cardiff, Barry, London, and three large areas in Scotland. Other orders have been issued since these.

The Orders were not in all respects identical, but their main provisions are similar. They restrict the time during which the sale of drink is allowed to two-and-a-half hours in the middle of the day, and two or three hours in the evening. The sale of spirits for "off" consumption is prohibited in the evening and on Saturdays. The

"off" sale of spirits is only allowed in quart bottles. Treating and sales on credit are prohibited. Clubs are subject to the same restrictions as licensed houses. Public-houses are allowed to remain open for the sale of food and non-intoxicants during the hours in which the Order forbids the sale of intoxicants. Spirits are allowed to be diluted more than the ordinary law permits.

THE EFFECT OF THE ORDERS.

The effect of these Orders was immediate and beneficial, and in almost all the areas markedly satisfactory. A considerable diminution in the convictions for drunkenness was the first and outstanding result.

In the Metropolitan Police District the average convictions per week were:—

For 4 weeks immediately before the No-Treating Order	993
For the next 7 weeks, with the No-Treating Order only in force	784
For the next 7 weeks, with the Full Order in operation	692

The last period included the Christmas and New-Year weeks. If those weeks be excluded, as they must be to get a fair comparison, the average for the other five weeks was 594, a decrease of 40 per cent. as compared with the four weeks before any order was in force.

The following tabular statement shows the effect of the Orders on the convictions for drunkenness in all the areas in which they have been in operation sufficiently long to give the periods of comparison. The results are very striking. Comparing the average number of weekly convictions before the order in each case, with the average for the four weeks ending January 30th, the reduction in the weekly average in England and Wales is from 2,019 to 1,172, or 42 per cent. The actual reduction is really greater, because two of the principal areas—the Liverpool and Mersey area and the North-East Coast area—were extended in the latter part of November. In Scotland the reduction was not so great in proportion as in England; but there the decrease in average weekly convictions was from 1,411 to 958, or 32 per cent.—a very considerable improvement:—

WEEKLY AVERAGES OF CONVICTIONS FOR DRUNKENNESS.

Areas.	Average of 4 weeks before Order.	Average of 4 weeks after Order.	Average of 4 weeks, ending Dec. 19.	Average of 4 weeks, ending Jan. 30, 1916.
London	1,011	719	605*	592
Bristol and Avonmouth	19	12	11	5
Newhaven	—	—	—	—
Southampton	9	5	4	4
Portsmouth	15	8	8	11
Plymouth	13	9	9	5
Falmouth	3	1	2	2

* Average of three weeks only.

Western Border (partly from Aug. 2, 1915) ...	Barrow, ...	44	48	48	56
Liverpool and Mersey ...	...	244	132	131	138
North-East Coast ...	...	308	166	191	181
Midlands ...	...	116	43	43	52
West Riding ...	...	204	101	101	111
Newport, Cardiff, Barry, and Pembroke ...	...	33	17	15	15
Totals for England and Wales ...	2,019	1,261	1,168	1,172	
East Coast, Scotland ...	258	213	215	200	
West Coast, Scotland ...	933	726	715	606	
North, Scotland ...	220	169	176	152	
Totals for Scotland ...	1,411	1,108	1,106	958	
Grand totals for Great Britain ...	3,430	2,369	2,274	2,130	

Whatever criticisms may be made upon the value of statistics of convictions for drunkenness as evidence of the sobriety or otherwise of one part of the country as compared with another, where the police standard and practice may be different, such statistics are a reliable test when taken for the same town or area over a number of immediately succeeding weeks under the same police authorities. The statistics given above may, therefore, be taken as proof that in the areas named there has been a remarkable decrease in public drunkenness since the orders came into operation.

In this connection the abnormal capacity of the people to purchase drink at the present time must not be overlooked. Every student of the question knows that the expenditure of the people on intoxicants rises and falls with their ability to find the money wherewith to buy them. That is to say, the National Drink Bill rises and falls with the movements in trade and employment. When trade is prosperous and employment is good there is more money to spare for drink, and up goes the drink bill. In most of the great industrial districts of this country, and especially those to which the Orders of the Central Control Board have been applied, the prosperity of the working classes has been phenomenal, and the wages they have earned have probably exceeded all their previous experience. The following extract from a leading article in a recent issue of the *Glasgow Herald* refers to the conditions in Scotland. The description would be equally accurate if applied to any of the areas in England where munitions and supplies of war are being made:—

“Scotland has rarely, if ever, possessed in the hands of its wage-earning people so much ready cash. Glasgow is revelling in gold. Ask the shopkeepers. Ask the directors of our places of public entertainment. Ask the publicans themselves.”

That under these conditions the convictions for drunkenness should have fallen by one-third and more, in the areas where the prosperity of the working classes has been the greatest, is a remarkable testimony to the value and success of the Orders.

OPINIONS OF JUSTICES AND THE POLICE.

Evidence that the effect of the Orders has been beneficial is not confined to the statistics of convictions for drunkenness. The opinion of public authorities, local officials, chief constables, port authorities, and large employers of labour is overwhelmingly in favour of the restrictions. The following are a few representative extracts from reports of chief constables:—

"There is practically no drunkenness during the working hours, and this is entirely due to the Board's restrictions" (North-East Coast Port and Shipbuilding Area).

"The restrictions upon the sale of intoxicating liquors have undoubtedly tended to bring about a decrease in drunkenness" (Yorkshire Ironworkers' Area).

"The Order has had a very beneficial effect upon the public generally. The inconvenience has been very slight indeed, and, apart from the 'trade,' it has given universal satisfaction" (Yorkshire Manufacturing Town).

"The restrictions have not only resulted in a large decrease in drunkenness, but the reports received from my officers show that the workmen keep better time than previously, and there is, up to the present, an entire absence of violent assaults and serious crimes to which drunkenness is a contributory cause" (Another North-East Coast Port).

"The restrictions have proved most beneficial, and at no time more than during the New Year holidays. . . . We had no arrests involving drunkenness between 10 p.m. on December 30th and 2 p.m. on January 3rd, a state of things without precedent in this Burgh for the last twenty-two years at least" (The Centre of a Large Ironworking Area in Scotland).

"The closing of the licensed premises on Saturdays until 4 p.m. is one of the best Orders that has ever come into operation in this Burgh. Prior to the Order a number of workmen, on receiving their wages, adjourned to the public-house and there spent a large portion of their pay, on many occasions returning home to their wives with only a few shillings to maintain them and their family for the week; but now they have to go straight home, and, being sober, they hand over the whole of their pay to their wives. There is also a great improvement in the behaviour of the people attending football matches on Saturday afternoons. There is not the same rowdyism nor the abominable, filthy, abusive language to be heard which was previously so often heard coming from the mouths of intoxicated men attending these gatherings. The early closing at night has also done a great deal of good" (Large Shipbuilding Area on the Clyde).

"The effect of the restrictions in the worst part of Liverpool had been to get people to bed at least one and a-half hours earlier than formerly. By 10.30 p.m. the streets were quite deserted, and the lights out in most of the houses."

The Lord Mayor of Newcastle, in December, said: "As far as I am able to judge from my experience on the Bench and as a Magistrate and from personal observation, the regulations are having a salutary effect in reducing drinking and in increasing the output of munitions and other Government work."

The Chief Constable of Lanarkshire stated in September that the superintendents of all the police divisions in the county "agreed that "there was a marked decrease in the number of intoxicated persons "seen in the streets and an appreciable decline in drunkenness and "its effects since the new regulations became operative."

Mr. Haggas, presiding at the annual meeting of the Licensing Justices of Keighley, on February 8th, said: "The drastic "alteration in the hours when intoxicating liquors could be sold "had resulted in a diminished number of cases of drunkenness, and "had already secured a more regular attendance at work in "munition shops."

Sir Thomas Hughes, presiding at the annual licensing meeting at Liverpool on the same day said: "Drunkenness had decreased "by practically one-half."

Mr. Gerald Beesly, Chairman of the Birmingham Justices, speaking on January 18th, said: "The Control Board Order was "working admirably. From evidence supplied to him he knew "that manufacturers obtained a greater output, and the employees "were keeping better time. There was no doubt the Order had "made for increased physical efficiency."

In November, nineteen Superintendents of Mercantile Marine Offices reported as to the effects of the restrictions. Sixteen reported less drunkenness among sailors, firemen, and dock labourers. Two reported less drunkenness among sailors and firemen, but not among dock labourers. The other said there was an improvement in the mornings before the public-houses opened, but not in the afternoons. Fourteen said that the condition of the crews had improved; three thought further restriction would be beneficial, and one said more men were seen with bottles of drink.

In October the Army Council, "in view of the satisfactory "results which are being obtained from the closing orders which "have been made by the Central Control Board (Liquor Traffic) in "the areas already scheduled," requested the Board of Control to extend those areas so as to include certain localities where large bodies of troops are concentrated.

THE EXPERIENCE OF EMPLOYERS.

The testimony of large employers of labour in the areas affected is equally clear and strong in support of the policy of the Board. Even where there has not been such an improvement in time-keeping as was desired and hoped for, the efficiency of the men when at work has been increased. The following are representative extracts from the statements of large employers in the districts named:—

Three large employers* on the North-East Coast say:—

* Many of the reports and opinions quoted in this article were not originally obtained for the purpose of publication. Consequently I think it better not to give names in those cases; but I personally vouch for the authenticity of every one of the reports and expressions of opinion from which I quote.

1. "The shortened hours have had a most beneficial effect. There is much less lost time, and the men who have previously been accustomed to a drink on their way to work are working with much more vigour."

2. "There is no doubt whatever that keeping the licensed houses closed till mid-day prevents much lost time and increases the output and efficiency of those workmen who were accustomed to 'call' before starting time and breakfast time."

3. "There is no doubt that the restrictions have produced a large beneficial effect. My experience has been that when men have an opportunity of going into a public-house before commencing work they frequently remain off for the whole day."

The manager of one of the largest shipbuilding, engineering, and armament works in England, where 25,000 men are employed, reported in November that there had not been any appreciable improvement in the time-keeping of the men as the result of the restrictions. He expressed the opinion that had it not been for the restrictions the time-keeping would have become less satisfactory, and explained that a large amount of the time lost was due to the fact that a number of the men whom they had engaged from other places were unable to get houses in the town, and consequently had left their families behind them. As they were earning high wages and knew that their employers could not afford to discharge them, they took long week-ends to visit their families. There had, however, been a decrease in drinking and a corresponding improvement in the men. Those who had formerly been drinkers in the evening now came to work in much better condition in the mornings, and those on the night shift now came fit for work, "whereas previously it was not an infrequent occurrence to have to send men home as not being in a condition fit for work." As a result of increased earnings and less drinking, notwithstanding the increase in the cost of living, the wives and families of the men were now better clad and shod. They bought a better class of clothing, and "one man who in normal times did an enormous business in the sale of second-hand clothing by auction has been compelled to relinquish his business, and is now engaged as an ordinary workman in our factory."

In the works of one of the largest shipbuilding and iron companies on the Tyne, the percentage of lost time amongst the ironworkers between August 10th and 31st, 1915, as compared with the corresponding days in 1914 was:—

	Including Wet Days. Per cent.		Excluding Wet Days. Per cent.
1914	26.8	...	25.7
1915	17.3	..	14.6

The manager of one of the most important of the Southern ports reported, when the Order had been in force in that area for seven weeks, that their experience was that the effect of it "has been

“equally beneficial, both to the men themselves and the dock and shipowners, their employers.”

Inquiries made of representative local authorities, officials, and employers in Sheffield elicited the opinion that the Order was working well in that great munition centre. Before it came into operation there were threats of considerable trouble with the night workers, but notwithstanding the continued hostility to the restrictions publicly expressed by persons connected with the trade, there had been no labour trouble whatever. The convictions for drunkenness fell 50 per cent. for the first three weeks under the Order. The Master Cutler, who is managing director of John Brown & Co. Ltd., and had been very doubtful as to the expediency of imposing drastic regulations, had since stated in a public speech that the Order was extremely valuable.

Inquiries in Southampton in November established the fact that the results of the working of the Order were most satisfactory. The labour troubles which were threatened and the protest meetings which were arranged to be held in August were abandoned.

The extent to which drinking and drunkenness interferes with war work and the necessity there is for doing all that is possible to restrict drinking if we are to obtain the largest possible output of war work are indicated by the fact that an analysis of the information given in Court by the persons prosecuted in Liverpool for drunkenness between November 15th, 1915, and January 3rd, 1916, showed that 68 per cent. of them were engaged in work necessary for the prosecution of the war.

THE ORDERS IN SCOTLAND.

In Scotland, and the Clyde area in particular, the labour difficulties in connection with the production of munitions and other supplies for the war have been more serious and persistent than in any other part of the United Kingdom. It is a suggestive and instructive fact that it is there also that the policy of the Central Control Board has been less successful than in England. A considerable measure of success has attended the working of the Orders of the Board in the industrial areas in Scotland, as the police returns and the reports of local authorities, chief constables, large employers, and others, show, but that success has not been so great or so marked as in England, although the necessity for restriction and the scope for improvement in the habits and conduct of considerable sections of the men were greater in the most important of the Scottish areas than in the greater part of similar areas in England. The main reasons for this are probably that spirits are much more largely consumed in Scotland; that the enforcement of the law with regard to drinking and drunkenness appears to be less stringent; and that in some of the areas there are considerable

bodies of men of a type who are very difficult to manage and control, especially as a large amount of outside labour has been brought in and the wages earned are exceedingly high.

At a Conference in Glasgow, on January 18th, at which Lord D'Abernon, the Chairman of the Board, was present, suggestions were made for improving the position. None of them were in favour of relaxing the restrictions on spirits, but all recommended more stringent regulations or the entire prohibition of the sale of them. That is to say, the practically universal opinion was not that the Orders went too far and were injurious, but that they did not go far enough. The Chief Constable of Glasgow was in favour of "the entire prohibition of the sale of spirits," and next to entire prohibition, he advised prohibition of "on" sales, as well as "off" sales of spirits after 2.30 p.m., and altogether on Saturdays. The representatives of the trade agreed in urging that the Order should be more strictly enforced and higher penalties inflicted. The Glasgow Licensing Court recommended that the sale of spirits be prohibited, and that then licensed premises be allowed to sell other liquors from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. The *Glasgow Herald* advocated the prohibition of the sale of spirits altogether throughout Scotland for the period of the war. The Clyde Shipbuilders' Association and the North-West Engineering Trades Employers' Association expressed the opinion in December that nothing but total prohibition for the period of the war will meet the necessities of the case. The Glasgow Shipowners' and Dock Labour Employers' Organisation expressed a similar opinion in November.

THE "QUART BOTTLE" CLAUSE.

There has been some criticism of what is known as the "quart bottle clause" in the Orders. This is the clause which prohibits the sale of spirits for consumption "off" the premises in quantities of less than a reputed quart. It is alleged that the regulation leads to the purchase of spirits in larger quantities than would be the case if people were allowed to buy smaller supplies. This is the kind of criticism which is always directed against any proposal for restricting the hours during which drink may be sold. The licensed trade always asserts that reducing the hours of sale will induce people to buy drink in quantities to take home, and that this will increase home drinking and drunkenness. When restrictions have been enacted, the statement that this has been the result is always assiduously circulated in the press by the representatives of the trade, and is carefully repeated by all those who, for any reason, dislike reduction in the facilities for obtaining intoxicants. Usually extremely little definite and tangible evidence in support of the assertion is forthcoming; and all those who

have had experience of the ingenuity and persistence with which the licensed trade endeavours to persuade the public that restrictions on their trade are not only futile but injurious will receive with wholesome scepticism the carefully circulated reports as to the results of the quart bottle restriction.* It is, of course, probable that there will be cases where persons will buy a bottle of spirits when they would have been satisfied with a smaller supply, if they could have obtained it, and that in some of those cases more spirits will be consumed than would otherwise have been the case. On the other hand, it is equally certain that a large number of people who would have bought a small quantity—four or six pennyworth—will not pay for a quart bottle. The real question is, on which side does the balance of advantage to the community lie?

The principal reason why the clause was included in the Orders was the extent to which, especially in Scotland and the North of England, spirits were taken into dockyards, ships, and munition and other works by the workmen in small pocket bottles and flasks, and into trains by soldiers and sailors. Many complaints were also made of the extent to which drinking amongst women was caused and facilitated by the readiness with which small quantities of spirits could be obtained without attracting attention. A quart bottle is not so easily carried or hidden away as a flat pocket bottle or flask. The restriction of the sale of spirits to quantities of not less than a quart is only the extension to on-licence holders and clubs of the law which has applied to retail spirit dealers ever since the spirit off-licence was introduced fifty-five years ago. The proposal to make this regulation part of the Orders was approved at a Conference of English and Scottish Chief Constables, and much testimony has since been forthcoming from different sources as to the beneficial effects of the restriction. It is stated that the condition of the trains from the North to London has been much improved. Much more might be done in this direction if the managers of the railways were to issue instructions that the attendants should not pass along the trains from end to end soliciting orders for drink.

If experience should show that a change in respect to this clause is desirable, the consensus of opinion amongst the authorities, chief constables, and large employers in Scotland and the North of England is that it should take the form of either prohibiting all off-sale of spirits or of entirely prohibiting the sale of spirits for both off and on-consumption.

* The same kind of allegation was made from twenty-five to fifty years ago, in each case after the passing of the Sunday Closing Acts for Scotland, Ireland, and Wales. So persistent and circumstantial were the stories of increased drinking and demoralisation that Commissions or Committees were appointed in each case—at intervals of many years—to inquire into them. In every case the inquiry resulted in a complete vindication of the Acts and an exposure of the unreliability of the statements which were made as to the injurious effects of the restrictions.

THE PROBLEM OF DRINKING AMONGST WOMEN.

The question of drinking amongst women is an extremely difficult one. There is no doubt that the wine and grocers' licence legislation of the early 'sixties has had disastrous results in this direction, and it would be a great boon if the licences which were then instituted were abolished. The phase which has attracted special attention recently is, however, a somewhat different one. The separation allowances which are paid to the wives and dependents of soldiers have in many instances given women more loose money than they had been accustomed to receive. This fact, together with a diminution of their home duties, owing to the absence of their husbands, and the interest and excitement caused by the war, have led to much gossiping and drinking at public-houses, especially on the days when they assemble to receive their allowances. This undesirable development was very marked at an early stage of the war, and it increased as more men joined the forces and the number of women in receipt of separation allowances grew larger. There has unquestionably been an increase in drinking amongst women. It has not been caused by the Restriction Orders. It sprang up long before they were issued. Indeed, its prevalence was one reason for action being taken. In most areas the Orders have checked the evil. In some others it has grown, owing to the high wages earned and the increase in the number of women who are in receipt of allowances from the Government. There is good reason for the opinion that in those districts drinking amongst women would have been more extensive than it is had it not been for the restrictions which the Orders of the Board have made.

The following extracts are from the reports of public officials in three representative Metropolitan areas:—

"All are agreed that the opening of public-houses at twelve mid-day has been beneficial to women, inasmuch as the eleven o'clock drinking, accompanied by gossiping outside and inside the public-houses, has entirely ceased. Most of the observers think this will lead to more attention being paid to the mid-day meal and the home generally."—*Bermondsey*.

"There are fewer women with children seen about the doors of public-houses, and their behaviour in the streets is much better than it was prior to the restrictions . . . the mothers are more at home than they were, and pay more attention to their children, and there is less illness due to exposure in the streets whilst waiting about for their mothers in the public-houses."—*Chelsea*.

"There is much less drunkenness, especially amongst women, which was noted to be on the increase since the beginning of the war."—*West Ham*.

The Metropolitan police superintendents reported at the end of October that the No-Treating Order had resulted in a decrease in

drinking and drunkenness, especially amongst women. "A marked diminution in the number of women and children standing outside public-houses drinking has been noticed, and in many districts the practice has ceased altogether. The police have invariably found fewer people on licensed premises, and a tendency to make shorter stays has been observed."

THE CONSTRUCTIVE WORK OF THE BOARD.

The constructive side of the work of the Central Control Board is very interesting and likely to prove particularly valuable. If the maximum productive output is to be obtained for the war and afterwards, it is essential that the workers should be sober, healthy, and physically efficient. The longer and harder people have to work, the more they need an ample supply of appetising and nutritive food. Malnutrition, bad feeding, and long periods of work without food, tend to promote resort to alcoholic liquors. Too little attention has in the past been paid to this aspect of the labour problem, both by employers and workpeople. A large number of workers live too far from their work to render it convenient, or possible, for them to go home for all their meals. Sometimes they take food with them or have it sent to them from home. There are obvious limits to the kinds of food that can be taken or sent in this way. It is always cold and is liable to become stale. It is often hurriedly prepared, and unless the conditions under which it is kept are favourable—and they seldom are—it readily deteriorates and becomes unappetising. In some cases arrangements are made for warming the food that has been brought. This is better than eating it cold, but the arrangement is seldom satisfactory, and at best warmed-up food is usually less nourishing than a freshly-cooked meal. In some districts meals may be obtained at cook-shops or public-houses in the neighbourhood of the works, but the accommodation is often inadequate and unsuitable.

The best arrangement undoubtedly is for workpeople's dining-rooms to be provided in or near the factory or works. Some of the most enlightened and considerate employers in various parts of the country have done this, and their experience is that the departure has been abundantly justified from the purely commercial point of view. It ensures better health and physical condition, less sickness, less lost and broken time, more sobriety, greater contentment, and increased efficiency and output. The movement needs to be vastly extended. The great employers of this country have hitherto far too often neglected the mental, moral, social and physical requirements of their workpeople. There have been, and are, outstanding examples to the contrary, but they are the exception and by no means the rule.

INDUSTRIAL CANTEENS.

Under the auspices of the Ministry of Munitions, the Central Control Board has promoted the institution of refreshment places and industrial canteens in connection with large establishments engaged on war work. In November last the "Health of Munition Workers Committee," which had been appointed by Mr. Lloyd George to advise on matters affecting the health and physical efficiency of workers in munition establishments, visited a number of munition areas, and issued a useful and practical report. This report was at once sent out with a covering circular letter to the heads of these works and factories. As the result of the attention which has been directed to this matter, some large firms have established refreshment rooms of one kind or another in or near their works. Under the supervision of the Central Control Board about 130 canteens have been established, or are being established, by voluntary organisations, in munition centres. Something like a dozen philanthropic societies are engaged on this work. The Central Control Board undertakes the general responsibility for the provision of canteens in the new national shell, projectile, &c., factories which are in operation or in course of construction in various parts of the country.

Where the Board are satisfied that employers cannot or will not provide canteens they will make grants in aid towards the capital cost of providing them for munition or transport workers in areas to which their Orders have been applied. The grants are only made to approved persons, or committees, who will not carry on the canteens with a view to profit, and who satisfy the Board as to their capacity to erect, equip, and conduct them efficiently. The tariff has to be approved: and if a profit is made it has to be applied to such purposes as the Board may sanction. The grant will not exceed one-half of the capital sum expended. If any part of the capital cost be subsequently recovered by selling the canteen, the Board is to be repaid an equivalent part of the grant.

In order to encourage the owners of controlled munition works to provide canteens for their workpeople, the Minister of Munitions has arranged that in arriving at the profits of such establishments for the purposes of Part II. of the Munitions of War Act, 1915, full consideration will be given to the capital expenditure incurred in providing the canteen. This practically means that owners of controlled works will be allowed to meet capital expenditure on canteens largely out of the profits which the Government would otherwise have taken.

In three areas the Central Control Board has acquired all the public-houses and will conduct, under its control, those which are continued as licensed premises. This part of the Board's work

is in the preliminary stage, and its development will be watched with much interest.

PUBLIC HOUSES AS REFRESHMENT HOUSES.

The Orders of the Board restricting the hours of sale only apply to intoxicating liquors. Licensed houses in the areas to which the Orders apply may sell food and non-intoxicants during the whole of the time for which they were allowed to be open before the war, under the general provisions of the Licensing Acts. Publicans are not obliged to keep open during hours when they cannot sell intoxicants, but they may do so if they choose. That being so, it is interesting to know whether licence-holders have cared to try to do a trade in refreshments other than in alcoholic liquors, and the extent to which the public have manifested a desire to obtain them. I have long been of opinion that the view that ordinary public-houses should be developed into places in which food and non-intoxicants would be freely supplied is a mistaken one, and is based on a misconception as to the place which the public-house fills. The ordinary public-house and beer-house exists to supply intoxicants, and the publican makes his livelihood out of the sale of them. Those who go to public-houses and buy intoxicants do not want anything else. They may talk of wanting refreshments and requiring a drink, and the publican may call himself a licensed victualler; but to these people "refreshments" and "a drink" mean alcoholic liquor, and "victualling" means supplying alcoholic beverages. The publican's customers do not want, and certainly would not buy, anything else. Except in special circumstances people do not require and do not buy genuine refreshments and non-intoxicating beverages between meals. For dining-rooms and *bona-fide* refreshment houses supplying meals there is a genuine demand in certain localities, and a large number of such places exist, and more are required in or near many large works; but the enormous majority of those public-houses which are in the vicinity of the homes of the people could not exist, and extremely few people would go to them if they did not sell intoxicants. Stop or substantially reduce the sale of alcoholic liquors in public-houses, and three-fourths of them would close their doors. Unless the development of a trade in food led to a larger sale of intoxicants, the extension would not be worth the while of the great majority of publicans. In so far as the supply of food brought additional customers for intoxicants, it would increase drinking rather than curtail it, and to the extent to which it did that it would be an evil and a retrograde step. Mr. Gerald Beesly, the Chairman of the Birmingham Licensing Justices, at the annual meeting on January 18th this year, said:—

"One heard from time to time much about the contrast between our public-houses and those on the Continent, and unfavourable comments were continually made on the English public-house. The Birmingham Licensing Committee had for years endeavoured to get owners to improve their houses so as to provide better accommodation for the public and for the licensee. The justices had also urged licensees to provide food, and had encouraged those members of the trade that had shown a bona-fide desire to do so. Their experience had been that these improvements almost invariably resulted in a greater consumption of alcohol and that there was no real demand by the public for food."

EXPERIENCE UNDER THE ORDERS.

In this connection the following accounts of the extent to which publicans in the scheduled areas were availing themselves, at the time named, of the permission to keep open for the sale of food and non-intoxicants, are interesting:—

Cardiff, Barry, and Newport.—Most of the public-houses are keeping open all day, but very little trade is being done, except when drink can be sold (August).

North-East Coast Towns.—Licensed premises, as a rule, are not being kept open when drink cannot be sold. The few which are take very little money at these times (September).

Bristol.—A large number of public-houses are keeping open during the hours when the sale of intoxicants is prohibited. In many cases it is admitted that it is not worth while except from eight to ten in the morning, when there is some demand for tea, coffee, bovril, &c. Very few people were found in the houses after 9 p.m. The police think that the keeping open after 9 p.m. is often merely for the purpose of surreptitiously selling drink (October).

Barrow.—A few public-houses open at 5.30 or 6 a.m. for the sale of non-intoxicants, but there is very little trade done, and few people go to them (November).

Plymouth.—Very few premises were being kept open when intoxicants could not be sold. A few tried it for a time, but gave it up (January).

Sheffield.—While a number of licensed premises in the centre of the City were being kept open, very few in the other districts had thought it worth while to do so (December).

Leeds.—It was reported that 149 out of 603 "on" licensed houses were kept open for the sale of food and non-intoxicants during prohibited hours. It was thought that many of them were doing it as an experiment, and that many of them would discontinue it (December).

Scotland.—In October, it was found that the cases where public-houses were kept open when intoxicants could not be sold were very few.

Glasgow.—The following are the particulars of the takings for food and non-intoxicants in one week during the hours when the sale of intoxicants is prohibited, in six representative public-houses:—

	£	s.	d.
One large house in a leading business thoroughfare, with twenty-three assistants	...	2	8 11
One large house in a leading business thoroughfare, with seventeen assistants	...	4	2 4

	£	s.	d.
One house in the vicinity of the docks	0	19	6
One near a large shipbuilding yard	0	3	10
One in a working-class district	0	4	2
One in a busy street near the centre of the City	0	8	6

CONCLUSION.

No one who takes the trouble to make widespread inquiry and obtain authoritative information from official and other impartial sources as to the work of the Central Control Board can fail to realise that the results of that work have been, and will continue to be, extremely beneficial. Drunkenness has been very largely diminished, the efficiency of workpeople has been increased, good order in the streets, especially late at night, has been promoted, and the spending of the large wages which are being earned throughout most of the scheduled areas has been directed into channels which make for the well-being and comfort of the men and their families to an extent which certainly would not have been the case had the public-houses been open three times as long as they are under the Orders—an ever-present temptation to waste of time and money and deterioration of energy, *morale*, and efficiency. The thanks of the country are due to Mr. Lloyd George for instituting this Board and to Lord D'Abernon and his colleagues for the manner in which they have devoted themselves to, and carried out, the difficult task entrusted to them.

The question which is presenting itself to many minds and will ere long demand the attention of the whole community is—what is to be the ultimate outcome of the experience we are having in connection with this war? Are we to drift back again into the old slough of waste, intemperance, inefficiency, poverty, and misery which resulted from the old drinking conditions and habits? The general public are realising more clearly than ever before how much the industrial efficiency and output of our country has been, and is, diminished by drinking. In view of the urgent necessity there will be, after the war, for us all to develop and use all our powers in order to qualify us as a nation to hold our own in the clash and stress of industrial, commercial, and financial international competition, which will be keener and more severe than ever before, and to enable us to replace the enormous waste of our resources and to bear the crushing burden of taxation that is inevitable, it is to be hoped that our people will recognise the vital importance of curtailing to the utmost the most wasteful, deteriorating, and demoralising agency in our midst—the most serious obstacle to material, social, and moral progress. If and when they do that, the experience of the Central Control Board and the valuable work which Lord D'Abernon and his colleagues have done will be most useful.

THOS. P. WHITTAKER.

AMERICA AND THE WAR.

A GREAT deal of amazement and some indignation is often expressed by English people, who are unacquainted with those of the United States, at the leniency hitherto shown by the American Government towards the general brutality displayed by Germany in the conduct of the war. These feelings, which are shared by many Americans long resident in England and France, have been enhanced by the deliberate murder of British and American citizens on the *Lusitania*, and their incidental destruction involved in the sinking of the *Falaba*, *Ancona*, *Persia*, and other ships. It is difficult for those of us who have some knowledge of the general trend of American thought and opinion, and who can recall the extreme sensitiveness shown by America in the past at any slight on her national dignity or honour, to understand, and still more difficult to appreciate justly, the attitude of the President and people of America.

It is essential to grasp the fact that in the policy he has pursued the President has had not only the support but the gratitude of the large majority of United States citizens. Whatever foreign opinion, or domestic partisans or newspapers, may urge or say, the people of the United States, once so solicitous for their dignity, so thin-skinned where Europe was concerned for the welfare and safety of their nationals, are now grateful exceedingly to their President for the adoption and maintenance of so patient a policy, even though so little in consonance with their past tradition, and so greatly at variance with the earlier utterances of the President himself.

Fully to comprehend the situation, we must realise how at the commencement of the war it was quite a chance with which set of belligerents American sympathy would ultimately rest. We are so much in the habit of speaking and thinking of our kinship with America that it comes to us as a shock when we are forced to realise, as we have been more than once in the history of the two countries, how diluted is the strain of Anglo-Saxon blood in the veins of the average American, and how slight is the temperamental affinity of the two peoples. We are fortunately on terms of intimate and friendly intercourse with great numbers of influential and cultivated

Americans to whom the literature and the land of Britain come second only to that of their own country in affection and value. But to an even greater number in the United States, England is the hereditary—perhaps the only serious—bugbear, to whom nothing is due beyond the most even-handed justice. We are so familiar with the goodwill of this first class, that we are apt to overlook the doubt and mistrust of the second.

But whatever the suspicion or dislike that is, or was, entertained for England by a section of Americans, another member of the Entente, Russia, has for long been the object of almost universal obloquy and hatred in the States. It is not only that the Russian Government is held to be opposed in sentiment and ideals to everything sacred to Americans, but it lacks that supporting counterpoise from its own emigrants to which every other nation could look with confidence amongst its children in any censure by America. No emigrant from Russia brings with him to the States anything but abhorrence of the empire he left behind. The Jewish element, especially that connected with newspapers, is strong in America, and they had only too recent memories of Russian treatment of the Jews. They have taught that all friends of the Czar are enemies of liberty, and therefore of the United States, the appointed guardian of universal freedom, national or individual. Germany, on the other hand, the protagonist in the conflict, had strong claims on the affections and interest of the United States. A special, if ancient, treaty of amity bound her more than usually close by diplomatic ties. No efforts had been wanting on the part of the Kaiser or his family to supplement such ties. Mr. Roosevelt had been royally received at Berlin, Prince Henry of Prussia in the States. The commercial relations between the countries were satisfactory and rapidly increasing. The German population in the States was a numerous, wealthy, compact organisation, possessed of great moral as well as material position who deserved, as well as received, full credit for their thrift, industry, and success. Special pains had been taken to create and cement bonds for German and American culture, a constant interchange of duties between University professors was intended to, and succeeded in, disseminating German thought and outlook throughout the States. The ground had been well prepared, and no friend of Germany had cause to doubt but that the crop would be satisfactory.

When we consider the problem thus, we see the enormous asset that France was to the other powers of the Entente, so far as American opinion was concerned. The friendship which dated from Lafayette and the glories of the War of Independence, had only once been interrupted by the incursion of Napoleon III. into Mexico, and as the work of an Imperial interloper, that interruption

hardly counted against the long tradition of Republican alliance. There was, in addition, the natural inclination which went out from the great Republican Commonwealth of America for the success of the only one of the great powers of Europe which enjoyed a similar democratic form of Government to her own. So far as American goodwill was involved, it is almost impossible to over-value the importance of the French element in the Entente during the first few days of the war. England could not be so wrong as usual if France was with her. Imperial Germany could hardly retain a full measure of sympathy when it became apparent that she was trying to crush Republican France. The motives and methods of the war were still obscure, the size and consequences of the conflagration were underestimated, indifference to European quarrels and disturbances was the proper keynote, concentration on expansion at home was the real desideratum. Such were the reflections of many Americans who had given little previous thought to the matter. So far, then, as the United States took stock of what was occurring in Europe, sympathy at the outbreak of war was not unevenly distributed between the belligerent alliances.

This equalisation of sympathy vanished, however, on the news of the invasion and systematic destruction of Belgium, though the full significance of German aims and methods took some time to penetrate the minds of even the best informed Americans. It seemed incredible that a nation so learned, so industrious, so self-dedicated to culture should have descended to atrocities attributable only to barbarous savages. Journalistic enterprise and exaggeration at first were credited with such accounts of outrage on Belgian persons and property as were not set down to the misrepresentation of Allied correspondents. It was even widely suspected that some sinister organisation was intent on exploiting for the military benefit of the Allies, the sympathy with suffering, the hatred of wanton cruelty and oppression, and the kindliness of heart which are such marked characteristics of the American people. Suspicion of this kind had some not unreasonable grounds for its existence. The machinations of the German embassy, lately revealed to us, had already begun, and been noted by a ubiquitous press. German emissaries were evidently prepared to exploit the spirit and sentiment of German-Americanism with a view to intimidate both President and Congress, to control trade, to influence public opinion, and direct diplomacy. What, then, was more probable than that England should employ corresponding machinery to manipulate the press, and engage public goodwill. Such suspicions could not long continue in the absence of corroborative evidence, and as happily there was no foundation for such a belief, not even German ingenuity or malevolence attempted to impute action of

this character to British influence. This negative testimony to the absence of a British paper campaign is the more valuable, because the German efforts at systematic propaganda by pamphlets—some of them admirably got up—through the press, or by means of scientific and other societies, have been as unremitting as they have been unsuccessful. Any tendency on our part to follow their example would have been positively harmful, and, as a matter of fact, quite unnecessary. As soon as, and wherever the official pre-war correspondence between the Allies and the Central Powers became accessible to the American public, it was eagerly sought for, studied, and, paragraph by paragraph, the despatches of the various powers were compared together. The American mind, which would have resented suggestion and resisted guidance, soon came to a decision on the facts, and unshepherded and unadvised was, and has remained, convinced that Germany, through the medium of Austria, forced war on Europe, and in her hunt for success perpetrated abominations which will for ever stain her name. I have said that this view was accepted wherever the diplomatic correspondence became accessible, and it is this limitation which governs the whole American attitude. The United States are for politico-social purposes divided vertically rather than horizontally, and geography more than social or economic position determines the opinions of the average citizen. The widespread acceptance by the Eastern States of the wrongdoing of the German diplomatic and military authorities did not, therefore, involve a corresponding agreement in the Middle West, and still less in the Western States. In the East itself there was the greatest anxiety even amongst our warm well-wishers lest America should be entangled in European disputes. We must always remember that if the Monro doctrine forbids Europe from interference in America, it also restrains America from intervention in Europe. That America *must* sympathise with Belgium, and that in a practical form, but that she should not participate in the struggle, was the formula generally agreed—at least up till the time of the *Lusitania* catastrophe, and was widely preached by the non-German press throughout the Eastern States.

In the Middle West, where the greatest industrial centres of the continent are congregated, and where the non and anti-British elements are most numerous and powerful, two factors militated against any active acceptance of the Eastern view. In the first place, the German racial element is numerically and socially in the ascendant. It was carefully organised, not only itself to believe in the righteousness of the German cause, but by every means in its power to spread that belief amongst non-German neighbours. A vigorous propaganda was at work, the German "case" was

showered upon all and sundry, no one was too great or too small to escape receiving letters, pamphlets, journals, and resolutions heaped upon him in profusion. The very inaccuracies, omissions, and mistranslations in this literary campaign strengthened for the time the case it presented, since, as I have noted, there was no corresponding organisation or distribution on the Allied side. The facilities for obtaining the Allied correspondence were not as great as in the East for those who desired to make an impartial study of the facts. It would, besides, have been almost too much to expect that others whose sympathies, either by descent or migration, were German, should have gone out of their way to seek evidence to refute their own predilections or convictions. In the second place, up to the time of the *Lusitania* tragedy, American interests were not, as regards life, directly involved, and, as regards goods, the Allies were thought likely by their command of the sea to be more dangerous to American commercial interests than the Central powers. In the quarrel between European nations German-Americans could therefore plausibly allege to their neighbours that no evidence but that of the German Government need be examined, that this was convincing and decisive, that consequently there was no necessity to review their first and natural adherence to the German case and cause, and, since no American interests were at stake, support of Germany involved no renunciation of America. It was in soil such as this that the German Embassy planted its seed, and who can wonder that it should have borne the fruit that recent revelations have made clear to us.

It must not, however, be supposed that there were not many and striking exceptions to this attitude even in the heart of German-America. University professors, lecturers, judges, bankers, from all over this region have expressed, publicly and privately, their satisfaction at obtaining first-hand reliable public and official documents dealing with the origin and inception of the war, and have acknowledged the influence such information had upon their own judgment as well as upon that of their fellows. The great newspapers in Chicago, while careful not to alienate their German clientèle, always kept a warm corner in their hearts and columns for the Allies, an example followed by the press in Cleveland, St. Louis, and elsewhere.

The position in the Western States was somewhat different from that in the Middle West. Amongst them there is not much past history, there is in many places not a great deal of present interest, but there is an illimitable future, and it is upon this future that the West has concentrated all its attention. There is little time, and scanty desire, for information on European topics, and such desire as exists can either not be satisfied at all, or only be satisfied

at the expense of truth. The people are dependent upon a press which, so far as it is well-informed, is largely hostile to the Allied cause, but which is chiefly remarkable for its want of any but local news, and for its chauvinistic provincialism. Behind the journalistic scenes there is much occult German influence mainly dependent on bluff for its effect, and the attitude they have induced the greater part of the press to assume, in considerable measure corresponds with, or has been adopted by, a large proportion of the population. It may be described in a sentence. "The Western States of America are remote from Europe, the causes of the war there are difficult to comprehend, the truth as to aggression is impossible to arrive at, the evils attendant on this war are probably exaggerated, and the commission of brutalities is not confined to either party exclusively, whilst the issues do not touch American interests; meanwhile our domestic concerns must engage all our attention, there is such urgent need for construction here that we have no leisure to consider the rights or wrongs of destruction elsewhere: let us attend to our own affairs, and since there are two parties amongst us, we had best preserve a strict neutrality of speech and action which will save us the inconvenience of dispute and the trouble of research."

Such an attitude and such a doctrine suit admirably the selfish and the indifferent who in any given community are usually in the majority, and when, in addition, it suited the purposes of an active and intelligent minority, it served many ends. It distorted and obscured the opinion of the most intelligent, observant, and independent section of the people in the Western States—it presented a false and misleading picture of the state of mind of a considerable portion, if not the actual majority, of the population, and it gave a valuable if negative support to the intrigues and manœuvres of the active partisans of Germany. It is even possible, moreover, that it has misled these latter into imagining sympathy where there was aversion, and indifference where there was hostility.

Such was the attitude of America generally, previous to the British blockade and the sinking of the *Lusitania*. It is no part of this article to justify the first of these events or to denounce the latter, since to the English mind no demonstration of either view is necessary. But to Americans of all shades of opinion both facts had this in common, that for the first time American interests were directly and vitally affected, and it was recognised that the American Government would eventually have to take a definite attitude towards them.

Here in England we have come to regard as axiomatic the possession of a Navy superior to that of any other single Power and equal to that of any two. We differ from time to time as to

the exact maintenance of this standard, but we do not dispute its necessity. Holding it essential to our safety, we expect the world to acquiesce in it without murmur, and fail to consider its effect on other, even friendly, Governments. But in America, where Dr. Dernburg has skilfully crystallised this axiom as "navalism," there has always been a tradition apprehensive of British overlordship. This tradition, derived and fostered by an interpretation of history which finds favour in their schools, unfortunately chiefly affects the native Americans amongst whom we find our best friends. It is not necessarily, or even usually, in evidence, but any friction, especially that caused by naval action on our part, will call it into prominence, and at once the theoretical article of faith becomes a question of national sentiment and expression with which both American and British Governments have to reckon.

The British blockade of Germany in retaliation for the plunder and starvation of Belgium, unquestionably aroused just this feeling in the States. The ordinary American, to whom law is a fetish, conceived his legal status in the courts of international law to be impugned—the great commercial interests, headed by the meat packers of Chicago and the cotton growers of the South, thought, or were led to think, their trade was in serious danger, and the general alarm and anxiety was carefully stimulated by German propaganda which saw an admirable opportunity to promote American action against England, which might even, with a little dexterity, be extended to the other members of the Entente. The agitation was not without considerable effect. Mr. Bryan was Secretary of State, and sympathetic to the complaints. The press, responsive to national feeling—even those most cordial to us—took up the supposed international illegality of British action, and with all the zeal of amateur jurists demonstrated that the blockade, being illegal, was intolerable, whether or not it caused any material damage. We owe a great deal at this juncture to the conciliatory attitude and methods of the American Government, who met the judicious, calm, and reasonable explanations and conduct of our Foreign Office at least half-way.

While all this was stirring public feeling in America, came the news of the sinking of the *Lusitania*. Amongst a people always emotional and gradually awakening to the share that America seemed likely to be forced to take in the European conflict, there swept a wave of horror, indignation, grief, and anger which for the moment submerged all other considerations. German explanations and excuses, whether of domestic or foreign origin, were roughly brushed aside. A universal determination was expressed that, since 1,200 people, many of American citizenship, had been murdered in cold blood (for stories of warning by German friends

to Americans intending to cross on the ship were everywhere current, and everywhere gained credence), the culprits must be found and the murders avenged. A deliberate massacre of innocent persons, perpetrated by the order of the same authority as wiped out the populations of Louvain and Dinant, should not be passed by. For a moment it looked as if America, shaken by an irresistible impulse, casting aside all the traditions of ostentatious aloofness from Europe, would demand instant and complete reparation for the atrocity, and failing to receive it would enforce her demand at the point of the sword. The President kept officially calm, and demanded, before taking action, a sincere expression of penitence, apology, and reparation; and while the Administration waited, there came a curious revulsion of feeling. Owing, perhaps, to the many different sources of the nation's origin, there is inherent in the American character whenever in any international difference one of the disputants has particularly done violence to American rights or prejudices, producing thereby an outbreak of indignation and remonstrance, a sentiment that the other party to the quarrel is certain to take advantage of this outburst, itself to commit some yet more flagrant violation of American obligations and privileges. Actuated by this conviction, no sooner had the first blast of indignation at the *Lusitania* tragedy spent itself, than there came the reaction, and both people and press reminded themselves that, while the slaughter of American citizens was an offence which could not be condoned, yet the detention of goods and shipping passing between neutral ports, whether or not it led to confiscation, was a new and serious breach of international law and practice. They were almost certainly unaware that whatever might be the state of international law, the practice of the United States itself during their own Civil War was an exact precedent for our action in blockading Germany through the medium of neutral territory. That the sentiment, whatever its moral value, was spontaneous and widespread can best be shown by two brief quotations from newspapers usually friendly to the Allies, and published, one in New York and the other in Philadelphia. "The Governments of London and Berlin are presuming upon American sympathy. They are not attempting to do justice, they are looking for sympathy. There is neither sympathy nor assistance for any belligerent that trespasses on the rights of the United States." The second quotation runs in an exactly similar spirit: "When posterity comes to examine this question it must find that we took a stand with neither side, that we protested against the invasion of our rights by either without regard to the exigencies of their national peril." Herein breathes the true spirit of impartial neutrality, on which the only criticism that seems

pertinent is, that, if both parties to a quarrel do you an injustice, and you side with neither, you will in all probability receive no reparation or attention from either of them.

Recent events seem to indicate that America is beginning to be of the same opinion. While the torpedoing of the *Persia* and *Ancona* have failed to arouse an expression of reprobation comparable to that produced by the destruction of the *Lusitania*, they have had a considerable and permanent effect upon public opinion in the States. They have confirmed the belief of those who hold that nothing but force will deter Germany (heedless of the loss of non-combatant or neutral life) from repeating the destruction of merchant shipping, whenever she finds it possible or thinks it advantageous to do so. They have convinced others, who long hesitated to whom to assign the guilt of commencing the war, that Germany had deliberately planned aggression, and must be held responsible for the outbreak of war and all its attendant horrors. They have, in a sentence, largely increased the pro-Ally majority in the East, substantially reinforced its adherents in the Middle West, and strengthened the position of those in the West who, though numerous, have been restrained and cautious in their expression of opinion.

The loss of American life has not, however, converted the country to the necessity, or reconciled it to the prospect, of war with Germany; nor has it diverted attention from the inconvenience or alleged illegality of the blockade by Great Britain. If the negotiations at present taking place between America and Germany eventuate in war, the part to be played by the American Army could in no way correspond to the importance of the United States. The number of regular troops is exceedingly small, and though there would probably be no limit to their numerical increase, it would be long before it could become a decisive factor in the field of battle. The Navy would be, no doubt, a welcome addition to the Allies, but it would be relegated to the same silent, though all-important, duties performed by the other fleets. Participation in the war could therefore yield no spectacular result which would justify so momentous a departure from the traditional isolation from Europe, or even compensate for the cost of military preparation on an adequate scale. The industrial and financial disturbance, moreover, would terminate that revival of commercial prosperity which has lately taken place in the States, and of which they undoubtedly are thinking far more than of diplomatic, legal, or ethical disputes of their own Government, or any other. There can be no doubt that the country will support the President in any action which he may feel compelled to take to vindicate the national honour or pride, and his action of the last few days, as well as his

earlier speeches, make clear his intention to obtain satisfaction. How far electoral considerations enter into his calculations it is impossible to say, but they are important elements, and neither friend nor foe, Republican or Democrat, will allow him to forget them. If Germany persists in obduracy, and neither repudiates and punishes her agents, nor abandons her practices, American opinion could not, I believe, remain satisfied with a mere rupture of diplomatic relations, and whatever be the sacrifice involved, it will be made unanimously and unsparingly. But meanwhile accommodation will be sought in every direction, and be welcomed in every quarter, to avert such a reversal of the nation's policy. It cannot be too often repeated that there is no desire for war, no party for war, nor will there be one. If, contrary to present expectation, Germany acknowledges her guilt, regrets her past policy, and promises atonement, then we may expect that swing of the pendulum of public opinion to which I have already drawn attention. If now we refrain from comment, advice, or criticism, we shall hereafter reap the reward of our silence. Should America escape conflict with Germany it will be because her contention as to her international rights in the matter of the life of her citizens has been accepted and satisfied. She will consider herself equally entitled to judgment where her international right of trading is concerned. Her success in the first instance will urge her to press her claims in the second case with her utmost persistence, and should immediate success fail to attend her representations to Great Britain, every word we now utter will be haled against us. The necessity for maintaining an impartial attitude will be put forward by the German-American influences, the Press will succumb to it, and the electoral agencies will pounce on it as so much grist to their mill. The deep-seated resolve of the United States to seek peace and ensue it determines within what limits the President can enforce national rights or uphold national honour; but within those limits, once the *Lusitania* is out of the way, the "Blockade" will move into the centre of the stage.

C. HOBHOUSE.

THE VICEROYALTY OF LORD HARDINGE.

IN our multitudinous troubles there is one bright spot, and that is India; and if there is one personality living to whom that brightness is due, it is Lord Hardinge. The unfriends of the British Empire had great hopes from India, and this was natural enough. Here, according to their view, was a top-heavy structure, kept in unstable equilibrium by outside ligatures; a vast population held in bondage by a small mercenary force; ready to throw off a hated yoke, imposed by an alien race 6,000 miles away. Surely a touch would cause this structure to topple over, bringing destruction to the British Empire!

And no one can doubt that if India had turned against us in the world-struggle through which we are still passing, the great fabric of the British Empire would have been strained, even to the breaking point. Indeed, the position would have been serious if the response from India had been doubtful, or half-hearted; if there had been hesitation on the part of the Indian Princes, who command the hereditary allegiance of the masses, or of the educated class, who control advanced public opinion. Happily there has been no hesitation, either among the thinkers or the fighters; and India has shown "a splendid and unswerving loyalty," placing personal service and her vast resources at the disposal of the King-Emperor. Evidently our unfriends have not understood the true inwardness of the situation.

If we ask why the Princes and people of India are eager to stand by England in this time of storm and stress, we find that it is because they believe that—whatever its shortcomings may be—the British Empire stands, on the whole, for freedom, toleration, and progress. It appears, therefore, clear that, in order to confirm the bond which happily unites India to England, we should in every way emphasise the contrast which exists between British love of freedom, and the degrading tyranny of Prussian militarism; that we should make manifest to the Indian people the unbounded trust they so fully merit; and extend to India's peaceful, intelligent and loyal population that self-government which, under circumstances of difficulty and discord, brought peace and brotherhood to Canada, Australia, and South Africa.

As in the spiritual world there exist, according to Zoroaster, the contending forces of Ormuzd and Ahriman, the principles of good and evil, of light and of darkness, so in the politics of the world we have always the warring systems of free institutions, and bureaucratic militarism; the one offering liberty and progress, the other representing repression and obscurantism. In the history of British India these two principles have operated side by side, producing anomalous results difficult to understand; conciliation mixed with coercion, the beguiling voice of Jacob, with the rough hand of Esau. It is our good fortune that the intelligence of the Indian people has enabled them to perceive that freedom and progress are the first and permanent love of the British people, and that bureaucratic predominance is the accidental result of past history, and will gradually disappear in the light of civilisation and humanity.

A brief survey of Lord Hardinge's career will show that he has always been on the side of the angels: from the day he girded on his harness, to the present time when he is putting it off, he has, under grave difficulties, worked with courage and persistency on approved British lines, to the comfort of the Indian people, and "the safety, honour, and welfare" of the British Empire.

It was in London, just before his departure for India, that he publicly foreshadowed his views, showing the spirit in which he approached the duties of his high office. He referred to the letter addressed by Sir Robert Peel to his grandfather, the first Viscount Hardinge, on his appointment in 1844 to be Governor-General of India. "If," wrote Sir Robert, "you can keep peace, reduce expenses, extend commerce, and strengthen our hold on India by confidence in our justice and kindness and wisdom, you will be received here on your return with acclamations a thousand times louder, and a welcome infinitely more cordial than if you had a dozen victories to boast of." Accepting these words of wholesome admonition, as being true and applicable now as when they were written seventy years ago, Lord Hardinge continued as follows: "I have laid these words to heart, but, had Sir Robert lived now, during this period of transition in India, when some of the old landmarks are being removed to give a wider scope to the intelligence and intellectual ability of our Indian fellow subjects, he would, I think, have given some additional advice, possibly on the following lines—that the new Viceroy should watch over with the utmost care and vigilance, and do his utmost to consolidate the beneficent and far-reaching scheme of reforms introduced by Lord Morley and Lord Minto for associating the people of India more closely with the management of their own affairs. He might also have added that the Viceroy should strain every nerve to conciliate *all* races,

"classes, and creeds. My lords and gentlemen, it will be my
 "humble duty honestly to endeavour to follow the precepts so
 "clearly laid down by Sir Robert Peel, and those that I have had
 "the temerity to suggest as likely additions had that eminent
 "statesman lived in our day, and in pursuing this course I shall be
 "fortified by the profound sympathy and regard that I entertain,
 "and have always entertained, for our Indian fellow subjects, and
 "by my earnest desire to contribute at least something to their
 "material welfare and development."

From this foreword we see that Lord Hardinge was not only inspired by the kindest feelings towards India, but also that he had already obtained an insight into the essential conditions of the Indian problem. He saw that his primary duty as representing the Crown, was to "associate the people of India more closely in the management of their own affairs." In other words, his mission was to carry out an effective advance towards self-government on the generous lines contemplated by Lord Morley; also that this was to be done in co-operation with the educated class, whose rise formed the most striking feature in the development of the new India. What he had in his mind was shown later on, when in his memorable despatch of August, 1911, he put forward a definite scheme, proposing "gradually to give the Provinces a large measure of self-government, until at last India should consist of a number of ministrations autonomous in all provincial affairs, with the Government of India above them all, and possessing power to interfere in cases of misgovernment, but ordinarily restricting their functions to matters of Imperial concern." This scheme went hand in hand with provisions for the due admission of Indians to the governing bodies both executive and legislative.

This declaration marked a bold step forward. But it must be borne in mind that neither the dictum of Sir Robert Peel, nor Lord Hardinge's corollary, indicated any fresh departure in British policy. When Sir Robert Peel said, "keep the peace; reduce expenditure; treat the Indian as you would desire to be treated yourself," he was only iterating the principles of justice and benevolence approved by the British people; and Lord Hardinge's constitutional move towards decentralisation and provincial autonomy, simply gave effect to the Acts of Parliament and the Royal Proclamations, which abolished all disabilities of race and class, and assured to India the rights of equal citizenship.

The principles are clear enough. But when a Viceroy, obeying the Home mandate, seeks to put these principles into practice, he finds that he has a hard battle to fight, coming into collision with the traditions of the Covenanted Civil Service, a compact body of foreign monopolists, whose professional interests are in direct

antagonism to Indian aspirations. This is not the fault of the individuals, but of the system, which is a survival from the bad old times. The programme of peace, economy and reform, precious to the Indian people, cannot possibly be welcome to the civil and military bureaucracy, which enjoys a monopoly of power and emolument. The natural desire of a spirited and well-equipped army is for "active service," not for the stagnation of a prolonged peace; and who can reasonably expect officials to love public economy, which means reduction of their own salaries; or reform, which implies a transfer of authority from themselves to the representatives of the people? It thus happened that "Clemency" Canning and "Father" Ripon, in their loyal devotion to duty, suffered martyrdom at the hands of their privileged fellow-countrymen in India; reminding one of the parable of the rebellious husbandmen, who stoned and wounded the servants sent by the lord of the vineyard to receive his dues. It therefore behoves the British Parliament and public, not only to give vigorous support when measures of Indian reform are in question, but also (as will be suggested later on), to amend the constitution of the Government of India, so that a reforming Viceroy may be in a position to carry out effectively the mandate of the British people.

It is true that Lord Hardinge was able in great measure to overcome the difficulties of his position, but this was only rendered possible by the exceptional force of his personality, and by the effective co-operation of the Indian Intellectuals; and a few words seem necessary on each of these points.

As regards his personal qualifications, it is to be noted that he received his early training in the diplomatic service, which he entered in 1880. His experience was of a varied kind, as he filled important offices in the East and in the West, eventually becoming Ambassador at St. Petersburg. Thence he returned to England in 1906 as Permanent Under-Secretary at the Foreign Office, where he remained until he was appointed Viceroy of India. In an appreciative editorial of welcome, published in the *Hindustan Review* for December 1910, his exacting duties at the Foreign Office were compared to those of "the navigating officer of a battleship, to whom are entrusted the sailing orders, the charts, and the steering gear, and who must know the position of every shoal and every sunken reef in the oceans, the force and the direction of the currents and all the vagaries of the weather. It is not difficult to realise the high intellectuality, remarkable versatility, and consummate skill with which Lord Hardinge must be endowed, to have made the very successful Permanent Under-Secretary which he is acknowledged, on all hands, to have been." To this may be added that a personality capable of maintaining

discipline in such an aristocratic preserve as the British Foreign Office, was the right choice as Viceroy of India, whose foremost duty it is to control and direct the lordly Mandarins of the Indian official world.

His peculiar gifts commended him to the confidence of his late Majesty, Edward the Peace Maker, who, as is well known, constantly looked to him for advice and assistance, and made him a companion in all his official visits to the Continental Sovereigns.

With such antecedents there could be no doubt as to Lord Hardinge's intellectual fitness. As to his success as a ruler, we may accept the wisdom of our ancestors, which says that no one knows where the shoe pinches except the wearer; and those of the British public who desire to understand Indian feeling on this point, will find it reflected in the recent utterances of representative Indian leaders, such as the speech made at Simla on September 17th last by Syed Sir Ali Imám, of Behar, late Vice-President of the Viceregal Executive Council; in the speech by the Hon. Pandit Madan Mohan Malaviya, an orthodox Brahmin of the holy city of Allahabad, and an elected Member of the Viceroy's Legislative Council, who spoke at Simla on the 28th of the same month; and in the noble presidential address of Sir S. P. Sinha, of Bengal, late Law Member in the Government of India, who last Christmas presided over the deliberations of the Indian National Congress at Bombay. These are all independent professional men, who have given their services to the State, mostly at personal sacrifice; who have formed the link between the governors and the governed; and who have co-operated with Lord Hardinge in bringing India solid to the support of the British Empire. It would be well that those responsible for the relations between India and England should read and inwardly digest these speeches. But unfortunately the British public, harassed by manifold world-cares, find little leisure for the study of matters so vitally affecting Imperial interests. I will therefore briefly indicate the contents of these speeches, in so far as they point to the acts in Lord Hardinge's administration which have most strongly impressed the Indian people.

But before doing this, it will be well to point out the special importance which, by reason of the caste organisation, necessarily attaches in India to the views held by such representative Intellectuals. It is true that the hard and fast category ascribed to Manu no longer exists—the Brahmin as priest, the Kshatriya as warrior, the Vaisya as trader, and the Sudra as cultivator. But none the less we have in practice at the present day the division of labour, and the consequent hereditary aptitudes, which this classification implies: the Intellectuals do the thinking for the community; the hereditary fighters do the fighting; the Bunya and

his confrères do the trading; while the patient ryot cultivates the soil. Each in his own department is unsurpassed, but he willingly leaves their specialised functions to the other classes. It thus happens that the educated class though, by comparison, they may be few in number, represent the thinking power, and the highest aspirations of the Indian people. Their extraordinary mental development has been shown by the fact that one member of their body gained the distinction of Senior Wrangler at Cambridge, and another headed the list of successful candidates in the competitive examination for the Civil Service.

Returning now to the political incidents of Lord Hardinge's administration, we find that the first notable event which signalised his advent, was the modification of the Bengal "Partition," a bold stroke of statesmanship, which calmed the troubled spirit of local patriotism, and restored peace to Bengal; thus preparing the way for a safe advance on the lines of constitutional progress. And the auspicious opportunity of the King-Emperor's visit was taken, to make a definite pronouncement in favour of self-government. To quote the words of Mr. Montagu, "At last, and not too soon, "a Viceroy has had the courage to state the trend of British policy "in India, and the lines on which we propose to advance."

But Lord Hardinge was not content with reaffirming the liberal principles approved by the British people. As opportunity offered, he endeavoured to give practical effect to those principles, by promoting autonomy in each of the Indian Provinces, and by securing to Indians due representation on the governing bodies. Thus, in spite of the usual official dissent, he established an Executive Council in the newly constructed Province of Behar and Orissa. This involved the entry of an Indian into the Executive Government, in place of the one-man civilian rule of the old Lieutenant-Governorship of Bengal, an arrangement naturally favoured by civilian officials. And he would have extended a like privilege to the United Provinces of Allahabad and Oudh, had not his action, which had the approval of the Secretary of State, been upset by the interposition of the House of Lords, operating in concert with the Civilian Members of Council, who formed the reactionary minority in Lord Hardinge's Government. A very damaging blow was dealt to the authority of His Majesty's Government in India by this sudden and arbitrary interference with the ordered progress of the administration. The action of the hereditary Chamber caused deep resentment in the United Provinces; and gratitude was felt throughout India for the dignified protest recorded by Lord Hardinge, who assured the public that the desired reform was not defeated, but only delayed.

As in the Executive, so in the Legislative Councils of the newly

constituted Provinces, an advance was made to meet the wishes of the people, Lord Hardinge's regulations providing that there should be a majority of elected Members in the Legislative Council of Behar and Orissa, although it was a matter of common knowledge that official influences were adverse to this concession. Further, Legislative Councils with non-official majorities were granted to the minor governments of Assam and the Central Provinces.

In thus strengthening the independent Indian element in the local administrations, the keynote of Lord Hardinge's action was, Trust in the people; and in the Budget debate of last March, he bore witness to the advantages derived by the central authority from this move towards self-government: "The inclusion," he said, "of an Indian gentleman in the Council of a Province is, to my mind, a source of great strength to the Governor and Lieutenant-Governor." And as regards his own experience of Sir Ali Imam as the Law Member of the Supreme Council, he said, "I can only speak of him as a colleague imbued with the highest sense of duty, patriotism, and loyalty. Not only by his actual services as head of the Legislative Department, but also by his constant helpfulness and loyal but straightforward advice, he has been of the utmost advantage and assistance to me and my government." By thus keeping in touch with Indian sentiment and experience, Lord Hardinge was able, in cases of serious emergency, to act with promptitude and effect. For example, there was the case of the Cawnpore mosque, when a number of persons were shot down by the police. Great religious indignation was aroused among the Mahommedans throughout India, the excitement being aggravated by the harsh proceedings subsequently initiated by the local Government. In that case Lord Hardinge went in person to the spot, received a deputation of the leaders, and after hearing both sides made a happy settlement, which was of no small political value at a time when, on account of the war with Turkey, strenuous efforts were being made to alienate the minds of the Moslem community. Similarly as regards the riots in Calcutta, when the Sikh emigrants, returning from Canada, came into collision with the police at Budge-budge. A considerable number were killed and wounded, and there was naturally excitement among their co-religionists in the Punjab, but Lord Hardinge caused an inquiry to be made, the results of which satisfied the public, and the excitement speedily died away.

These are instances of well-informed and resolute action on the part of the Viceroy in the internal affairs of India. But perhaps the imagination of the people has been still more deeply impressed by his bearing in the wider field of world politics, by identifying

himself with Indian national sentiment in the struggle carried on in South Africa for the honour of the Motherland. Speaking at Madras of the imprisonment and hardships endured by Indians, and especially by Mr. and Mrs. Gándhi, rather than submit to a law that they regarded as unjust and degrading, His Excellency said, "In all this they have the sympathy of India, deep and burning, and not only of India but of all those who like myself, without being Indians themselves, have feelings of sympathy for the people of this country. I trust that the Government of the Union will fully realise the imperative necessity of treating a loyal section of their fellow subjects in a spirit of equality and in accordance with their rights as free citizens of the British Empire." With reference to this speech it was well said by the Hon. Madan Mohan Malaviya, that "the conception of a Viceroy which Indians cherish is that he should represent to them the love, the sympathy, the solicitude of the Sovereign for his people, and that on the other hand he should represent the people, their interests, their national self-respect and honour, to His Majesty's Government and the world outside." In thus raising his powerful voice on behalf of the suffering Indians, Lord Hardinge fulfilled this ideal, and earned the enduring gratitude of the entire Indian community.

India is now about to lose the services of this powerful and faithful friend, and a heavy load of responsibility will rest on his successor in conducting the advance towards self-government within the Empire, confidently expected by the Indian people at the close of the war. Both the great parties in the State are pledged, by their declarations in Parliament, to give to India a worthy place in our free Empire, as a partner, not as a dependent; and doubtless the advance to self-government will be made on the lines laid down in Lord Hardinge's despatch of August 1911—provincial autonomy, and the full development of Lord Morley's scheme of reforms, with a generous transfer of authority from the official body to the representatives of the people. This programme is all in the right direction. But how is the new Viceroy to carry out this constitutional evolution with the means at his disposal? He is without special Indian experience. On the other hand, India knows her own requirements, and would gladly offer guidance. What helpful advice would she wish to give? A few days ago I put this question to a trusted Indian friend; and he replied without hesitation, "The answer is simple. We wish the new Viceroy to walk in the footsteps of Lord Hardinge, and complete his work." Yes; but even Lord Hardinge, with exceptional powers as a ruler, and with ripe experience, found it hard to cope with the difficulties created by his surroundings; difficulties which sometimes proved

insurmountable. How then can his successor, new to the work, hope to succeed? In order that he may be successful, it is essential that he should receive strong support from home. The British public must realise that, to render it possible for him to walk in the steps of Lord Hardinge, his political friends must make him master in his own administrative household, by excluding from his Executive Council the permanent civil servants who now dominate the Government, and by giving him colleagues able and willing to support him in carrying out the behests of Parliament and the Crown.

Permanent public servants should remain, permanently, servants of the public, and should have no place in the governing body. This is the settled rule of British administration. In England a member of the permanent Civil Service must be content to close his career as the working head of his department, taking orders from his political chief, without aspiring to control his decisions. The task of a British Prime Minister would be an impossible one if he were compelled to accept as his colleagues the permanent heads of the administrative departments, and were not free to choose the members of his Cabinet from among his trusted political supporters. Yet this is what the Viceroy has to endure, only in an aggravated form; for under the existing law, the leading members of the covenanted Civil Service are privileged to enter automatically into his Executive Council, a solid phalanx able to resist or delay all innovations, and bringing with them traditions and interests adverse to Indian aspirations, and to the policy of peace, economy, and reform prescribed by the British people.

So arduous are the obligations of a Viceroy under existing conditions that Mr. John Bright declared that his duties were "far greater than any human being can adequately fulfil." All the more gratifying is it that Lord Hardinge, with the co-operation of the Indian people, has been able to fulfil his duties to the satisfaction of all lovers of freedom and progress. To use the happy phrase of Sir Robert Peel, he has strengthened our hold on India by confidence in our justice and kindness and wisdom, and he leaves India amid the passionate regrets of a grateful people.

To the Indian Civil Service Lord Hardinge has spoken parting words, both of appreciation and of warning. Addressing representatives of the Service at the Simla banquet, he recognised that the record of the rank and file, as good servants of the people, has been worthy of all praise. In the stress of war, pestilence, and famine, their selfless devotion has never failed. To the highly placed officials, his kindly words were those of admonition, charging them to fling away ambition, and take in exchange the nobler ideal of service and sacrifice.

W. WEDDERBURN.

THE WAR AND THE NATIONAL TEMPER— A YEAR LATER.

IN THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW for February, 1915, I wrote upon the war and the national temper. It may possibly be not without interest to supplement what was then written after the lapse of more than twelve months. The tests of the temper of the nation since that article appeared have been more searching than those in force during the first six months of the war. Then there was the excitement of a new enterprise, the constant recurrence of striking events and the expectation of conclusive achievements, all of which went to create vivid interest and to maintain ardour. Then, too, the emotion resulting from the rape of Belgium was at the full; and so both in battle and in philanthropy stimulus was at its height and the unity of the country was reflected without blur in the smooth surface of Parliamentary calm.

The year which has since passed has been different. In all these respects the glamour of the war has gone. In most weeks dramatic events have been absent and those that have occurred have not been to the advantage of the Allies. Philanthropy of all kinds has passed into the stage of daily effort. It is the length of the war and all that that means in civil as well as in military matters which has been pressing on the public mind. The whole year has been a year of working hours.

How, then, does the national temper, which is at the bottom the most important thing of all, show itself through such a period. It may be discussed, as before, under the headings of recruiting, of philanthropy, and of behaviour; but there is a further aspect, that of economic obligation as well as, of course, the relations of the Government and Parliament of the country.

Taking the last first, the year has shown, and no one can be surprised at it, that the House of Commons has been unable to keep up the attitude of unanimous support of a bepraised Government with which it began the war. A conflict like this increases as much in complexity as it does in extent, but had it been conducted by archangels possessed of divine wisdom, criticism, especially that of the irresponsible kind, was bound to develop and remain.

The formation of the Coalition has never yet been fully

explained, possibly for good reasons. The duties of taxation and of organising labour are performed, as it were, on hot embers. Metropolitan journalism, half starved as regards information, was certain to take refuge in sensational advice lest it should cease to be recognised as the Fourth Estate of the realm. From this and many other causes has arisen a state of things through which the nation has received less of leadership than it did at the beginning, and there would be much more excuse than there was at first if the reaction upon resolve and unity had been serious. It has been appreciable, though, by a curious good fortune, whenever Parliamentary crises have seemed most imminent they have passed away. The Coalition, unloved, has not been unhonoured, and not one of the great departures in strategy, in munitions, and in recruiting has really rent the country, though splinters fly from time to time.

Probably the most serious defect, and it is a defect against which great successes of leadership can be set, has been the failure to give the country full or regular information as to the war itself. It is a nice point, which is the greater stimulus to the nation's spirit, victory or disaster; but when for weeks together there is neither, their place can only be filled by knowledge. It has too often seemed that the maxim of the War Office, at least, has been the minimum of information consistent with keeping Parliament and the country quiet, rather than the maximum of information consistent with not helping the enemy.

Passing to the categories already suggested, one comes to recruiting. This has undergone three stages—the long one, up to the beginning of the Derby campaign; the incidents of that campaign; and the position since, conditioned by the Military Service Act. The extent to which recruiting went on in the first of these periods has not had full justice done to it. The difficulties were great. Those keenest to go had gone. Other problems, especially that of munitions, clamoured for solution, and labour in mills and factories, if not on farms or in docks, was needed for our Allies as well as for ourselves. All along, voluntary recruiting persisted, and the frame of mind which encouraged it in all classes has remained substantially unaltered. It was a thousand pities that the Parliamentary Recruiting Committees were turned off to a campaign for national economy. Nothing, indeed, was more needed; but "every man to his last," and few people associated economy with politics, while these committees, as recruiting agencies, had obtained a thorough grip of the conditions in all parts of the country. The feature of local leadership has remained, as ever, one of great consequence, and where that has been most forthcoming, the recruiting has been the best.

Looking back, it seems a pity that Volunteer organisations were not more encouraged and given more to do. For many a man over forty, willing to turn out to guard bridges and patrol roads, did not appear, in the absence of uniform and of State encouragement, to be giving a lead to his employees as he wished to do. And this acted as a deterrent. It required exceptional good sense for workmen to do what was done in one case in the Midlands. The head of the firm had some strong sons, none of whom had enlisted. Government work was being done. Eight or ten workmen left it and appeared at the Recruiting Station. They were told they could not be taken as they were engaged on a Government contract. "Well," said the spokesman, "we mean to go. If the boss won't let his sons go and fight we are going, for the honour of the shop!" Nor unlike this was the case of a Lancashire recruit with more pluck than inches. He was refused as being barely five feet, and the officer was firm. "Wait a minute," said the man and, going out, he returned promptly with a friend in khaki. "Measure him, sir," he said, "he's half an inch shorter than I am." It ended in the loftier bantam being enlisted too.

It was to a state of things in which recruiting was flagging and yet, with such instances as these cropping up, that the promulgation of the Derby Scheme came. Its reception, and the mood in which it found people, are not easy to describe in a sentence. Its Parliamentary antecedents had evoked little interest, but when it began it at once drew together, and supplied a strong incentive to, thoughtful and leading people in every constituency. The party executive committees and agents began to work as if for a General Election; and the organisation of the canvass brought into active recruiting work thousands of willing people who had hitherto been lookers on. The territorial side of recruiting had scarcely met with due encouragement earlier in the year, and this gave an opportunity for stimulating it afresh.

Yet there was much dissatisfaction. The machinery was a long time in getting into order. There is no place where visitors are treated with more courtesy than at the War Office, but from that institution seemed to come influences and orders utterly out of touch with the facts of the situation in the country and for which Lord Derby was certainly not responsible.

For instance, in one county where numerous additional enrolment offices were selected, rotas of magistrates as attesting officers arranged, doctors secured and local schoolmasters set free to act as clerks, all was forbidden as not in accord with the exclusively military methods which had descended from the pre-war period. A precious week was wasted, and in some cases men had to go three times to a distant village before they could be enrolled. At



last, with great trouble and, as is thought by some persons, because a debate in both Houses of Parliament was guaranteed, the stations were opened, but now under military direction and at ten times the cost which would have sufficed at first. The Derby Scheme was a great civilian movement, but some in authority seemed to think that a doorkeeper in khaki, though a private, was of more value than civilian graduates and justices of the peace.

In another constituency, medical examinations were not taken in the principal town after four o'clock in the afternoon, an hour at which men are frequently at work; and in one rural area there was but one attesting officer over forty miles. In a crowded part of a populous northern shire there was the usual rush at the end, and hundreds of attestation papers were required. They were lying in stacks at the railway station of the nearest military depot, but telephone calls, telegrams, and taxis all failed to bring them for many hours till some traditional formula had been applied. These things, though doubtless due in some part to inadequate staffs and slowness of uptake at headquarters, injured the Derby Scheme (for there is nothing isolated in these examples) and damped down the zeal which had helped to excite ardour.

From such things, too, has sprung a feeling which is strong in some places that the scheme was not fully tried; and from this mood, again, comes not a little distrust which will greatly injure the national temper if it spreads.

In the reception of the scheme by those whose enrolment was sought, there was a great change in the last fortnight. The Prime Minister's pledge, which turned married people into recruiting agents for the single men, no doubt told, as did the sense that time was running out; but it may be argued that the change was quite as much due to the facts that the machinery was now working well in most places, and that the seriousness of the national position was at last realised. In villages it showed itself in a different reception of the local canvassers; in towns it even went so far as to lead to threatened strikes where men who had refused to enrol were still employed. Such strikes actually happened at Leicester and Northampton. The enthusiasm of the first weeks of the war had returned, but with a sterner note, like that of hounds who are running "to kill."

All along, before the Derby Scheme and later, there has been no falling off in self-sacrifice or keenness among those from whom the supply of officers has come. The true English spirit has been seen in hundreds upon hundreds of homes where the loss of one son has quickened the obligation of another. In the early autumn, in one territorial district, there was a special demand for subalterns, and several lads of the same set obtained commissions. A little

later, a lady called on the chairman of a Recruiting Committee to ask if he could help her son to a commission. "Six weeks ago," she said, "several of his friends joined the county regiment, and I kept him back. His father is dead, and he is my only boy, but I see that I have done wrong and I am willing he should go now. Can you help me?" That lad is now doing well in his battalion and the mother is bravely happy.

Instances of devotion grow in number with the months. A clergyman who had been an Army chaplain tried his hardest to return to that position, though at the sacrifice of his living, when war broke out. He was refused but not embittered, and all through the time up to the present has been doing the work of a recruiting officer, of a speaker at recruiting meetings, and a correspondent with many old friends in the ranks at the front; and all this without neglecting the duties of his parish.

A distinguished nobleman, whose heir was killed, only redoubled his exertions in all these fields of patriotic work. The vilest weather could not keep him at home, though past the three score years and ten, when his presence could rouse recruiting fervour in some town or village, however small. He told, in his direct way, how his loss inspired him with more pride than sorrow, and how his age alone prevented his offer of service being taken; and, when asked privately after a long week of Tribunals and Committees and organisation why he took no holiday, he said as truly as simply, "I have given my life to it."

The Old Boys' Club, of which I spoke last year, met again in October. The number of those who had joined the Army had gone up by fifty per cent.; there was a glorious record of heroic deaths and famous achievements read; and the thanks to old school-fellows fighting was this year combined with a pledge to do everything to see the war through to a finish.

It is told of a Free Church Theological College that the authorities were concerned as to whether to claim exemption for the students on the ground that they were training for the ministry. While the problem was pondered over, all the students but two enlisted, and the college was closed. *Solutus ambulando* would seem sometimes to apply in theology.

It is the widespread existence of this frame of mind, combined with want of complete information and, to some extent, of adequate guidance which explains the way in which the Military Service Act has been received. The debates in Parliament aroused acute interest in some districts of the North, but scarcely any in the country generally. So far as inquiries made in various places can ascertain the feeling is one of acquiescence, now and then rather resentful that the voluntary system was not kept intact, and often

regretful that the whole national position could not have been fully expounded. It is the old story, willing to be led, unwilling to be driven, but in this case willing to be led in twilight because of the deep sense of national crisis. Different cities and counties vary greatly. Prosperity has hindered recruiting here and there; but through all varieties of experience the national temper with regard to the Army is that which is here described.

Philanthropy, like military service, has widened and is widening. The cries of Poland and of Serbia have been heard; and, whatever the inherent difficulties of a Multiple Alliance, it has certainly made for width of sympathy. There is no sign that the variety of philanthropic work now open, especially for women, is leading to undue dispersion of effort. It is, of course, from those classes which in ordinary times have leisure that most of this work must be looked for; and every month sees a strengthening of the feeling which does not consider it "nice" if a woman not wholly occupied with her children or earning her living, fails to give the best of her time to one or other of the committees of healing and comfort. And those who have little or no time to give are all for doing something. The egg collection for hospitals has now become far more widely spread than the reading of halfpenny newspapers, and even when eggs were at their highest the stream that came in from the cottages of the poor to hall or rectory, or wherever the collecting centre was, is indeed pleasant to think upon.

Instances of untiring kindness are known to every one. Is there not, for example, something to remember in the true story of how, in a southern town, a nurse discovered the baby of a Belgian refugee a few days old, and seemingly dying? She went home, sought and found her mistress's leave to take the child. Mistress and nurse, after weeks of wakeful nights and constant care, and with another invalid child in the home to tend, saved the life of the little Belgian and have brought it to health.

Philanthropy is really one of the best kinds of behaviour, but the national temper is shown in other ways as well. The remarkable absence of crime noted a year ago continues. Criminal justice has hardly enough to do to-day to keep it from rusting. The Assizes are held with hardly any prisoners. Quarter Sessions as criminal courts scarcely exist; and the routine of police courts, at any rate out of London, has remained on the same limited scale all along. This is the more noteworthy, as there is ground for thinking that the consumption of alcohol, certainly in the form of beer, has not diminished at all.

Unlike the state of things that is rumoured to exist in Germany, there is an almost universal absence of disorder of any kind. That is true on ordinary days and nights, and also when the Zeppelins

visit us. Real terror is felt by parents and others who have the care of children. But fear has, so far, led to no tumult, but rather to greater self-control and intelligent obedience to prescribed precautions.

The other day when lights were put out suddenly in a famous city, a customer went into a barber's shop. The barber could not attend to him in the usual room as the light would have shown, so he was taken into the parlour. There sat a little girl of three, quietly as she was told in a chair; the father brought the cot with the baby down into the shop without breaking its sleep; the mother said she did not know whether it would do much good, but she wished to have the baby where she could most easily take it out if the house was struck and there was chance of escape. It was a scene of anxiety, but not of flurry; and that is just the way in which in thousands of homes a terrible risk is quietly faced. Faced it is, but it is not forgotten, and the anger excited by these raids has a heat like some coke fire in a stove, without flame, but all the more lasting. That father and mother, for instance, may be trusted to give their last shilling and their last ounce of strength towards destroying an enemy whose methods are these.

A word, in conclusion, may be said about the national temper in economics. There is much more perception now than a year ago of the need for a clear policy, national and individual, on this matter. Everyone, at any rate, has got to the stage of believing that everyone else should economise; and those who believe and do it for themselves are increasing every week. It does not show much yet, nor can it be expected to. In those classes which have been better off ever since the war began the demand for cheap jewellery and cottage pianos keeps up, and women, in some cases, find themselves better off with allowances and absent husbands than when their "man" was at home. This is borne out by the experience of County Court Judges as to "judgment summonses." These are most frequent in hard times, but the other day, in a central city, instead of the usual 100 there were only five.

But for all that the wave of economy is spreading. It differs in volume greatly in different places. In Oxford and Cambridge, which have suffered much, it is strong. In the towns where munitions are made, and where there are contracts with our Government or the Governments of our Allies, it is weak; but that people generally see that it is right is borne out by the way in which new and heavy taxes are endured. It is doubtful if the oldest man among us can remember a time when taxation was borne with less grumbling; and the reception of Mr. McKenna's Budget in the House of Commons, in the Press, and in the country will be judged

by historians as a striking example of English phlegm and imperturbable resolution.

Evidence to the same effect, but of a different kind, is seen in the growing sharpness of criticism of what appears like extravagance, either of public bodies or of conspicuous persons. The use of a private motor-car is becoming an act to be explained, and, in the absence of explanation, to be condemned, as people are often condemned, at sight. District Councils attack the extravagance of County Councils, a possible preliminary to recognising their own. County Councils work out schemes of economy, but are sensitive at the prospect of reduced grants from the Exchequer. In its turn, the Exchequer cuts down supplies and refers more and more duties to local authorities.

It is all significant, but it must go a long way further yet. There is expectancy abroad, and herein lies the chief change in the national temper. It is imperative that those responsible to the country in naval, military, and civil affairs shall show more clearly the wisdom of what they are doing and do things the wisdom of which everyone can judge. Let the facts of the situation be made plain, and there is no class which will not realise that economy ranks high among the special duties of to-day, and if it bring with it a sense of privation it will not be out of accord with the national spirit. I am convinced there is no slackening, but rather a tempered hardening, of the will to win. Intolerance only shows—alas! that it should even there—against those who preach Peace when there is no peace. The burden and heat of the day are felt; they do but emphasise the importance of the task. Those who criticise, those who enquire, even those who condemn leaders and methods, are at one with those who toil in silence, in realising more and more the need, and strengthening more and more the resolve, of seeing this war to a triumphant end, whatever its cost in any and every department of national or personal life.

W. RYLAND D. ADKINS.

PERSIA AND THE ALLIES.

THE mention of Persia conjures up in the minds of political students a repellent picture of psychological misconceptions and diplomatic blunders. It may well be doubted whether in any other department of our international relations so many false starts have been made and so many golden opportunities thrown away, in consequence of our constitutional incapacity to understand the workings of the Oriental mind. For all the evils, not only of corrupt government, but of racial degeneration and national decay, our political leaders have but one mode of treatment which they regard as a sure panacea—a parliamentary *régime*. They fancy that if representative government be introduced into any country, whatever its social and moral condition, forthwith a supply of ichor is poured into its veins which will bestow upon it, if not eternal youth, moral health and strength to take its place among the progressive nations of the world. Good laws will then be framed, checks instituted against mischievous drifts in the restless sections of the community, and a sound scheme of liberty realised. For Parliamentarism has a sacramental virtue. Such would seem to be the theory in accordance with which our policy towards weak and demoralised peoples has been uniformly shaped, irrespective of their idiosyncracies and varying degrees of fitness to apply it. And yet a cursory glance at the examples that confront us every day ought to have sufficed to explode this crude final notion.

Portugal is a case in point respecting which in the near future we may be called upon for a decision, perhaps at the moment when we are least prepared to deliver a helpful one. Democratic Government has been tried there for some years now without let or hindrance from without, and the outcome of it all is anarchy. Under the Monarchy people complained of abuses, of injustice, of ignorance; but under the Republic it is felt that complaint would be wasted breath. There is no one to appeal to now, there seems nothing to hope from any mere modification of the existing *régime*. Yet Portugal is a much better subject for the Parliamentary experiment than Persia. It is a European State, it once played a prominent part among the civilising forces of the world, and to-day it has

secular traditions and glorious memories to cherish. The population is homogeneous, their religion is one, their language is the same. Persia, on the other hand, stands for plurality without unity, a number of various kinds of ethnic twigs without the string that ties them in a bundle. Racially the Shah's subjects are an amalgam of various branches of the Aryan, Iranian, Tartar, and Semitic peoples, the lineal descendants of the ancient Persians being probably represented by the Bakhtiari.

None of those elements in its present state makes for humanity or progress. The essential factors of improvement are lacking, and even the need of them is nowhere felt. Passion still sways the various sections of the people to such an extent that even interest is but a secondary motive power among the most. Ages of despotism of the worst type have left an indelible mark on the souls of the tribes who were exposed to its corrosive action, while freebooting, murder, highway robbery, and immunity from all restraints have unfitted the remainder for peaceful pursuits. And as human nature shows a marked tendency to remain true to itself, irrespective of forms of government, it was fair to argue that a parliamentary *régime* would assume in such a country as Persia the destructive character of those by whom it was adopted. That inference should have guided those who undertook the task of thinking and acting for the population of Iran* and supplying them with a stimulus to constructive effort. But they preferred to work on the theory that a Government by the people is a remedy for most social and political ills. And the result is confusion worse confounded.

The Russians and the British, after having long been rivals in Iran, had the good sense to split their differences and agree upon a common line of action there in the year 1907. The inspirer of that salutary policy was the late King Edward, and the man who had the courage to formulate, champion, and execute it was Izvolsky, then Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs, whose services to the cause of what, for lack of a better term, I should call Europeanism, have not yet been fully recognised. It was my good fortune to be in St. Petersburg at that time and to follow the progress of the conversations at fairly close quarters,† and I venture to state that M. Izvolsky deserved well of his country and the Entente. His moral courage, severely tested by a powerful Opposition and other influences, never faltered.

One of the objects of the Anglo-Russian Agreement was to keep Persia from being submerged, and the means adopted were the introduction of Parliamentary Government, elections, a responsible

* Persia.

† I announced the commencement of negotiations long before the public would credit the fact or the interested Governments would admit it.

Cabinet, and all the other devices of democratic countries, the recognition of Persia's integrity and independence, the advance to her of money, and the creation of British and Russian "spheres of influence." It was a curious project even on paper, and it was a hundredfold more incongruous when it came to be worked out. For it is clear that Parliamentary government, which brings the ruling classes into continual contact with the masses, must of necessity lead to the formation of a Nationalist party. And this party would at once be faced by two alternatives: either fierce opposition to the protecting Powers whose spheres of influence are incompatible with a Nationalist policy, or the sacrifice of moral sincerity which would be sapped by acquiescence in that arrangement. Each of the two creations, Parliamentary *régime* and spheres of foreign influence, was as incompatible with the other as were Ahriman and Ōrmuzd in the ancient Persian religion.

From the view-point of British interests two other capital errors were perpetrated: a neutral zone dividing the Russian from the British sphere was established, and the territory earmarked by our Government was insufficient. During the negotiations between the two Cabinets, the Russian Minister proposed a really large slice of land to his colleague, which would have had the effect of equalising the shares and leaving no neutral zone. This reasonable offer was declined on two inadequate grounds. Great Britain had always in her dealings with Russia upheld the principle of a buffer in some shape or form between the two Empires. But as in this case a buffer State was out of the question, the only other way of keeping the two Empires from becoming neighbours was to divide them by a No-man's land, as though there was no pirate nation on the look-out for unclaimed territory.

A further motive which went far to strengthen that was the unwillingness of the Indian Government to be hampered by a bigger strip of territory than it could efficaciously defend with the slender resources at its disposal against aggression from without. That was the British conception of the transaction.

Within a few years the inevitable sequel of this shortsightedness began to make itself felt, and the Indian Government was confronted with the necessity of building a railway which should pass through the neutral zone, but the project encountered insurmountable obstacles from Persia and Russia. For in the meantime the Teheran Government, which at first demurred to the Anglo-Russian Convention of 1907 as incompatible with the dignity and independence of the country, had with extreme reluctance and under heavy pressure sanctioned it, but only on the understanding that it should receive a restrictive interpretation

and not be enlarged under any pretext. Subsequently the German Government, in the Potsdam Agreement, also consented to recognise it in return for concessions promised by the Tsar. To have attempted to supplement it so as to abolish the neutral zone for the benefit of either signatory, would have been to raise the whole question afresh, and together with it a number of new and thorny issues. Germany, too, would certainly have protested, as she had protested against the Anglo-French Convention about Morocco. The Persian Cabinet, which had a Nationalist Opposition to keep in countenance, would have resisted it vehemently and challenged the principle underlying it as an unwarranted encroachment on the supremacy of the State. Nay, Russia herself was naturally unwilling to repeat the offer she had made during the negotiations.

It thus became evident that while the Anglo-Russian Agreement was an admirable move, in so far as it tended to wipe out old scores, remove distrust, and put an end to ruinous rivalry between the two great Empires in the Middle East, it was a failure as a solution of the Persian riddle and not nearly as advantageous to British interests as it seemed at the first glance. For it was a sorry compromise between two incompatible strivings, that of Russia for spheres of influence and the British plan for the regeneration of the country on purely imaginary lines. The scheme favoured by our Foreign Office, consisting in the grafting of a Parliamentary *régime* on Persia, would have been ideally satisfactory if the elements of self-government had been available. But they were not. Russia's aim, on the other hand, presupposed the unfitness of the people for Parliamentary institutions, and could have been properly carried out only if these were withheld and a strong monarchical *régime* established, for which, it must be confessed, there was no strong monarch available. Yet the two contracting parties agreed to realise as much of both schemes as could be welded together and to wait and see what fruits this unnatural union would bring forth. And, further, the British Government, taking no thought of the morrow, not only did not ask for a sphere of interest commensurate with that of Russia, and proportionate to British interests, but actually refused to accept it when it was pressed upon her.

When, subsequently, we in this country prided ourselves on having imposed our constitution on Iran, the Persians pertinently asked whether we had not also earmarked a portion of their territory for ourselves, and whether this division of the kingdom into three zones could have any logical conclusion other than a formal partition. And when M. Izvolsky complacently told his countrymen that the Persian problem was at last settled definitively, many

of them inquired whether the House of Equity* which he had called into being did not contain a lever by which the Russians would ultimately be ousted out of Persia altogether. The new Parliament deposed the Shah and condemned the work of the two Empires, the boy monarch sank to the level of a mere symbol, the Chamber became a sort of Donnybrook Fair, Cabinet succeeded Cabinet, and the ground was made ready for German and Turkish intrigue, which was rife when the European War broke out.

The Turks and Germans industriously spread the report that the partition of Persia was an item of the Anglo-Russian programme, and pointed to the presence of Russian troops in the country, which the Tsar's Ministers could not see their way to withdraw. Moreover, Russian local agents, consular and other, went on perpetuating the fatuous policy of their predecessors as though no agreement had been concluded between their Government and ours. As a matter of fact, the Petersburg Cabinet behaved most loyally, left nothing undone to foster the growth of representative government, and abandoned any designs it may once have harboured on the integrity or independence of Persia. I feel all the more strongly moved to bear this testimony to Russia's scrupulous adherence to the compact, because I have often questioned the wisdom of that compact. In fact, I had occasion several times to point out the impossibility of getting a Persian legislature elected by the "people" capable of welding together the contending elements and regenerating the nation. To this objection I received the stereotyped Russian reply: "You may be right. Probably you are. But we are bound in honour to do the best we can to foster the growth of Parliamentary institutions." And the central authorities of the Tsardom left nothing undone to co-operate with the British in the accomplishment of a task which, to my mind, was for the time being impossible.

One of the many results of Russia's loyal attitude was the removal of the old grounds of distrust between the two peoples. And this alone constituted a marked improvement. True, the local agents in Iran still continued to pursue their own aims irrespective of the vast interests which they were thus jeopardising. But the Tsar's Ministers made short work of these artificial obstacles. Moreover, in this country people were beginning to realise that the new Russia differed widely from the old, and that the abyss between the two was widening. The Tsardom undoubtedly still retains a good deal of the old Adam. But it has quitted once for all the old rut and struck out a new road leading to the best of the goals which progressive nations have set themselves. It is

* The name of the Medjliss, or Chamber of Deputies, in Teheran is the House of Equity.

developing, and can develop only in the direction imparted to it in October, 1905. Henceforward its progress runs parallel to that of European countries. It can never again go back to the old order which it discarded nearly eleven years ago. Russia's vital interests are now those of an essentially pacific and thrifty people. She needs permanent peace and must eschew the policy of conquest. This is so true that Sazonoff, had he gone before the Duma two years ago, and presented a scheme for the annexation of Persia, would, I believe, have been hissed by the Deputies.

The main object of annexation nowadays could only be economic: to capture markets and keep them. But this object may be attained by Russia in Persia in the fullest measure without the expense, worry, and loss of moral prestige which incorporation would entail. For among all the world's markets those of Northern Persia are the only ones which belong to her in virtue of circumstances that cannot be changed. For one thing, she has no serious competitors to contend with. Her wares hold the field there. It is true that Iran was not by any means Russia's best customer before the war. Germany and Great Britain did a far brisker and more lucrative trade with the Tsardom. But all that she needed, in order to increase it, was to dislodge the natural obstacles to the normal growth of her trade and commerce there.

There was, it is true, a Russian military occupation of certain Persian districts which political Puritans in Great Britain stigmatised as a crime. But the character of that occupation was misunderstood. Its aim was generally assumed to be political, although nothing could, in point of fact, have been more erroneous. It was at bottom merely the policing of certain districts which were either important centres of commerce or more exposed than other parts to the corrosive action of lawless tribes.

Long before the war broke out, the Germans had taken the measure of Persia and drawn up their plan of campaign in congruity with that. Agents were sent to the provincial centres of Mohammedanism; fanatics were won over by promises of spiritual conquest and by gold; concessions were demanded with insistence, and by the time war was declared the sympathies and the activity of various Persian tribes were acquired by the Germans.

In Persia, as elsewhere, the Russians fancied that they could easily destroy Teutonic influence in politics and in commerce. Sentimentalists by nature, they imagined that the debt of gratitude which the Persians owed them would be paid in neutrality. They had advanced money to the Government. They had extricated it from difficulties. They had maintained order in various districts, had trained a body of Persian soldiers after the manner of their own Cossacks. They had helped to call Parliamentary institutions into

being, and had rendered many other valuable services to the Government and the country.

In return for all these favours Persia proclaimed her neutrality in words, but displayed decided leanings towards the Central Empires in unmistakable acts. Little by little, Teutonic influence grew in extent and intensity until at last it was paramount. The Turks were instigated to march into the country, various tribes were incited against Britain and Russia, and steps were taken to have a Holy War proclaimed. The young Shah was "atmosphered" with such success that at one time it was expected he would definitively throw in his lot with our enemies. Indeed, things reached such a pitch that one day, when a representative of the Tsardom ventured to point out to the young monarch that the behaviour of the Germans in Kermanshah was incompatible with Persia's neutrality, and suggested that it would be to the interests of Iran as well as of the Entente Powers to have all agitators deported, the Shah is reported to have replied: "I personally would carry out your suggestion were it feasible. But you seem to forget that Kermanshah is included in Germany's sphere of influence."*

While the Shah's Ministers were assuring the representatives of the Entente that the Cabinet was, and would remain, neutral, the Turks, egged on and assisted by the Germans, were waging war against Great Britain and Russia, and enlisting the support of Persian tribes; the masses were hostile to the Entente and displayed their hostility in various intolerable ways, and the Persian priests and the "Democrats" of the Medjliss were for expelling the British and the Russians from the Shah's dominions and confiscating their property. This was Germany's opportunity, and seizing it, she sent a number of new members to the Legation of Teheran. These gentlemen arrived at the frontiers fully equipped for the task set them by the Wilhelmstrasse. A whole caravan of beasts of burden accompanied them, conveying seventy great heavy boxes, in which besides the usual paraphernalia of diplomacy were included machine guns and ammunition for several cavalry regiments. The Persian Government, which owed its very existence to the good offices of Great Britain and Russia was duly informed of the nature of the baggage by the representatives of these two Empires. But, in virtue of her strict neutrality, official Persia declined to intervene. A numerous convoy was despatched from Teheran to lend solemnity to the entry of the mission into the Persian capital, and Prince Reuss enjoyed a triumphal march with his seventy heavy boxes which had traversed Bulgaria and Turkey

* *Novoye Vremya*, October 28th, 1915.

without a hitch. The contents of this diplomatic baggage were distributed along the route to the lawless Kurdish tribes, who joined the Turkish forces invading Persia, and took an active part in the war against the Entente. German officers residing in Teheran, in possession of diplomatic passports, discharged the functions of the Kurdish General Staff, and saw that their contingents were provided with artillery. Thus, in the eyes of Persians and foreigners, the story of Liman von Sanders and his expedition to Constantinople was repeated in Iran without protest or remark from the Government of the Shah.

Soon afterwards a new caravan arrived at Nedjefabad with quick-firing guns, ammunition, and money. At its head were two German officers, and it was duly escorted by a contingent of Persian gendarmes. The troops were organised and drilled in Teutonic fashion, methodically and deliberately, as though they were in a Prussian garrison town.* And the Persian Government not only did nothing to hinder this public mobilisation of forces against the Entente, but they aided and abetted it. German agents preached the Holy War against us; subsidised or bought a number of journals which incited the population to join in the onslaught against Britain and Russia, and armed and trained the Kurds. And the Teheran Cabinet, not content with the part of inactive onlooker, protected those who were conveying arms and ammunition to our enemies! At last, the Kurdish cavalry drew near the capital, and a well-laid plot was hatched for the purpose of kidnapping or inveigling the young Shah, the House of Equity, and the members of the Government.

Of all their advantages the Turco-Persian forces made the most. One of their main objects was to hinder the junction of the two Eastern armies of the British and the Russians, and, by way of achieving it, they marched against Kermanshah, which they captured. This was the city to which the transfer of the seat of government from Teheran had been contemplated. It was exactly the same aim which the Turks had in view at the engagement at Kut-el-Amara. Kermanshah lies about half-way between Teheran and Baghdad, and Kut-el-Amara is situated about 250 kilometres south of Kermanshah.

Meanwhile, the interior of Persia, with the exception of the districts occupied by Russian troops, was plunged in anarchy. Assassination, brigandage, highway robbery, were among everyday occurrences. The Russian Vice-Consul Kaver was murdered, whereupon the German Minister, Prince Reuss, whose agents were openly accused of the crime, expressed his profound regret, and

* *Novoye Vremya*, May 8th, 1915.

earnestly affirmed that none of the persons in his service had had hand or part in the deed. He further declared that, desiring to spare the Persians the results of the wrath of Great Britain and Russia, he would, in future, abstain from political agitation.*

As a matter of common knowledge, the assassins were discovered by the secret police, but it was impossible to effect their arrest. For the German Consul in Ispahan disposed of four hundred horsemen, and the official deputed to apprehend the criminals was himself compelled to seek safety from violence in flight. Meanwhile, the assassins having, it is asserted, made their farewell visit to the German Consul, quitted Ispahan.

The Russian troops were attacked by the Persian rebels in Germany's service at Kushke. Only the vanguard of the Persians took part in the engagement, the theatre of which lies about 140 kilometres from the capital, at a place where the roads meet between Kazvin and Koom and Hamadan and Teheran. The insurgents were scattered in the direction of Koom, which was finally captured by our Ally's forces, who, in a single day, had marched about sixty-eight miles. At Koom the rebel troops were commanded by Swedish officers of the gendarmerie and by Germans. Hamadan was also attacked and captured by the Russians, and Prince Reuss, whose carefully laid plans were thus frustrated, was recalled by the Kaiser. For he apprehended the triumphant entry of the Tsar's troops into Teheran.

The new German Minister at Teheran is a worthy representative of his Government. Nine years ago, when still only a Vice-Consul, he is said to have made considerable secret purchases of arms in Turkey and in China, with which he supplied certain rebellious Indian tribes. We next find him in Fez, discharging the functions of Consul, and labouring hard to stir up mischief among the more restless Moorish tribes. He was fairly successful in his endeavours to frustrate the efforts of the French to make the most of Morocco without conquest. It is commonly affirmed, I know not with what truth, that he was also one of the persons responsible for fomenting the rebellion of 1911, in the course of which Fez was besieged. As it chanced, the rebels made no fine distinctions between Lutheran and Catholic, Germans, French, and British, but threatened all giaours alike, so that the German Consul's life was as much in danger as the lives of the French. But General Moinier marched to the relief of the place and delivered the population from the besiegers. Herr Vassel thereupon called on the General to thank him personally, and at the same time dispatched a forcible report to his Government setting

* *Novoye Vremya*, June 3/16th, 1915.

forth his reasons for considering Moinier's expedition useless and harmful. For Herr Vassel, unlike the Moors, can and does make very fine distinctions. Later on, he became the German political agent in Baghdad, where he laboured hard to preach among the Arabs submission to the Turks and disaffection towards the British.* He it was who had inflammatory proclamations distributed in Afghanistan and Beludjistan, where he endeavoured to foment a rising against the Indian Government. His doings, official and clandestine, form the subject of a lengthy diplomatic correspondence which might be disclosed to the world with advantage to our cause.†

Between German diplomacy and German hostility to the Allies there was no line of demarcation. Consuls, consular agents, military attachés were all toiling and moiling conscientiously to fan the embers of religious, racial, and tribal fanaticism into a consuming flame, and to levy war on the cheap against the patient Powers of the Entente, who nobly persevered throughout in their resolve to consider all these agitators and armed enemies as diplomatic or consular representatives. The Persian Cabinets, too, which came and went while anarchy remained and flourished, were all treated with a high degree of deference by Great Britain and Russia.

Even the Cabinet presided over by Mustaf-ul-Memelik was dealt with tenderly by the Allied authorities, although it was no secret that this Oriental statesman harboured plans of his own which a hair-splitting casuist would find it hard to distinguish from those of his Teuton friends. It was known, for example, that this Premier, urged by the religious chiefs of the Shiites, went so far as to propose in the Cabinet that the Shah's Government should proclaim a Holy War against the Christian enemies of the true faith (*i.e.*, the Russians and their British allies). The debates to which this startling suggestion gave rise were animated and lengthy, and, happily for Persia and for us, they ended in the obstinate refusal of the Premier's colleagues to be parties to his insidious scheme. Mustaf-ul-Memelik not finding the support on which he had reckoned for a policy of open hostility, modified it and contented himself with "benevolent neutrality" towards our enemies. And this he carried out with a thoroughness which would have compelled Britain and Russia to adopt drastic measures towards Iran had not the obnoxious statesman been superseded in the nick of time by Ferman Ferma, Mohaver Memelik and the Sepehdar. The policy of Mustaf-ul-Memelik was to give profuse assurances of his loyalty to the representatives of the Entente Powers in

* Cf. *Echo de Paris*, December 24th, 1914.

† *Novoye Vremya*, January 21st, 1916.

Teheran, to have them repeated in London and Petrograd, and to abet or connive at all the machinations of the Germans in Persia. It is fair to recognise the fact that the Shah's Government was superlatively weak and unable, for lack of military forces, to impose its will on the provinces, so that even had it been animated with the best intentions, most of these must have remained unfulfilled. But it is none the less a fact that whenever and wherever it was in the power of the Shah's Ministers to frustrate the plots of the Germans, the Swiss, and the Swedes, who all combined their forces against us, they merely looked on as interested spectators, and reiterated to the Allies their assurance of loyalty.

Chronic chaos is among the consequences of this combination of weakness and obliquity. The condition of the country, superlatively bad before the war broke out, has grown desperate during the nineteen months that have elapsed since then. Persia has become the happy hunting-ground of a lawless soldiery, of roving brigands, savage highwaymen, German sergeants, and native despots whose name is legion. With the exception of a few towns administered by strong local officials or policed by Russian troops, there is no security for life, liberty, or property anywhere. All checks and restraints, human and divine, have been swept away by wild passions, the fury of which only machine-guns and rifles can abate. Turkish irregulars under Halil Bey played havoc with the country around Urmia, the Kurds indulged in fiendish atrocities wherever they encountered Armenians, German Consuls distributed money and arms to the rebels whom they enlisted in their service, and whom they led not only against the armed forces of the Russians, but also against the Consuls of Russia and Britain, while the "Democrats" of the House of Equity encouraged the Teutons by every means in their power.

It was the Germans who instigated the attack on the British patrol at Bushire; it was they who stirred up and organised the insurrectionary movement at Fars; it was they who egged on the frontier tribes to rise against the Emir of Afghanistan. The British Consul-General at Ispahan, Mr. Grahame, was attacked and wounded, and a member of his escort killed. The Russian Vice-Consul in the same city was murdered at the instigation of Germany's diplomatic representatives. The respect which even savage tribes pay to foreign envoys is thus denied to the representatives of the two Powers to which Persia owes her existence.

In the summer of 1915 the Russian Government appointed Baron Cherkassoff to be Consul at Kermanshah. But for months this ill-starred agent found it impossible to reach his destination. Twice he was driven back, once at Kengovar, and then at Hamadan

by bands organised by the Germans on this neutral territory, and by the end of December he was further away from Kermanshah than at the outset five months previously. The first attack was organised by the German Consul at Kermanshah, Schünemann, who sent four hundred men against Baron Cherkassoff's escort, which consisted only of forty-seven soldiers. Incorporated in the attacking force were one hundred and fifty gendarmes under Swedish officers who, the Russian Consul declares, were disguised in the uniforms of German mercenaries and were placed at the disposition of Schünemann by the Swedish Chief of the gendarmes, Captain Svensen. This gentleman behaved with such consideration for his German friends that besides giving them the help of his gendarmes he also sent them a machine-gun, which he took from the State arsenal in Kermanshah. And in order to obtain the gun, the captain sent men to break open the arsenal. Of the Russian Consul's escort twenty-four men were down with malaria, so that only twenty-three were capable of fighting.

The intention of the German mercenaries to kill or capture Russia's representative was known to Mustaf-ul-Memelik, who had taken over the premiership about a week before. The Premier also had cognisance of the disloyalty of the gendarmes and of their audacity in breaking open the arsenal. Yet the only action on his part which this foreknowledge produced was a number of high flowing phrases expressive of his good-will towards Britain and Russia interlarded with assurances that the gendarmes and their Swedish officers were worthy of all confidence. He ended by undertaking to have the Russian Consul and his British colleague, who were both bound for the same place, convoyed to Kermanshah by an escort of gendarmes. This proposal was hardly more than a temptation to them to let themselves be led into the trap laid for them by the German Schünemann, and was interpreted as such by the Russian and British Ministers at Teheran, who declined the offer to allow their Consuls to be captured. The latter accordingly remained at Hamadan.

In Hamadan the Turks and the Germans were preponderant, under the ægis of Said Bey, the Turkish Vice-Consul, and Herr Weber, the German Vice-Consul, who is a Swiss. The other leading agents of the Kaiser in the city were Captain Erdmann, an officer of the German Army, Herr Salzmann, a Swiss, and Ensign Salomon, an Austrian officer, all of whom were busy enlisting Persian Modjeheds in their army. The local Governor sent repeated representations to Teheran, which were left unanswered. After the congress of the "democratic" Parliamentary party at Sultanabad, which took place in October, the German party felt heartened, and its efforts to attain success were

redoubled. It is worth noting that in this congress, which adopted far-reaching resolutions, the German agent Schünemann took an active part, which in any other neutral country would have disqualified him for consular functions. Other official foreigners who were allowed to be present at the Parliamentary deliberations were Count Kanitz, the German military attaché; Feizi Bey, the Turkish military agent; Mukhtar Bey, the Ottoman Consul in Kurdistan; the Envoy Extraordinary of the Sultan; and Obeidullah, member of the Ottoman Chamber, whose task was to conclude a military convention between Persia, Turkey, and Germany, and who, if circumstantial evidence is worth anything, succeeded. Another prominent personage who took part in the deliberations of the "Democratic" Congress was the Swede Demare, who, subsequently, rose to the position of Dictator in Hamadan and Commander-in-Chief of the combined forces of that city.*

The Congress of Sultanabad had one noteworthy result: it stirred up the Cabinet of Teheran to action. Instead of contenting themselves as theretofore with the part of passive spectators, the Shah's Ministers issued a circular exhorting the local Khans and the population of Hamadan to give every assistance in their power to the reinforcement of the national militia, which was being organised by the agents of Turkey and Germany. This circular stated that the achievement of this end would tend to further the national interests and protect Iran from the encroachments of Russia and her British ally. The result was instantaneous. Numerous volunteers presented themselves for military service against the two States which were alleged to be working for the dismemberment of Persia. In these circumstances, the Russian Consul, feeling that he could no longer remain in a hostile city, quitted Kermanshah together with the Russian colony and the local branch of the Discount Bank of Persia, and arrived safely in Kazvin.

The intrigues and machinations which were carried on by the Germans in Kermanshah after the departure of the Russian Consul surpass belief. Hundreds of outspoken anarchists were enlisted in the service of the Germans, whose general staff worked unceasingly in the consulate, while the Central Government smiled approvingly. Meanwhile, Great Britain and Russia, struck by the difficult position in which the Shah's Ministers were placed rather than by the equivocal part they were playing, wrote Notes but did nothing. The one thing to do was to take the bull by the horns, disperse the anarchists who were hiding under the protection

* *Novoye Vremya*, December 18th, 1915.

of diplomacy, and scatter ridiculous fictions to the winds. They had contracted moral obligations towards Persia, and were bound to save that country from Germany and anarchy. They had the right of declaring war against their enemies and saving their *protégés* from thralldom. But they recoiled from arresting the Teuton intriguers, and thus permitted formidable hindrances to be raised against their endeavours to enable Persia to work out her own salvation.

The main object of Turks and Germans was, if possible, to organise a march on India, by way of Baghdad and Persia. And in order to ensure success, the person of the young Shah was to be captured and the realm governed by orders from Berlin. The preparations for this master-stroke had been made with German thoroughness. During the Moharrum festival, when all Moslems are highly strung, drums are continuously beating, and, to use a Russian phrase, "the ocean is only up to the knees" of the fanatic Moslem, the Germans withdrew to a camp some twenty miles from the capital city and made arrangements to inveigle the young Shah and transfer the seat of his Government to Ispahan. Had this plan succeeded, Persia would have become a second Bulgaria. There would appear to be no doubt that the young monarch gave his favourable consideration to the proposals coming from the German General Staff. And for a time his decision was awaited with trepidation by both candidates for his support. Telegrams were despatched that he had made up his mind, and was resolved to throw in his lot with the Central Empires. A few hours later it was announced that he was heart and soul with the Allies. No one knew what to believe. The British and Russian Ministers had an interview with him at the eleventh hour, and their warning words may have made an impression on his untutored mind.

What had really happened may be briefly sketched as follows: The onward march of the Russian troops whose objective was Teheran, disturbed the peace of mind of the German, Austrian, and Turkish plotters, who, to save their skins, sought refuge in the American Legation. The Teutons had had recourse to their traditional methods of bribery, flattery, promises, threats, and outrages. They had also made overtures to the Swedish gendarmerie,* which were well received, so that a complete understanding subsisted between them and the Teutons.

A similar but vain attempt was made to win over the Persian Cossack Brigade which had been trained by the Russians. One

* It is fair to say that the Swedish Government is not responsible for the action of the officers whom it sent to Persia. But Swedish representatives abroad are nearly all active champions of Teutonism. The Swedish Minister in Rome, for example, has become a Director of the Banca Commerciale!

day the Colonel of this brigade gave an "At Home," at which the Swedish officers were present. At this function a would-be assassin turned up, armed with bombs, which he had been bribed by the Germans to cast at the recalcitrant Colonel. Had this plot been carried off, the brigade would have been thrown into utter confusion. But as fortune would have it, the plan miscarried, and the "diplomatists" left Teheran and took up their quarters outside the city. The American flag was then hoisted over all three legations, and the members of the gendarmerie sent their wives and children to the Legation of the United States for safety. About noon an order was issued to the gendarmes to leave Teheran without delay and to shoot down every Englishman and Russian at sight. Rumours were rife that the Shah was about to abandon his capital and retire to the German camp. The streets were occupied by the police, and a numerous escort of guards assembled outside the palace where the Shah's carriage stood ready for the flight of the Court.

Meanwhile, inside the palace walls the young monarch was weighing the pros and cons, drawn now this way and now that. The Court functionaries were urging the necessity of flight, while Prince Ferman Ferma and the Sepehdar were endeavouring to persuade him to remain in his capital and identify his cause with that of the Allies without whom Persia would not be a nation to-day. But the Shah placed most reliance on Colonel Wastdahl, who was then asked to give his advice. The cautious officer replied that his duty was to carry out, not to give orders or advise, whereas Colonel Erdwall, of the gendarmerie, a pro-German Swede, was eager to get the monarch out of the city. Even the Ministers, hypnotised by the Teutons, did not venture to suggest that the Shah should remain.

It was in the evening of that eventful day that the British and Russian Ministers were received in audience. They explained to the King that the interpretation put upon the advance of the Russian troops was false. The Tsar's soldiers were coming, not as enemies, but as friends. Their aim was not the occupation of the capital, but its emancipation. They employed every argument founded on fact and confirmed by experience to convince the boy-king that he must stay on, but he still remained irresolute. Prince Ferman Ferma and Samsam-es-Sultaneh then continued the work of the British and Russian diplomatists after their departure, and at half-past five the Shah summoned Colonel Wastdahl and ordered him to send away his mounted police, as he was resolved to stay where he was. Immediately after this fateful decision, which was the saving of Persia, a Cabinet Council was convoked, and Prince Ferman Ferma, together with Ain-ed-Dowleh, were appointed

Ministers, the former to the Premiership and the Ministry of the Interior, and the crisis was ended.

In the meantime the enemy diplomatists were awaiting the arrival of the Shah, having made all possible preparations to welcome him. The gendarmerie was drawn up, the diplomatists were in full-dress uniforms, the Staff were present, and arrangements had been made for the withdrawal of the Government to Ispahan. The dismay of these gentlemen when the Shah's decision became known cannot be pictured in words.*

What Persia needs most of all, if she is to be rendered independent and self-sufficing, is, in the first place, freedom from Turkish and German agitators, and in the next place adequate ways of communication, and, in especial, railway lines.

Railways, roads, security of life, property and trade, and improved credit will go far to end the appalling anarchy which ages of misrule and years of Anglo-Russian rivalry that kept internal strife ablaze have created and fomented in the country. But until these civilising factors have had time to overcome the worst consequences of the long conflict of faiths, races, and rival empires, as well as the present relentless outbreak of natural forces, democratic institutions can but aggravate, in lieu of mitigating, the sufferings of the ill-starred Persian people.

E. J. DILLON.

* Reuter's Agency. Cf. papers of December 18th, 1915.

THE NATIONAL IDEA.

IT is the characteristic of a time of strain and stress for the people that is in danger to develop its strength and resources to the utmost; and in the process there are evoked qualities that lie dormant in ordinary conditions. One of these qualities is a quickened sense of self-consciousness. As the individual in time of peril puts forth powers beyond all his conception, so, too, the nation, when thrown back upon itself, doubles its force and gains a confidence never known before. It, too, knows itself. All parties and all provinces merge themselves in the life of the whole, which thus gains in vigour and intensity. The England of Crécy and Poitiers was also the England of Chaucer and Wycliffe. The England of the Armada days was the England of Spenser and Shakespeare. The France of Jeanne d'Arc was also the source of much that was fruitful in French literature. The France of the French Revolution was the parent of her new polity, the source of the enthusiasm which nearly overwhelmed Europe.

The spiritual child of the new union and the quickened energy is nationality. That sentiment may lie dormant for ages; and then a series of events (generally the shock of some great crisis) will bring it to sudden maturity. The nation that cannot develop this life-saving and life-endowing faculty will perish, as did the Poles in 1772-1795. The nation that develops it may gain so much strength as to become a serious danger to its neighbours, as did England after Poitiers, France after Jemappes and Fleurus, and Germany after Sedan. If in the hour of victory an ambitious leader comes to the front, ready to embattle the nation and prepare it for future triumph, the national idea, child of a crisis, may become a parent of aggression and conquest. It has twice been the misfortune of the modern world that a wonderful development of national energy coincided with the advent to power of a masterful genius: Napoleon I. in 1799, Wilhelm II. in 1888. When a super-nation is mated with a super-ruler, neighbouring States may look to their defences.

The national idea, however, sometimes arises from conditions less unfavourable to general tranquillity. A divided people may struggle for unity and acquire it without seriously endangering

the peace of the world. The best example of such action is that of the Italian people; and it is appropriate that their movement towards unity should have developed the best and most inspiring thought on the national principle. Mazzini saw in it the salvation of Europe from torpor and selfishness. In that year of reaction, 1852, he wrote as follows: "It is probable that the European initiative, which will give a new impulse to intelligence and to events, will come from the impulse of nationalities. . . . The question of nationalities, rightly understood, is the alliance of the peoples, the balance of powers based upon new foundations, the organisation of the work that Europe has to accomplish." By this last he meant that Europe must, before all else, set right the wrongs done to the peoples by the artificial arrangements and partitionings of the Treaties of Vienna of 1814-15. The boundaries of States must be redrawn in accordance with the aspirations of the peoples concerned. He admitted the existence of social problems which demanded solution; but he claimed that the national question should come first. Constitute your nation as a healthy unit; then you may attempt to solve the problems of industrialism and poverty with some chance of success. Such was his teaching. In his *Duties of Man* (Chapter V.) he insisted that Italy ought to form a complete and independent State before her social evils could be satisfactorily solved. At that time (1858) only France and England were complete and independent nations. The other fragmentary peoples must attain to a full and free corporate existence before social legislation could achieve anything of moment.

As to the boundaries of the future Italian nation, he had earlier claimed for it all essentially Italian districts (exclusive of the free canton Ticino): they must therefore comprise Nice, Corsica, the Trentino, and Trieste; but he expressly deprecated the acquisition of Dalmatia and her islands, except those islands where Italian was spoken. There, then, was the first national idea, conceived in a large and generous spirit, with a view solely to the unity of the people and exclusive of all notions of aggrandisement. It is to Mazzini that we must still look as the best guide amidst the maze of problems that concern the future of the European peoples.

Into those questions I do not propose to enter here. It is obvious that no one principle, not even the basic principle of nationality, can be applied everywhere. Other claims, especially those of commercial outlets at such ports as Danzig (for the future Polish kingdom) and Trieste (for the Austrian Hinterland), ought to receive due consideration; and he would be but a faddy doctrinaire who would draw boundaries solely according to the votes of a *plébiscite*. Europe is suffering to-day from the efforts of the Central Empires

to burst their way seawards on the line of least resistance—Germany towards Antwerp and Ostend (perhaps, too, Boulogne); Austria towards Salonika; both of them unitedly towards the Bosphorus and the Persian Gulf. The advance of this commercial imperialism must at all costs be stayed; but no sane person would recommend a policy of the strait-waistcoat, which would exclude Austria from the Adriatic and close the present maritime outlets of Germany. In the future settlement, commercial development must play some part, though far from a predominant part.

What I wish to dwell upon is the necessity of solving the great national questions of Europe before there is a fair chance of handling successfully the social problems of the age. As to the importance of the latter there can be no doubt. On them turns the future of the race. But the political groupings of the nations touch instincts that are more primitive and fundamental. Racial feeling belongs to the savage side of human nature; and until it receives due satisfaction, mankind is always apt to reel back into the beast. No amount of reasoning will persuade an Albanian to obey a Serb, or a Greek a Bulgar. It was a fundamental error of the Young Turks (reared in Comtist traditions) to seek to Ottomanise all their Christian subjects.—“We have passed a law” (said a Young Turk to Miss Edith Durham) “and now all the subjects of the empire are Ottomans.” To which she replied: “You may pass a law that all cats are dogs; but they will remain cats.”

There is, however, this much of difference in the human species. The more you leave the races alone, to be worked upon by trade and other uniting agencies, the more those races will assimilate. The sure way of perpetuating racial differences is to subject one race to another. Even if the Central Empires prevailed in this war, they would fail to Teutonise and Magyarise the Belgians, Poles, Letts, Serbs, and other Slavonic peoples. Only in the mad dreams of 1912-14, concerning the Teutonic super-race, could such an enterprise be attempted. And it concerns the future of mankind that such an attempt be rendered impossible. For, until it has failed, racial strife will persist in Europe; and experience shows that, while those strifes continue, no efforts for social betterment will have fair play.

As examples of the working of this principle or tendency, let us consider the Paris Commune of 1871, and the recent decline in German Socialism. The French Communists, backed up in all probability by *L'Internationale*, sought to impose their will on France at the end of the Franco-German War. Though *la patrie* then lay crushed under the Prussian heel, and parts even of the east of Paris were garrisoned by the invaders, the fanatics, who sought to abolish national States and substitute a non-national federalism

based on the Commune, wrested power from the weak Republic and ruled the French capital during several weeks. At Lyons and a few other towns similar efforts were put forth, and France seemed on the verge of collapse. But the national instinct speedily rallied. The Commune was stamped out in blood by patriots enraged at this crime against the national unity. Just as the Girondin "federalists" fell in June, 1793, before the onset of the Jacobin champions of the indivisibility of the nation, so, too, in the spring of 1871 all attempts to "communise" France were resented as the most heinous treason. Granted that the Communists of 1871 were a fanatical minority who chose the worst time for their experiment, yet the fury with which France crushed it should be a warning for all time against similar attacks on national unity at a grave crisis.

The second instance, though less striking, illustrates the potency of the national idea. As is well known, that idea became remarkably intense in Germany in the years 1912-13. Skilfully fostered by the Pan-German and Navy Leagues since the year 1896, when the Kaiser proclaimed *Weltpolitik* as the aim of German statecraft, Teutonic patriotism acquired singular intensity at the time of the Agadir crisis of 1911. Representing the final bargain of November 4th, 1911, as a humiliation for Germany (which it was not), the two Leagues prepared public opinion to venture all lengths rather than again return the sword to the scabbard on conditions which, however profitable, were not exactly glorious. The General Election of 1912 seemed to show a reaction against this blatant Chauvinism; for the Socialists polled 4,250,329 votes as against 3,259,020 in that of 1907; and the number of Socialist deputies to the Reichstag rose to 110. Yet in a short space of time the prestige of that party underwent a mysterious decline. It may be explained (as it has been by M. Emile Royer (*L'Indépendance belge*, 17 Février, 1915)) as due to the materialising doctrines of the Marxist majority, which was quite satisfied with the *panem et circenses* policy of the Kaiser. Or, again, that decline may be the outcome of the exuberant patriotism that swept over the country in 1912-14. Whatever be the explanation, the fact is certain that after the Socialist Congress at Bâle, in 1912, very few German Socialists would consent even to discuss with representative French Socialists the question of the future of Alsace-Lorraine. They shared the opinion of nearly all Germans that the *Reichsland* must for ever belong to the *Reich*. Even its autonomy under an international guarantee (a solution for the future which ought once more to receive due consideration) was for them outside the area of practical politics. More and more they came under the influence of the expansionist press and the propaganda of the patriotic Leagues. These persuaded them that German industries needed more outlets and more strictly German

preserves from which raw materials might be drawn. Therefore an energetic foreign policy was needed.

Strange to say, the ex-Chancellor, Prince von Bülow avowed that one of the aims of such a policy was to combat social democracy. We must (he wrote) "pursue a courageous, wide-minded policy which can maintain the nation's satisfaction in the present conditions of life. . . . The idea of the nation must again and again be emphasised by dealing with national problems, so that this idea may continue to move, to unite, and to separate the parties." With so candid an admission before them, it is singular that German Social Democrats should have let themselves be permeated by Imperial Chauvinism. But they have been; for at their Congress at Jena, in September, 1913, their report was a tale of declining influence and interest. The patriotic celebrations of the centenary of the Battle of Leipzig, in October, 1913, seem to have completed their *malaise* and the triumph of the school of Bernhardi; and, at the crisis of July 31st-August 1st, 1914, the voice of only one German Socialist deputy was raised in protest against the war-votes passed by the Reichstag. Consequently, all the hopes of assuring peace by the universal opposition of the united forces of Labour collapsed at once; and Socialists in France and Russia were compelled, willy nilly, to aid in the national defence. Viewing the matter broadly, it seems that the triumph of the national idea in Germany in 1912-14 largely accounts for the present conflict. The German people were swept along by a tide of national sentiment; and the erstwhile champions of the international idea offered no resistance.

The episode reveals the weakness of cosmopolitanism in presence of a strong expansive impulse in any great nation. If that nation is resolved to carry matters with a high hand, it will either gain its end peaceably, as the Central Empires did virtually in the crises of 1908-9, 1911, and 1912-13; or, if its rivals resist (as in July-August, 1914) war must be the result; and the national sentiment, sharpened by the former successes, will probably carry the whole people with it. In that case the friends of Internationalism in the threatened States must fall into line with the national parties. So that the defection of Socialists in one nation (Germany) will involve a *débâcle* everywhere. There, I repeat, is the weakness of the international agencies working for peace and brotherhood. The defection at Berlin and Vienna caused a breakdown everywhere. In fact, the crisis has revealed the weakness of the cosmopolitan movement and the unsuspected strength of the national idea. In Western Europe that idea was deemed an antiquated survival of a barbarous age. Certainly it has proved its barbarity in Belgium and Serbia; but its vigour is incontestable.

Fortunately, nationalism reveals its kinship to the primitive instincts by betraying a gross ignorance respecting other peoples and the probabilities of their conduct. Baron Beyens, Belgian Ambassador at Berlin before the war, has ascribed the threatening language of the Kaiser to King Albert, in their interview of November, 1913, to a desire to overawe him, and thus prepare the way for a peaceful passage through Belgian territory when the crisis arrived. The explanation consorts with all that is known of the characters of the two monarchs—the one, a believer in sword-rattling and rhetoric, the other modest and retiring, but concealing under a placid exterior a character not to be cowed by parade and bluster. Such, also, were the two peoples. The actions of the Kaiser and his Government in August, 1914, are incomprehensible until we remember that the Belgian and British souls were, and are, incomprehensible to him and it. That nations have souls, who can doubt? The quenchless heroism of Belgium, Poland, Serbia, is absolutely unaccountable on material and prudential grounds. And how account for the dark treason and Iago-like cunning of Bulgaria, except on the supposition that the nursing of revenge for the wrongs of 1913 by that evil genius, Ferdinand, has imbruted a spirit that was lofty under Alexander of Battenberg?

In the Balkans nationalism has displayed its incapacity to solve a political problem, and its capacity to entangle that problem almost past hope. But, as the excess of an evil brings a cure, we may hope that the present mad orgy of that sentiment will everywhere provoke a sense of disgust. After every great war the centripetal impulse tends to replace the centrifugal. Before and after the Thirty Years' War came Grotius and other teachers of International Law. After the War of the Spanish Succession, Bernardin de St. Pierre wrote his treatise on a European peace; and the far greater tractate of Kant appeared in 1795 on the close of the Franco-Prussian conflict. The peace of 1815 gave birth to societies and other agencies for the averting of war; and this exhausting world-war will probably leave the nations free coolly to calculate their losses and estimate the value of an irreflective nationalism. The history of the past half-century shows that, so long as that sentiment aims at a closer union with kith and kin, it may achieve the beneficent results which accrued to Italy and Germany in the decade 1860-1870. When it aims at supremacy over neighbouring peoples, it treads in the steps of Louis XIV. and Napoleon I. The national idea of Fichte and Mazzini has nothing in common with that of Treitschke and Bernhardi. When the Germans make restitution for their wrongs and return wholeheartedly to the earlier ideal, it will be possible to receive them once more into the family of nations as "good Europeans"—to use Talleyrand's famous phrase of 1814.

But before that can come about, much blood must be spilt. It is clear that Germans still consider themselves a superior race, a *Kulturvolk*; before them every *Naturvolk* must give way. To defeat them, we must embattle to the utmost the national sentiment which they have so abominably outraged. No half-measures will suffice. Too long has the British people made use of them. The crisis is such that every legitimate means must be used in order to assure a complete triumph. Among those means the present writer would unhesitatingly class the present very moderate measure of compulsion applied to unmarried men of military age and fitness. It is unthinkable that, at a serious crisis, the nation should not be able to call upon such to fulfil one of the first duties of the citizen. Such a claim has been insisted on by nearly all writers upon civic duty. It was affirmed, though vaguely at first, by the French Revolutionists in their formation of the National Guards, which, by 1792, acquired a military standing. It was insisted on by the German patriot Fichte. In his *Addresses* to the German nation (1807-8) he pointed out that the high-minded man would, in time of danger, gladly devote himself to the service of his country, while the low-minded and selfish man must be compelled to do so. In the case of the individualised English people, no permanent danger to individual freedom need be apprehended from the present measure, which is temporary, and is resorted to only with reluctance against a comparatively small minority from a feeling of justice to the four millions or so who have enlisted voluntarily. That splendid rally to the colours is the most glorious event in our recent history. It is a sign that the national idea was only dormant during the piping days of peace and of unreal security. Indeed, our cause is national in the widest sense; for it has stirred Canadians and Australasians (even the Maoris) to the depths of their being. But it is also international. The fortunes of more peoples are at stake than was the case even during the Nationalist risings of 1813 against Napoleon the Great. The aspirations of Austria's Slavonic subjects and those of the peoples of the Near East ought, at last, to receive due satisfaction and lasting guarantees for the future. Europe has the prospect of repairing the immeasurable wrongs committed since the Ottoman hordes overwhelmed Serbia at Kossovo in 1389. This war must not end until the alien tyrannies imposed since then upon subject peoples are swept away. If not, the waste of life incurred, to little or no purpose, will be the most appalling blunder in history. If, however, the solution be thorough and permanent, the war of 1914-16 will open up a new era in history; for then the national idea will have gained its realisation, and the way will be opened for a peaceful and beneficent internationalism.

J. HOLLAND ROSE.

THE SHAPING OF MID-EUROPE.

THE thinking of the two embattled Groups of Powers presents in one respect a striking contrast. Because the Entente is a scattered and loosely-knit coalition, with half a continent interposed between its members, its programme has never yet been fused into a single constructive idea. German thinking, on the other hand, has shown the same unison as German strategy. It has undergone, as the fighting progressed, an intelligible transition from the passive to the active, from the negative to the positive. The early war-literature was apologetic. Its purpose was mainly to expound the official German thesis, that the war came about because Serbia, as the vanguard of Pan Slavism, threatened, with the South Slav movement, the very existence of Austria-Hungary, and further, that the revival of the traditional Russian claim to Constantinople closed all hope of German economic expansion in the East. From this defensive or "preventive" posture, German thought has now passed to a constructive phase. Austria is still the main pre-occupation, and Turkey still a vital, if secondary, consideration. But the purpose is no longer to ward off a danger; it is to build and shape from the peoples who have fought side by side in the war of nations, a permanent and formidable unity, the firm edifice of a united Central Europe (*Mittleuropa*). In this movement of thought German politicians follow a traditional march. As Bismarck created the German Empire by absorbing the South German States which had fought under Prussian leadership in the war of 1870, so does contemporary Germany hope in the war of 1914, to knit into a vaster super-national framework the Austrians, Turks, and Bulgars, who are her allies.

This constructive idea has found its prophet in Friedrich Naumann, whose *Mittleuropa* (Berlin: G. Reimer) is so far the one formative book which the war has produced. It is not an advanced or original gospel. It goes hardly a step further than the mass of educated Austro-Germans is prepared to go. It is equally acceptable to the bureaucracy and to the warlike half of the Social Democracy. There lies the secret of its influence. It has expounded with eloquence and coherence the thought which had been forming in the general mind. Many a journalist had sketched the same idea

in fleeting articles, and several professors had devoted technical studies to its elaboration. This book owed its instant popular success to two circumstances. It appeared just after the victories of German arms in Poland and the Balkans had seemed to build a line of trenches along the disputed frontiers of Mid-Europe. It derived, in the second place, a recommendation from the personality of its author. If Dr. Naumann had been an habitual exponent of Prussian ideals of ascendancy, his book would have appealed only to the Germans of the Empire, and among them only to the Imperialists. He is, on the contrary, a leader of the Left wing, a pastor who began his public career by preaching Christian Socialism, an economist who worked with Brentano and Barth in their Free-Trade movement, a Radical who took his stand as Member of the Reichstag in the advanced Liberal ranks. It is true that he was always a Liberal Imperialist (to use an English label), and an advocate of a strong navy; but in sentiment, at least, his attitude was, and still is, democratic, and his weekly paper, *Die Hilfe*, argues stoutly against the German party of annexation and conquest. He wields a vigorous, if somewhat emotional style, and one discerns beneath it a variable, impressionable personality, with a ready gift of sympathy, and a disposition to believe that the popular trend of the moment will somehow favour the idealistic causes which he has at heart. His book is strewn with passages which predict that the foundation of Mid-Europe will have for its by-product some rather remote but very desirable results. It will turn to the advantage of the less favoured non-German peoples of the new international combination. It will better the case of Danes, Poles, and Alsatians in Germany, and of the Slavs under Magyar rule. It will raise the whole status of labour. It is even advocated as the only practicable incarnation of the international idea, a substitute for the Utopias of Socialism and Free Trade. There is, unluckily, as we shall see, no trace of an attempt to create an organisation by which any of these high purposes could be realised. Dr. Naumann indulges in Liberal emotions, but it is the Imperialist half of his brain which constructs.

The general view of the world on which Dr. Naumann bases his argument for the creation of Mid-Europe is in no way peculiar to himself or even to the Germans. Everyone who thinks at all has realised since this war, if not before it, that the day of the isolated nation, the lonely individual State, hugging its sovereignty amid other nations equally lonely and equally independent, has gone past, never to return. Our own entry into the Continental system with the French Entente of 1904 was no accident, but a submission to historical law. It was Cecil Rhodes who bade us "think in

"continents," and the Germans have appropriated and elaborated his lesson. No one imagines on our side that we are going to relapse into "splendid isolation" when the war is over. Those who have striven on our side to interpret this war in an idealistic sense have indeed set in the forefront of our programme the principle of nationality. In spite of some incautious writing, the assertion of this principle was rarely meant to contradict the other principle of federation, combination, and alliance. Indeed, when writers like Dr. Seton-Watson and Mr. Toynbee proceeded to "break up" Austria on paper, and to create in its place a whole galaxy of little independent kingdoms, it was obvious that their survival, as military and economic units, presupposed some super-national organisation for their protection. We all perceive that super-national organisation is a necessity. The real cleavage is no longer between nationalists and internationalists. It is between those who would seek security for the weak and guarantees for order in some general structure, some European League of Peace, and those who prefer to develop the existing rival groups of Powers into closer and more organic alliances. To this second school Dr. Naumann belongs. He believes that the wider international ideas of Christianity and Philosophy, of Socialism and Free Trade, have all of them failed, by preaching a gospel too high and difficult for the present condition of the world. He does not reject them as remote and ultimate ideals, but he is confident only of achieving that limited internationalism which consists in welding together the groups of nations which have shed their blood in common streams in common trenches. This purely emotional motive for amalgamation is the most human element in his book, and his cold reasoning on lines of economic advantage is for ever breaking into some almost lyrical passage which bases Mid-Europe on the community in suffering of these brothers in arms. He will tolerate no delay. The great creative act must be accomplished amid the exaltation of war, while passions are warm, while men's minds can still receive great revolutionary ideas, before the humdrum mood of common day creeps over the nations once more.

The argument for the creation of Mid-Europe is based on three considerations—power, security, and prosperity. The argument on power is the simplest of all:—

"All the combatants in this war feel instinctively that neither now nor in the future can Powers of a small or moderate size hope to conduct high policy (*grosse Politik machen*). Our notions of magnitude have undergone a tremendous change since this war. Only very large States have now any significance of their own; the smaller survive by using the struggles of the larger for their own ends, or else they must ask permission, whenever they want to make any unusual movement. Sovereignty, in the sense of

freedom of decision in the world's history, is now concentrated on a very few spots of the earth's surface. The spirit of wholesale trade and super-national organisation has gripped politics."

Repugnant as this diagnosis may seem to Liberal minds, it is, I think, a fair rendering of realities. With all our sympathy for little nationalities, we have taken great care not to be a little nationality ourselves. Independence is clearly a relative term, and only an Omnipotent State could be absolutely sovereign. "Only "in three places," says Dr. Naumann, elsewhere, "is sovereignty "really exercised" (*wird es regiert*), and these three capitals are London, New York, and Petrograd. The British Empire, the United States, and Russia are all of them composite, super-national structures. They alone, in his definition, are, in the full sense of the word, World-Powers, which conduct their policy on the Continental scale, and enjoy a real freedom of decision. There is, he thinks, no alternative between the World-Power and the planetary or satellite State, which must adjust its every movement to fit the revolutions of greater systems. Beside these three World-Powers, Mid-Europe must be the fourth. Dr. Naumann leaves its limits carefully vague. He insists that its kernel must be a closer union of Germany with Austria-Hungary. To the elaboration of this union his book is wholly devoted, and it is only in stray passages that he hints at the subsequent adhesion of Bulgaria and Turkey, and in one place at the gradual crystallisation round Mid-Europe of some of the smaller neutrals.* On the widest interpretation, its extent, he argues, will be comparatively modest. The British Empire, with all its colonies and Egypt, includes one-fourth of the inhabited earth's surface. Mid-Europe, including the German colonies and Turkey, would amount only to one-tenth. In population it would boast about 200 millions against the British 425 millions, the Russian 170 millions, and the 107 millions of the United States. These figures are, perhaps, hardly so modest as Dr. Naumann supposes, for of civilised white men Mid-Europe would include the largest and the compactest single mass.

Ambition, to use the plain word, has always been a sufficient motive for the growth of Empires, from the days of Nineveh downwards. Dr. Naumann draws another argument, sinister indeed but terribly plausible, from the strategical conditions of this war. Trench-warfare involves trench-politics. Frontiers can no longer be an ideal line upon the map; they will be actual trenches which must follow the course of every boundary on which

* This passage (p. 178), translated in the *Times*, has been misunderstood, because it was read apart from its context. Dr. Naumann does not mean that Germany will use "compulsion" to force the small States to enter. He means that a law of historical necessity will gradually oblige them to adhere to one or other of the two great Leagues.

war is a possibility. It is a return to the Roman or Chinese wall, made this time of earth and barbed wire. There is probably no exaggeration here, and certainly the French are convinced that if they had drawn trenches before the war along the frontier, their border regions could never have been over-run. The lesson will not be lost on other peoples. Two consequences follow on Dr. Naumann's analysis. In the first place, a new disability is laid upon small States. The cost of these trench-frontiers and the possibility of manning them, depend on the ratio between their length and the extent of the area and the density of the population which they enclose. The defence of a great Continental area thus becomes easy, and that of a small State, with more than one frontier, inordinately difficult. In the second place, alliances no longer admit of any equivocation or uncertainty, and to possess any value they must be permanent. The question will have to be faced and answered, after the war, whether Austria and Germany are to draw trenches on their common frontier, as they will draw them against their other neighbours; or, in plain words, whether they are allied for ever.

Dr. Naumann covers a good deal of space in stepping down from these premises to the inevitable conclusion, that the Dual Monarchy is the only natural ally for Germany. He has to admit regretfully that France will have none of Germany's advances. An alliance with Russia would be commercially highly profitable, but as soon as the German talent for organisation had raised the Russians to the German level of civilisation, they would break away and follow their own policy. An alliance with Great Britain, though sentimentally much less repugnant than one with Russia, is also out of the question. Germany aims at something better than to be "the junior partner of the British world-firm"; she means to revolve on her own axis. In plain words (which are not Dr. Naumann's words) she prefers her allies weak. The argument addressed to Austria is frank and outspoken. She dare not stand alone; if she did so, she would soon be reduced to the level of "a crumbling Balkan State." With Russia she can have no common interests, for Russia would never renounce her Pan-Slavist ambitions. Britain and France, if they wished to save her, lack the military power. The choice for her is between extinction and the German alliance. The author is at no great pains to conceal the powerful patron's attitude. Austria can pull herself together. Her case was not so grave as Turkey's, and even Turkey, with German help, has managed it. The two sick men, one gathers, can be cured. "We Germans of the Empire must will it." "We believe in you; believe in yourselves." The nationalities of Austria-Hungary, however, cannot be held together by a merely passive policy, by

small reforms and timely concessions. If her youth, at present absorbed in the idea of nationality, is ever to rally to her, Austria must herself unfold the standard of a positive, inspiring policy—the standard of *Mittel-Europa*. But Austria must frankly recognise the actual relations of power between the two allies. They were really settled in the war of 1866. This claim for a recognition of facts (*einẽ tatsächliche Anerkennung des vorhandenen Kräfteverhältnisses*) is a polite way of saying that Germany must be indisputably the dominant partner in Mid-Europe.

It is in the economic chapters that we reach the real kernel of Dr. Naumann's book. Like all modern Germans, he thinks of man primarily as an economic animal. The modern English mind, and especially the Liberal mind, regards this point of view as sordid and repugnant. We prefer in our speculations to base our idea of Empire on anything rather than trade. We ignore its working in our arguments about the origin and motive of the war. It is, I suppose, the fastidious delicacy of the aristocrat or the hereditary merchant, who do not talk of trade and wealth, because they are accustomed to possession. Our thinking on these subjects is apt to be sub-conscious, and the revelation is disconcerting when it comes, as it did, for example, in Mr. Runciman's declaration that Germany in her trade after the war must never again be allowed "to get up her head to the same extent." Dr. Naumann declares frankly that the real meaning of the war lies in the struggle between two phases of capitalism, the obsolete but still powerful British phase of individualism in industry and commerce, and the more modern German phase of collective work and regulated commerce. Generalisations of this type seem to me, I confess, the merest impressionism. What he means, boldly put, is of course that we entered the war in the hope of destroying German trade. The play of conscious motive is never so crude as this among civilised peoples. But great industrial peoples cannot conduct war without reference to trade, and once war is declared, considerations of trade will inevitably help to shape their policy. The working of this factor on the German side is brilliantly illuminated by Dr. Naumann's argument. The new capitalism, of which he writes, is based upon the partial amalgamation of private businesses. It is organised in cartels, trusts, or syndicates, which conduct researches in common, purchase raw material in common, sell in the export market through common agencies, and allot to each business in the home market its own radius for sales. The larger the trust, and the greater the home market which it can monopolise, the greater is the economy from large production, and the greater consequently is its advantage in competing with the trade of other nations abroad. It follows (I am here supplying my own gloss on

Dr. Naumann's argument) that there is a double advantage in linking up two national commercial systems, like the German and the Austrian. In the first place you increase the horse-power, so to speak, of the unified producing industry, and in the second place endow it with a wider internal market. In so far, then, as the war was necessary for the foundation of Mid-Europe, it is possible to regard it as an expression of this new German capitalism. That German capitalism lay behind the war, because it was bent on the economic exploitation of Turkey, was already a familiar idea to most of us. This new light on the economic conquest of Austria reveals a subtler thought, which is, one suspects, at the same time an after-thought.

At this critical point in his argument Dr. Naumann adroitly wraps his meaning in poetry. He writes with real eloquence on the German ideal of "common work" and collective industry, its "disciplined soul," its readiness to sink the individual self in the collective self, its belief in conscious and constructive reason as opposed to the blind struggle for existence of British competitive individualism. The plain prose of the argument is, however, that Austria is invited to enter, of her own will, the German industrial system. What this means, in detail, is that German banks, cartels, syndicates, and insurance companies are to extend their operations to the Dual Monarchy, amalgamating, federating, absorbing, as they expand their area. There must be some assimilation of commercial legislation to assist the process, but the main point is that Austria should freely accept it and will it. In order to bring her to this decision she is invited to contemplate the advantages which have come to South Germany with the Empire. Her own case is sufficiently pitiable. She is twenty and Hungary forty years behind Germany. Her working class lives precariously, just above the line of beggary. The sluggishness of her industrial life explains the gigantic annual emigration (170,000 annually from Austria and 193,000 from Hungary), a phenomenon which Germany also knew before she adopted her present industrial organisation. Hungarian agriculture succeeds only in extracting from each acre one-half of the yield in crops which Prussia achieves, and requires more labour for this pitiable return. How will this weak industrial organism face the burden of paying for the war? Let Austria realise, that if she will call in the German power of organisation, it is at her service. But she must face the fact that she will have to alter her easy, old-world way of life. She must adopt German strenuousness with German method; there must be a quickening of the tempo of her music (*etwas Temposteigerung*); she must learn the rhythm of German industry. In plain words, Austria must be "speeded up."

Mid-Europe means, in short, the extension to her allies of Germany's military and industrial systems. Dr. Naumann deals rather slightly with the tariff issue, perhaps because his own past as a Free Trader hampers him, but more probably because the tariff really is for expert German thinkers a secondary matter compared with the development of the collective organisation of German trade. He advocates a common tariff, and consequently an approach to internal Free Trade in Mid-Europe. He must, however, admit, for a time at least, the imposition of some transitional duties on the common frontier, in order to safeguard certain weak and nascent Austrian industries against the formidable competition of German trade. He rejects the Austrian proposal of a preferential tariff, designed to favour German as against other foreign trade. His answer to the fears of Austrian producers is that the question for them is simply whether they will or will not enter the German system. If they come in, their interests are at once safeguarded by the very conception of the cartel system. Each business is assured of its due place in the common organisation. Each has its supplies provided for it, and its circumscribed market allotted to it. Without this protection Austrian trade would be doomed. With this protection it gains at once its full share of Germany's commercial conquests. In the Balkan market, for example, zones would be allotted by arrangement to German and Austrian trade respectively. But, indeed, in Dr. Naumann's eager persuasions, the question hardly admits of choice. The war, and above all, the British blockade, has taught Germany that in the interests of military efficiency she must carry her already elaborate organisation of industry some stages further. If she cannot produce within her own trench-frontiers all the raw material which she requires, then the State must accumulate great stores against the possibility of war. Assume that it had its supplies of grain, cotton, copper, petroleum, and rubber, it could by the simple process of releasing part of its stock or buying fresh stock, regulate prices, maintain them at a constant level, and so make an end of speculation in the interests of the consumer. A system of this kind, devised for war, must be worked, he thinks, in concert by the allies. Again, he foretells the evolution of combinations of producers into monopolies regulated by the State, and sees in taxes levied on these syndicates the best means of paying for the war. These are the speculative extensions of his scheme. It remains to emphasise its severe negative limitations. Mid-Europe will be a league of sovereign States; it will not be a federation. It will be a military and economic unity; it will not be a political body. Each ally must preserve its sovereignty unimpaired. There will be no Emperor of Mid-Europe and no common Parliament. Its common affairs will

be regulated by treaties drawn between independent Foreign Offices. The application of these treaties, and the administration of the common organisation will devolve upon mixed technical and bureaucratic commissions (one for industry, another for shipping, a third for railways, &c.), which will have a permanent existence and separate seats of their own. The Foreign Policy of the Allies must be a common one, but even for this Dr. Naumann proposes no common machinery other than frequent consultation between the Foreign Offices. With questions of religion, nationality, education, and language, Mid-Europe cannot, and must not, interfere. It is, in short, an organisation for trade and war.

It would be easy, from any internationalist standpoint, whether Liberal or Socialist, to dissect this German ideal in a spirit of uncompromising hostility. I am disinclined to enter on that path, because I realise that this German solution of a problem which confronts us all, is not in essentials widely different from that which large sections of Allied opinion desire us to adopt ourselves. The Entente, all of it or some of it, will probably strive for a closer and more permanent organisation after the war, and this, too, though in a far looser and less scientific way, will aim at military and economic unity. An internationalist may deplore this tendency and dread the consequences of a permanent dualism in Europe, but he must recognise that the tendency existed before the war, and was rooted in both camps. He will, however, reject with emphasis Dr. Naumann's claim that Mid-Europe, as he sketches it, is even a partial approximation to an international ideal. The value of any step towards fraternity must be measured by the gulf which is bridged. When two enemy peoples compose their differences and conclude a lasting friendship, then indeed a real step has been taken towards peace and internationalism. When two allies knit their union still closer, they have made a preparation for war. Not all the benevolence and sympathy of Dr. Naumann's eloquent pages can quite conceal the motive of ascendancy which half-consciously inspires them. The deliberate choice of weak allies, the deliberate rejection of strong allies, reveals only too clearly the ambition to dominate. The very absence of any machinery to determine foreign policy in common would be inexplicable, unless one supposed that it means the dictation of policy by Germany to Austria. It is hard to share Dr. Naumann's facile belief that Mid-Europe will make for racial tolerance. It will mean more probably that Austrian-Germans, Magyars, and Young Turks will lean upon Germany and draw from her the strength which will enable them to hold down their subject races. Already during the war the German language has replaced Tchech as the internal language of communication in

the public offices of Bohemia, and German has replaced Polish as the language of the Galician railways. It is even harder to believe that these aggrandised trusts, enabled, as they will be, to exploit the cheaper and less organised labour of Austria and Turkey, will fail to attain a stronger position in dealing with German labour. Nor can one cast a favourable augury for democracy from a system which must withdraw so large a part of the real concerns of a producing nation to the control of technical, bureaucratic commissions. "Sovereignty," in the international lawyer's sense of the word, may not be impaired, but the sovereignty of the people will find a baffling barrier raised against it by these mixed commissions, responsible to no one Parliament, and able at every turn to invoke the diplomatic or the military mystery. One criticism I will refrain from making. I will not deplore the loss of the fine bloom of Austrian feudalism or Turkish disorder in the process of "speeding up." If it means the end of the Austrian sweating system, the Magyar serf-agriculture, and Turkish inertia and corruption, then it spells some gain to the world. The tourist may lament the destruction of the picturesque, but no sane man doubts that the German workman, well-schooled and regimented in strong unions, is happier and more prosperous than the Austrian victim of "home industries," the Magyar's serf, or the Kurd's tributary. For if the German banks and cartels cross the Austro-German frontier so also will the German trade unions. Mid-Europe will not be all loss nor all gain to humanity. Nor perhaps is the scheme so peculiarly German as Dr. Naumann supposes. One may find a parallel in the penetration of Russia by French, and latterly by British capital. The speciality of the German process is that it depends even more upon the extension of German organisation and management than upon the export of German capital. The German technique of industrial penetration is probably subtler, more enterprising, and more scientific than that of any other people, but the process itself and the ambitions which underlie it, is the typical expression of our age. The wars and alliances, the rivalries and friendships, of all modern industrial States are inevitably woven with the threads of commercial and financial motive.

One-half of the immediate future of the Mid-European idea is already settled. It has received the general approval both of the German and Austrian Governments, while the economists, the industrialists, and even the Trade Union leaders are busied in conferences and committees in working out its details. It will be realised, at first perhaps in a tentative form and on a comparatively small scale, more probably, I should guess, by a system of preferential duties than by a complete Customs Union, and this economic *rapprochement* between the Central Powers may possibly

be concluded before the coming of peace. Nothing, I think, can prevent it or undo it, short of such a catastrophic crushing of the enemy as would involve the complete destruction and partition of Austria-Hungary. The adoption of such a war-objective reveals no mean political sagacity, for it is an objective that depends on the will of the Central Allies themselves; it requires no territorial conquests, and it will allow German statesmen to make a show of moderation in the settlement, while still extracting from the war a gain which German opinion will regard as substantial.

What reaction does the idea of Mid-Europe demand from the Entente? We certainly shall not watch the creation of Mid-Europe, as our fathers watched the creation of the German Empire, with satisfaction and congratulation. But we shall make a grave mistake if we assume that it is inspired by an aggressive and hostile purpose. Its aim is not World-Dominion, but the conquest for Germany by combination of a place in the world side by side with the three existing super-national organisations—the British, the Russian, and the American. Its purpose is not the destruction of British wealth and Empire, but rather the cultivation of a great German estate by elaborate intensive methods. It is a risky and disturbing project, because in the present mood of the world it is only too likely to invite reprisals and tariff wars, and to dig broader and deeper the trenches which divide us. Dr. Naumann himself anticipates this result, and predicts that we shall return to Mr. Chamberlain's schemes. How far this tendency shall go depends as much on us as upon the Germans. Apart from the promptings of anger and that passion to punish, which an able French observer traces to our reading of the Old Testament, the mere coming together of enemy Allies in closer links of trade, need not lead to boycotts and tariff wars. The Germans worked off their hate in a "hymn": it will be an ugly world if we perpetuate ours in a tariff. If there were on both sides the real will to face the future without malice and anger, and with a single eye to the world's good as a whole, the question might be asked whether this German ideal of "*Mitteleuropa*," if moderately conceived, offers a leverage for any possible understanding. It is not a plan of conquest in the old territorial sense of the word. If it means the economic absorption of Turkey by German finance, that is such a scheme as all modern empires cherish, and would mean eventually the recovery of a wasted and unhappy region for civilisation, though it would also mean an increase in the military resources of the Central Empires. The catastrophe of this war might perhaps have been averted, if the jealous ambitions, the restless energies, of this formidable people could have been allotted betimes just such a task as this in the partition of the world's

work. Their ambitions have gravitated to Turkey, largely because our command of the seas has prevented their expansion elsewhere. Sir Edward Grey, indeed, was himself negotiating on the very eve of the war a treaty which would have extended Germany's economic opportunities in Turkey and her colonial sphere in Africa. The question presents itself whether, when at last the moment for settlement arrives, that policy might not be resumed. After concluding a sullen peace, we might, if we chose, by boycotts, by punitive tariffs, and by the workings of our world-wide finance, render Mid-Europe a barren gain, and condemn Germany to a grim poverty, while we plagued the earth with hatreds that would poison it, and loaded it with armaments that would beggar it. The other policy would be to regulate tariff and trade questions amicably, but to demand firmly, in return for our assent to the creation of "Mid-Europe": first, the recognition by it, and within it, of the principle of nationality, in some extremest cases by cession, in others by home rule; and, secondly, the adoption of some international plan for the prevention of war, and the reduction of armaments. This is not the place for detail, for the object of this article is only to explain the scope of German ambitions as they are outlined in Dr. Naumann's powerful, constructive book. They have seemed to me, not deliberately sinister nor yet high-minded, but an average blending of good and evil, typical of our iron age. They are, in short, as I read them, purposes which might be tolerated, provided we could secure in return the satisfaction of our own essential objects—some measure of autonomy for the lesser peoples of Europe, and some guarantees for a lasting peace. A nation which has become obsessed by such a dream as Mid-Europe will pay a price for it.

H. N. BRAILSFORD.

THE FRENCH CATHOLIC CHURCH AND THE WAR.

THE endeavour, persevered in during weeks, months, and perhaps years, to kill as large a number as possible of a certain category of human beings, does not in itself seem calculated to elevate a man's mind above terrestrial things, and to inspire it with religious thoughts. Yet when waged in a just cause, and for the defence of mother-country, against an unscrupulous enemy whose object is to pillage and subjugate, war is a sacred duty, the accomplishment of which is calculated to fill the mind of a soldier with noble sentiments, to abolish selfishness, and to develop his trust in God. That is particularly the case with the men now fighting in the armies of the Allies against the Austro-German aggressors, and their anti-Christian Mohammedan supporters, the Turks. The French Army, composed of all the able-bodied men of the country, is nothing less than the nation in arms fighting for its independence, while the British forces, composed of the best elements of England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, and of the British colonies, are all conscious that while combating in the cause of the rights of weak States, they are at the same time fighting to preserve the British Isles from invasion, and for the integrity of the Empire.

Who, then, can wonder that the present hostilities should be exercising a salutary moral influence on the men engaged in them? It has been predicted that, in so far as the French are concerned, the war, which they are firmly determined to prosecute to a victorious conclusion, will leave them a transformed nation, from which religious intolerance will be banished for ever. If anything could strengthen the hope of the realisation of that happy result, it would be the admirable conduct of the French Catholic Church, that of the bishops and priests who have exceeded the age for active military service, as well as that of the seminarists, priests, and monks who responded with such perfect unanimity and alacrity to the call to arms. Of this latter category there are over 20,000 men, and their behaviour in the army as chaplains, officers, or simple soldiers, has won for them the admiration, respect, and affection of their comrades under the colours, and of the French nation at large.

It is not the moment to examine whether the French Republican Government was justified in suppressing the exemption from military service of men who had already entered the Church, or who were preparing to take holy orders. But it may be noted that the French bishops and leading Catholics protested strongly against that measure when it was adopted by the French Parliament, because it was diametrically opposed to the rule prohibiting the shedding of blood by a priest. But it may truly be said that good has come of evil. The salutary influence of the soldier-priests has made itself felt so strikingly in the French Army that even the most fervent Catholics no longer denounce the law which put the knapsack on the back of the priest, but content themselves with qualifying it as a *felix culpa*. It is a sectarian law, forged with the object of weakening the Catholic Church, especially by sapping the recruitment of its ministers. It was imagined that the vast majority of the young seminarists called on, in time of peace, to perform three years' military service, would lose their "vocation" for holy orders in the barracks. In this calculation the Masonic enemies of religion were mistaken, as comparatively few seminarists, called to receive military training, failed to return to their ecclesiastical colleges. And, as has been abundantly demonstrated in the present war, those men, having become priests or monks, know how to conciliate the exemplary performance of their military duties with the sacred mission to the accomplishment of which they have dedicated their lives. It is a noteworthy fact that at the outbreak of war it was not only the parish priests of France who hastened to join their respective regiments, but also the monks who had been expelled from their native land because they had become members of religious congregations. They had been the victims of religious persecution, but they hurried back from far distant lands, in Africa and Asia, to defend their country. They presented themselves at the barracks in their monk's garb, and were in almost every case greeted by their comrades in arms with joyful acclamations.

The example of cool, undaunted courage and discipline set by the priests, monks, and seminarists on the battle-field and in the trenches, has gained for them the respect, esteem, and affection, not only of their military superiors, but of the rank and file. Men who had long since ceased to practise their religion have come to them for religious aid and consolation. It is undeniable that from the sacerdotal and supernatural point of view, the part played by the priests in the Army has never before been so efficacious. The sectarian law made with the object of "extinguishing the lights of heaven," as M. Viviani, the present Minister of Justice, declared in the Chamber of Deputies, has resulted in the French Army

being better provided with ministers of religion than it ever was before. Soldier-priests celebrate mass on all possible occasions, they give absolution to the dying, console the wounded, and pray for the dead. It is needless to describe the impressive religious ceremonies often celebrated while the voice of the cannon is roaring in the immediate vicinity, because almost every newspaper has published vivid accounts of them. But to give an idea of the evangelising work being performed by the soldier-priests, it is important to state that the Association de Notre Dame de Salut has already supplied them with over 2,500 portable altars, and that the demand for them, and other articles of public worship, is still so great, that the Association is appealing to the Catholic public for yet more generous subscriptions to enable it to complete its work.

At the beginning of the war, certain unrelenting anti-religious organs of the Masonic press went so far as to accuse the French Catholic clergy of being the authors of the conflagration, or, at least, rejoicing at it, in the hope that it would lead to the overthrow of the Republican *régime*, and the restoration of the Monarchy or the Empire. Nothing could be further from the truth. Despite all the persecution the Catholic Church had suffered, the prelates and their clergy showed themselves to be as ardent patriots as all the other categories of French citizens. They took the lead in many charitable works in connection with the war, and prayed for the success of the Allies. In this connection it is interesting and important to recall the fact that their *rôle* was sometimes rendered difficult by the attitude assumed by the Pope. When Benedict XV. succeeded Pius X., who must be regarded as the first victim of the war, as his death is attributed to the grief he felt at not having been able to avert it by his intervention with the Emperor of Austria, it was expected he would be a diplomatic pontiff. His election by the Sacred College to fill the throne of Saint Peter was received with great satisfaction in France.

M. Julien de Narfon, writing in the *Figaro* on the occasion, gave expression to the general sentiment, by saying:—

“ I will resume in a few words what I consider are the natural reasons, apart from the national point of view, for our love and obedience. Benedict XV. possesses, *par excellence*, all the qualities, all the gifts, all the habits of mind, all the political and diplomatic *finesse*, and all the great wisdom, with which it seems indispensable the Pope should be endowed at the present moment to fulfil the formidable functions of his pontificate, to the best advantage of the sacred interests confided to his care. Cardinal della Chiesa, now reigning under the title of Benedict XV., was, during the reign of Leo XIII. the right-hand man of Cardinal Rampolla, as Cardinal Rampolla was, during the second part of

the same reign, the right-hand man of Leo XIII. himself. And who could imagine that Cardinal Rampolla would have honoured him so long with such complete confidence, if he had not known, with perfect certainty, he was worthy of it? Benedict XV. will therefore be, politically and diplomatically, what Leo XIV. would have been, if in the first instance the veto of 1903, and afterwards a premature death, had not prevented him from ascending the steps of the throne of Saint Peter. It seems to me that Benedict XV. is just the Pope required at the present dark hour, when it is necessary the papacy should resume its great political and traditional rôle in affirming what is right in a strong, firm voice to the nations in arms."

It seems to many people, and to devout Catholics among the number, that on certain occasions, such as those of the perpetration of atrocities in Belgium and France, to say nothing of the indignities inflicted on Cardinal Mercier, Primate of Belgium, and the assassination of Belgian priests, Benedict XV. failed to affirm: "what is right in a strong, firm voice to the nations in arms," because his diplomatic mind was too strongly influenced by the German propaganda in Rome. Whether that was the case or not, it is undeniable that the position of the Pope, who is the spiritual chief of the Catholics in all countries, was very difficult, and that he was bound to observe as strict neutrality as possible between the belligerents. It was also natural he should desire, above all things, the restoration of peace. To intervene actively with that object in view was, at least for the time being, useless.

Benedict XV., however, composed a prayer for peace, of which he ordered the recital in all the Catholic places of public worship throughout the world on February 7th, 1915. It was unfortunately, and perhaps unaccountably, confounded by certain French official censors with the campaign indulged in by a certain few unpatriotic individuals in favour of a shameful peace at any price. Indeed, in various regions of France, the religious bulletins, tracts, &c., containing the text of the prayer, were seized by over-zealous and undiscerning functionaries, to the profound astonishment of enlightened Catholics. The prompt repeal of the censor's interdiction was due to the explanations given by Cardinal Amette, Archbishop of Paris, and several other French prelates, who, in announcing the prayer in favour of peace, were careful to indicate that, for French Catholics, the peace demanded could not be any other than a peace based on the triumph of right and justice.

The position of the French bishops was extremely awkward, because their patriotism rendered it necessary to explain the Pope's prayer to the faithful. Cardinal Amette did so in Notre Dame Cathedral. When he ascended the pulpit to invite the congregation to pray, he reminded the worshippers that the Church, by the

mouth of one of its greatest doctors, Saint Augustine, had taught that peace is "tranquillity and order." The re-establishment of order, disturbed by war, therefore implies justice, and consequently the complete reparation of all violated rights. Quoting passages from the Sovereign Pontiff's speech at the Consistory, the Archbishop of Paris showed the Holy Father proclaimed that no one, for whatever reason, could be permitted to violate justice. Cardinal Amette concluded by the following important declaration:—

"Let us speak plainly. Since peace is tranquillity and order, since order is based on justice, since justice demands the complete reparation of violated rights, and since that reparation cannot be obtained otherwise than by the victory of our arms, it is consequently for that victory we pray in praying for peace."

The extremely active anti-French German propaganda which had been carried on for many years in all countries, had borne regrettable fruits, and perhaps especially at the Vatican. That propaganda was being pursued with persevering determination, when Mgr. Baudrillart, Rector of the Paris Catholic Institute, visited, in August, 1904, the Benedictine monks at Prague, of whom the Prior was a German from Cologne. He had not been in his cell five minutes before, referring to the persecution of the Church in France, and the anti-religious policy followed by M. Combes, the Prior expounded, with as much conviction as want of tact, that, in his opinion, what the French wanted was another visit from the Prussians, whom God would surely send to France to chastise the nation, and to prevent France from perverting the world. Two years later, on September 10th, 1906, Mgr. Baudrillart was at Cracow, where he had an interview with Cardinal Puzyna, the bishop of that Austrian city, who professed to be the friend of France, but whose remarks concerning her were, nevertheless, very similar to those made by the Benedictine Prior at Prague. Both of them were not content with incriminating the anti-clericalism of the French Government, but they denounced with equal vehemence the weakness and incapacity of the French Catholics and their clergy. For them, says Mgr. Baudrillart, "the triumph of Germany united with Austria is of vital importance for the future of the Church of Christ." That was the theme, prepared years beforehand, which was developed by the German propaganda, in all the civilised countries of the world, as soon as war was declared. The "diabolical alliance" of atheistical France with Protestant England and schismatic Russia, was denounced with fury. Mgr. Baudrillart points out that, "even from the pulpit and in the religious communities, the same arguments were repeated to satiety, with the effect of turning

“ against the French cause a great proportion of public opinion
 “ in Italy, Spain, Portugal, Switzerland, Holland, Ireland, and
 “ North and South America.”

The knowledge that such was the case induced Mgr. Baudrillart to form a French Committee of Catholic propaganda, and to edit the volume, *The German War and Catholicism*, propounding the truth relative to the war. The contents of that work, which was translated into all the principal foreign languages, and distributed widely in all the neutral countries, are clearly and concisely indicated in its preface, written, in the form of a letter, by Cardinal Amette, who declared :—

“ The statements contained in the volume, *The German War and Catholicism*, are worthy of absolute credence. They comprise the testimony of two Cardinals, and several Bishops, who do not speak in the name of the Catholic Hierarchy—they do not pretend to be its mouthpiece—but in the name of what they know, and what they have seen, because all of them, with the exception of the Archbishop of Paris, are Bishops of the regions invaded by the enemy, the testimony of Academicians who represent the *élite* of French thought, the testimony of Senators and Deputies who are less party men than the defenders of religion in Parliament, the testimony of eminent members of Departmental and Municipal Assemblies, and the testimony of writers who use their pen in the service of the Catholic Church. To write the book, *The German War and Catholicism*, the collaboration of none but avowed Catholics has been accepted, in order that it might be affirmed, We know what the Catholic doctrine is, and what it exacts, what are the ideas of which it seeks to insure the reign, and what are the acts it forbids, even in times of war. Well, look and see what Germany does, and see what France does. See if by the doctrines of her intellectuals, by her manner of conducting the war, by the acts of her leaders, and of her soldiers, Germany does not, in spite of the religious declarations of her sovereign, manifest herself as the theoretical and practical adversary of Catholicism. On the other hand, throw a glance on the services rendered the Catholic Faith by France in the past and in the present; consider even to-day the attitude of her priests, of her soldiers, and of the major portion of her inhabitants, and see whether that nation is not more faithful to the Church, your mother, as she is ours, than the Germany of the Kaiser, the friend of Luther.”

The authors of this most important work of Catholic propaganda are ardent patriots, but they are also the devoted children of the Catholic Church, and it is for that reason they say: “ We would
 “ not, under any pretext, contribute to tear her ‘seamless robe.’
 “ To appeal to the spirit of justice of all our brothers in Christ is
 “ not to aid in that baneful work.”

That effort of the Catholics to establish the truth concerning the atrocities committed by the Germans in Belgium and France, on

indisputable authority, was highly appreciated by the Republican Government, and indeed by members of all the French political parties, including the anti-religious Socialists. The success of *The German War and Catholicism* was so considerable, that what was to be expected happened. Cardinals von Bettinger and von Hartmann, respectively Archbishops of Munich and Cologne, denounced the volume to the Kaiser in the following terms:—

“ Indignant at the calumnies against the German Fatherland, and against its glorious army, contained in the book, *The German War and Catholicism*, we express to your Majesty, in the name of the whole German Episcopacy, our painful indignation. We shall not fail to lodge a complaint against it before the Supreme Chief of the Church.”

Cardinal von Hartmann received the following reply from the German Emperor:—

“ I thank you, and also Cardinal von Bettinger, for the expression of the indignation of the German Episcopacy with regard to the insulting calumnies spread abroad by our enemies against the German people. Those attacks, directed against the consciousness of its right, and the moral force with which the German nation defends its just cause, turn like the others against their authors.”

It was towards the end of June that the German Cardinals thus announced their intention to lodge a complaint with the Pope against *The German War and Catholicism*. However, when Mgr. Baudrillart returned to Paris from a visit to Rome at the end of September, he was, after interviews with Benedict XV. and his Secretary of State, able to affirm that nothing concerning the work had been received at the Vatican from any member of the German Episcopacy. The complaint had not yet, in the middle of October, been presented, and it is possible, if not probable, that the German prelates' hesitation to appeal to the judgment of the Sovereign Pontiff is due to the consciousness of the completely unfounded nature of their accusations, and to the fear that the pronouncement of the Holy Father would constitute an official papal confirmation of the perpetration of nameless atrocities by the Germans in Belgium and France. Though the infallibility of the Pope is, as everyone knows, restricted to questions of faith and morals, the French Catholics recognise that the Vatican is the only tribunal of which, for the Universal Church, the judgments have force of law, and they await with confidence the pronouncement of Benedict XV. relative to the accusations made in *The German War and Catholicism*.

Not content with denouncing to the Kaiser and the Pope the too well founded accusations contained in *The German War and*

Catholicism, the German Archbishops and Bishops penned a reply to the French Prelates. In it they denied that hundreds of priests and other innocent persons had been put to death, and very many thousands of innocent people had been arrested and a great number of them held in captivity for months. Those, and many other crimes perpetrated in Belgium and the north of France, still cry for vengeance, but according to the German Episcopacy's letter, "they cannot have been committed." And on what do the German Prelates found that assertion, which is in such flagrant contradiction with too well established facts? They refuse to believe the accusations, because they "know the obedience and discipline" of the German armies reproached with the perpetration of the inhuman acts. They ignore the fact that even the chiefs of those armies are inculpated.

On January 15th Cardinal Mercier, the Belgian Primate, and all the other Belgian Prelates, replied to the German, Bavarian, Austrian, and Hungarian Bishops who, in addition to denying the truth of the accusations concerning the perpetration of atrocities by the German troops, had affirmed that if certain priests and women had been executed, it was because they had been convicted of having traitorously attacked with rifles, &c., the German soldiers occupying their town or village. The Belgian Bishops declared, after a thorough inquiry, "We know that those impudent accusations of the Imperial Government are, from one end to the other, nothing but calumnies. We know it, and we swear it." Then, reminding the German Bishops that after the publication of Mgr. Baudrillart's volume, *The German War and Catholicism*, they requested the Pope to institute an inquiry, the Belgian Bishops said: "Well, Venerable Bishops of the German Episcopacy, in our turn, the Archbishops and Bishops of Belgium, incensed at the calumnies against our Belgian Fatherland and its glorious army, contained in the White Book of the German Empire, and reproduced in the reply of the German Catholics to the work of the French Catholics, feel it incumbent on us to express our painful indignation to our King, our Government, and our Army. You have laid your complaint before the Supreme Head of the Church. It is but just that he should not only hear your voice. You will be sufficiently loyal to assist us in getting ours also heard. Both you and we have the same identical duty to perform, which is to place His Holiness in possession of authentic documents, on which he will be able to form a judgment."

The Pope has not yet instituted the inquiry demanded, but, within the last few weeks, many Cardinals, Archbishops, and Bishops have been summoned to the Vatican from Germany, France, and Belgium to justify their conflicting assertions. Among

the last were Cardinals Amette, Archbishop of Paris, and Mercier, Primate of Belgium. The former, and other French Prelates, who went to Rome, returned highly satisfied with their respective interviews with the Pope, and when the latter was crossing the great square to enter the Vatican, an Italian journalist, noticing that the sun had just broken through dark clouds, exclaimed: "Look! Light enters with him." And indeed it would seem to have done so, as Benedict XV., being convinced of the perpetration of atrocities, is reported to have exclaimed: "That is barbarism"; and also, in denying the rumours of his having intervened in favour of the conclusion of an immediate peace, to have declared: "There can be no remission without restitution."

To realise thoroughly the importance the French Catholic Church has assumed during the war, it is necessary to remember that most of the principal measures of exception taken by the Republican Government against it, previous to its outbreak, turned to its moral advantage. Between 1801 and 1905 the French Catholic Church may be described as having vegetated in opulence. It was impossible for a bishop even to create a parish, or to divide a parish with an overgrown population into two, without the approval of the Government, which was extremely difficult to obtain. What occurred in the diocese of Paris will suffice to demonstrate it. The number of its inhabitants in 1802 was 800,000 at most. At that moment the diocese was divided into 125 parishes, administered by 422 priests. Between that date and 1905 the population augmented from 800,000 to 3,800,000, but the number of parishes only increased from 125 to 148, and that of the priests from 422 to 765. The necessity for the Church to shift for itself after the stoppage of the stipends which had been paid by the State to all the prelates and priests, and the confiscation of all its property, stimulated the clergy in the performance of their evangelising mission so effectually that in the diocese of Paris twenty-three new parishes were created, and more than 100 priests were added to the clergy between the promulgation of the separation law in 1905 and the outbreak of war in August, 1914. In less than ten years, as much was done as during the previous century. It would be correct to say that much more was done, because the clergy throughout France, supported by their richer parishioners, created all sorts of Catholic institutions, of which the Patronages are the most important. They were thus brought into close contact with many hundreds of thousands, if not millions of persons, who would otherwise have remained at least indifferent to religion. Moreover, the closing of all the many thousands of primary schools formerly in the hands of the religious congregations was followed by the

opening of a free (Catholic) school in almost every parish where a religious congregation had been suppressed. The Catholic schools, thus re-established, are all more or less directly under the control of the parish priests, and the teachers are for the most part secularised members of the suppressed religious educational Orders. Those establishments have proved so successful that they are crowded with pupils to the detriment of the State and Municipal schools, some of which are now attended by none but the children of functionaries who would be dismissed if they withdrew them to send them to a Catholic establishment.

It would therefore be a mistake to imagine that the religious revival in France dates back only to the beginning of the war. On the contrary, it may be said to have commenced in 1901, when the law for the dispersal and despoiling of the religious congregations was promulgated. It was strengthened in 1905 when the law of separation freed the Church from the trammels of the State, and having been developed by the evangelising zeal of the clergy, it has now, by the admirable conduct of the seminarists, priests, and monks incorporated in the army, and the patriotic attitude assumed by the bishops and priests of all the French dioceses, without exception, gained, in all classes of society, more popularity than it had ever enjoyed since Napoleon I. imposed the signature of the Concordat on Pope Pius VII.

Nevertheless, it is undeniable that the enemies of the Catholic Church are still so powerful that it is difficult to look forward with confidence to the commencement of an era of religious peace in France after the conclusion of peace with the foreign foe. It is possible, and perhaps probable, that greater religious tolerance will be exercised by the State, at least for a few years, but it would be idle to imagine that the Republican Government will rescind the arbitrary measures of exception it has taken against the Catholics. It will not restore to its rightful owners either the property confiscated from the religious Orders, or that of which it deprived the Church. Neither can it be expected that the Republican Government, which boasts of its secularisation of the State, and especially of public instruction, as one of its most admirable works, will allow religious instruction to be given in its educational establishments, from which the very name of God is banished. Moreover, it may be taken for granted, the State will not restore to the prelates and priests the stipends which were formerly paid to them as an indemnity for the Church property seized during the great French Revolution.

T. FARMAN.

IRELAND DURING THE WAR.

WHEN the great war began, the present writer was on holiday in a remote village on the western coast of Ireland. He had been a witness, only a fortnight earlier, of the exciting events of that Sunday of July, which will be associated in Irish history with the name of Bachelor's Walk. The leaders of the Nationalist Volunteers had determined to emulate the deeds of the gun-running Covenanters; but although their arms and ammunition reached the Irish shore without opposition, the authorities were not (as they had been in the case of the Ulster *coup*) unready, and blood was spilt that evening in the streets of Dublin. One waited for the sequel; but none came, if we except Mr. Birrell's repudiation of his subordinates at Dublin Castle, and the confining to barracks of that regiment (the King's Own Scottish Borderers) which had opposed the march of the Nationalist Volunteers. The Irish crisis, of which all the newspapers had been writing for a year and a half, seemed suddenly to have come to an end, as though by a decree of the capricious but high Fates; and even the *Times*, which for months past had been publishing daily "grave warnings" on the "imminence" of "dreadful" civil war, suddenly became silent as regards Irish affairs. It was, of course, natural that a coming war in Europe should put Ireland in a back place as a newspaper topic; and yet, would not civil war have been doubly "dreadful" had it taken place in the midst of European war? Perhaps civil war had ceased to be "imminent"? But why? England's difficulty is said to be Ireland's opportunity, and anti-English feeling must have been strengthened by the affair at Bachelor's Walk.

In Dublin the victims of the unhappy riot were given a popular funeral, and the Scottish Borderers were subjected to insult as they walked the streets. The Ulster gun-runners had gone unpunished; and in the House of Commons Mr. Redmond and other Irish members bitterly contrasted the licence allowed to Unionists in the North with the vigorous action taken by the Dublin Castle authorities against the Nationalist Volunteers. Withal, as has been said, one felt that the crisis was over, and that one might leave Dublin without fear of missing important developments.

To this seaside village of Connaught come in the summer a few visitors of the Irish landlord class. There was therefore in the

place an articulate Unionist opinion, and it expressed a certain relief at the news of the entry of Great Britain into the European War, for this ensured the indefinite postponement of Home Rule. The "scattered Unionists of the South and West" had undergone a rather anxious experience. They had feared lest Nationalist blood might be shed in the streets of Belfast, and they did not wish to be the victims of retaliation on the part of the Nationalists elsewhere in Ireland. The danger had not really been very great; still, it was pleasant to hear Sir Edward Grey describe Ireland as the "one bright spot," pleasanter still to have Mr. Redmond appealing for a union of Nationalist and Ulstermen against the common enemy, Germany. The loyal eloquence of Mr. Redmond was not echoed by the Nationalist population of this remote western village; but the people seemed to rejoice with their newspapers, the *Independent* and the *Freeman's Journal*, over the great Allied victories that were announced each morning. "If Britain is hit," asked an old woman, "who pays the old age pensions?"

A visit to an inland town disclosed the fact that Ireland was not the re-united country pictured in Mr. Redmond's organ, *The Freeman's Journal*. There one bought copies of weekly Dublin newspapers, the clerical *Leader*; *Sinn Fein*, the organ of the Sinn Fein party; the *Irish Volunteer*, the mouthpiece of the Volunteer movement; and the *Irish Worker*, Mr. Larkin's sheet. All these papers, including the *Leader* (which ordinarily supports Mr. Redmond), were adopting an equivocal attitude towards the new situation. *Sinn Fein* published articles reflecting on the motives of England in entering the war. One inquired what might be the general feeling among Nationalists in this town and neighbourhood, and got the rather cynical answer: "One week they veer towards Germany and the next towards England; it depends which side they think is winning."

Interest shifted to Westminster, where Mr. Redmond was engaged in negotiations over the Home Rule Bill. The Irish leader succeeded finally in forcing the measure on to the Statute Book. There it remains, in the company of a Suspensory Act, to this day. The action of Mr. Redmond may have been an infringement of the party truce; but it should be remembered that the Liberal Government, in obeying Mr. Redmond's request, promised at the same time that the new Act would never operate to the prejudice of Protestant Ulster. The loyalty of Sir Edward Carson's followers at the outbreak of the war had made, said Mr. Asquith and other Ministers, "coercion of Ulster unthinkable." The Covenanters, though angered by Mr. Redmond's proceedings, did not feel defeat; their position was stronger than that of the Home Rulers, being guaranteed by both British parties, as the Nationalist critics of Mr. Redmond's Parliamentary "triumph"

were quick to point out. However, Ireland's right to self-government had been registered by a vote of the Imperial Parliament, and Mr. Redmond, feeling satisfied, crossed the Channel to take up his new rôle of recruiting sergeant in Ireland. He passionately desired that his country should play a great part in the war, but knew that there would be opposition to his programme. So long as he had confined himself to the vague phrase "Home Defence," the appearance of Irish unity had been maintained. Only a small group of Nationalists had looked on Germany as a liberator, and would have plunged into rebellion. "When the war broke out," writes Mr. Robert Lynd, "the first thought that entered my head" "was that here was a miraculous chance offered to Ireland to repeat "the happy events that led up to the establishment of Grattan's "Parliament in the eighteenth century. Once more invasion had "become a possibility—though a far-off possibility." But Home Defence was not enough. As a thorough-going supporter of the war, Mr. Redmond could not but advocate the enlistment of Irishmen for foreign service. Sir Edward Carson had not delayed in gathering recruits for Lord Kitchener from the North. Division among the Nationalists, then, became inevitable. The *Sinn Féin* party and its allies denied that Mr. Redmond had had from England value for the goods he proposed to deliver. First, they questioned the quality of the Home Rule Bill. Secondly, they described the guarantee of the Statute Book as illusory. Returning to Dublin in the late autumn of 1914 one found the "intellectuals" of the city discussing the subject in all its aspects. Several members of the Volunteer Committee had published a manifesto objecting to Mr. Redmond's policy, and the movement broke in two—the seceders describing themselves as Irish Volunteers, in contrast to the Redmondite, or National, Volunteers. The National Volunteers were the larger, but not perhaps the more active body. The Irish Volunteers—whose spokesman was Mr. John MacNeill, a distinguished Gaelic scholar—were strongest in Dublin itself. Ireland now possessed three Volunteer organisations, Ulster, National, and Irish. All were illegal, but circumstances obliged the Government to agree with Sir Edward Carson's dictum: There are illegalities that are not crimes. The Ulster and the National Volunteers, though hostile party organisations, were at one in their views of the war and Ireland's duty in the war; but the position of Mr. MacNeill's Volunteers was more ambiguous. The Government would not proceed against this organisation on the ground that it was "illegal," but it might threaten to apply the Defence of the Realm Act against a "public "danger." Several leaders of the force have actually been imprisoned, and Mr. Birrell declares in Parliament that "the "evidence of a seditious character in the Irish Volunteers is

"voluminous." The Volunteers are pledged to oppose conscription; but they have not, as an organisation, interfered with voluntary recruiting. Nominally, the Irish Volunteers are Nationalists, who reject the control of Mr. Redmond, and stand to protect "the rights and liberties common to all Irishmen."

By Christmas of last year it was evident—in spite of the growing numbers of Irish Volunteers—that the pro-war party in Ireland had the better of the argument. (By pro-war party one means those Irishmen who wanted their country to help beat Germany, and believed that the European transcended all other issues.) There had been no division among the politicians (Mr. Ginnell, M.P., was always a free-lance); the United Irish League, the official organisation of the Redmondites, remained intact; and the powerful Ancient Order of Hibernians, formerly held to be extremist, made no protest against the pro-English declarations of the Parliamentarians. Sir Edward Grey might have repeated his definition of Ireland as "the one bright spot." The military authorities had suppressed without difficulty the so-called pro-German Press of Dublin. Irish Unionists, it is true, criticised the numbers of recruits that were joining Lord Kitchenèr's New Armies as insufficient. In proportion to population, Protestant Ulster supplied more men than the rest of Ireland; but this (in view of the Nationalist tradition) must have been expected, and the cities of the South had given their share of men. The other day Mr. Redmond described his first interview at the War Office. Lord Kitchenèr said to him: "If you give us even 5,000 men, I shall 'thank you.'" During the first few months of the war double that number of men enlisted from Nationalist Ireland, and subsequently the figures mounted up even more rapidly. Not until the Bishop of Limerick wrote his letters on the Pope's plea for peace and the treatment of Irish emigrants at Liverpool, had any Irishman in a position of authority publicly criticised Mr. Redmond's pro-war policy.

In August of last year (1915) General Friend, Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in Ireland, stated that 80,000 men—infantry contribution alone—had joined the Army from Ireland since the beginning of the war; and of these recruits, 44,000 were known to be Roman Catholics, and, presumably, therefore Nationalist. The figures given by Mr. Redmond were higher, and one of the speeches of the Irish leader contained the startling statement that another 80,000 Irishmen had been rejected on medical grounds at the recruiting offices. There is no worse scandal in Ireland than the condition of the people's *teeth*. Ireland was exempted on the demand of the Irish Party from National Registration; but at the same time that Lord Derby began his work in England, the Lord Lieutenant was put in charge of a special recruiting effort for Ireland. Lord

Wimborne called for 10,000 men during the month of November, and a steady flow of a thousand a week thereafter. The response to this appeal is understood to have been moderate, and the farming classes—particularly in the South and West—still hold back. Outside of these classes, however, the number of eligible Irishmen must now be small—scarcely more than 30,000, says one observer, even on the unfounded assumption that every man would be willing to join the Army. At the time of writing, it seems to be generally believed that, whatever may happen in England, conscription will not be applied to Ireland in any circumstances. The country is excluded from the scope of the present Military Service Bill. Mr. Redmond and his colleagues agree "on general principle" with the English anti-conscriptionists; but other Nationalists lay particular stress on Irish "special circumstances," and argue that the demands made upon Ireland in the matter of men (as in the matter of money) must be kept within some proportion to the starved resources of the country. This way of thinking was forcibly expressed in a recent issue of the Nationalist weekly, *New Ireland*:—

"In the abstract, we hold that the country had entire liberty to adopt an attitude of neutrality if it thought such a policy was most consistent with its real interests. But the force of circumstances made Ireland's participation in the war absolutely unavoidable. Even by the standards which are applied in the great belligerent nations, Ireland has already sent a contribution from the number of her men available outside of the industries indispensable to the country in time of war, which represents a sacrifice commensurate with that of almost any nation that is now a belligerent."

The question certainly arises whether every Irishman who lives at home with his father on a farm is an indispensable figure in a national industry; we actually know that until the ports were closed, young men from the agricultural districts were still emigrating to America, though in smaller numbers than of old. Still, there is a growing opinion among Nationalists now opposed to even the friendliest pressure, on the grounds that Ireland has "done enough," and several public bodies have refused to co-operate with Lord Wimborne in the new recruiting effort.* Mr. Redmond allows that if compulsion were proved to be "necessary" he would not oppose it; but one doubts that Nationalists as a whole follow him here. Mr. Asquith said in Dublin, at the beginning of the war, that Ireland's contribution to the war would be the "free gift of a free people"; and the imprisonment of

* The figures of Irish recruiting up to December 15th, 1915, are now published. They are as follows:—Leinster, 27,458; Ulster, 49,760; Munster, 14,190; Connaught, 3,589. The number of men between the ages of 19 and 41 in the four provinces were estimated by the Government at 563,115. At least 10,000 of the Ulster recruits may be accounted Hibernians and Roman Catholics.

volunteers and the closing of ports to Irish emigrants cannot be said to have involved a rupture of that pledge, since these measures were taken without protest from Mr. Redmond, who is the accredited spokesman of Ireland. English advocates of National Service admit that, since the results to be gained from the extension of compulsory service to Ireland must be comparatively slight, the risk should not be taken; and it is not the threat of physical opposition by Irish Volunteers that matters so much from the Imperial point of view, as the danger of a "split" in the Home Rule Party and the replacement of Mr. Redmond by a leader less Anglophile. There is a secondary consideration that may weigh with some Unionists, namely, the discredit that the exemption of Ireland would attach to the Home Rule cause. Unionist bodies in Ulster and elsewhere have objected to the exclusion of Ireland from the present Bill.

The suggestion has been made, and not from one side only, that the Irish Question will have lost all its terrors at the end of the war. *The Morning Post*, for instance, states that the Home Rule demand may soon become a thing of the past, Ireland having become Imperialist. This is far from being the case, and the insignificance of the pro-German movement in Ireland need not deceive us on the point. Irish pro-Germans are those who hold with John Mitchel that the British Empire as a system must be destroyed before Ireland can prosper; men without a political philosophy, who only know that they hate England with all the forces of their soul, and there are no "Huns" of whom they are not prepared to declare themselves the champions provided that England perish. Pro-Germanism in Ireland, such as it was, collapsed as soon as it became evident that Germany was *not* going to destroy the British Empire or to dictate peace in Europe, and no one now, outside Irish-America, pictures the Kaiser as Ireland's liberator after the fashion of Sir Roger Casement. On the other hand, the theory that Ireland ought to be "neutral" in the war finds wide acceptance among the younger Nationalists, particularly in the cities—among students at the new university, enthusiasts of the Gaelic League, budding "intellectuals." Their theory may be worth stating for the benefit of the English reader; and I quote a passage from an article that recently appeared on "The Mind of the "Abstentionist":—

"It can only be as a bait, a piece of foolery, that our castigators invite us to enter this war on the ground of our claimed nationality; they know, of course, that, going we go as simply an integral part of the British Army and nation, go singing English National Anthems, taking either implied or explicit oaths of allegiance to the British Constitution. . . . A Frenchman may die side by side with Englishmen and be none the less a Frenchman; his nationality is too deeply and surely based to be hurt by that con-

tiguity. . . . It is a question of saving our national soul; exposed to dangers unknown to any of the established nations, little or great, of all caught up in this bloody whirlwind. Is our Nationality, then, so frail a thing? It is; and it is none the less a precious thing. . . .

"Supposing Austria, or Germany, Hungary, Turkey, Bulgaria, to be, each and all, the extreme human representatives of sheer fiendishness, supposing that their victory in this war is to be the greatest curse that the world ever knew, or could know, would all this morally oblige our intervention? If Denmark and the United States can abstain, we can, too, and with tenfold the right.

" . . . The Nations of Europe, big and little, within and without the war ring, have had their chance, or rather have realised the act, in which this great horror has arisen. They have also received, each and all of them, a certain prepayment, as it were a retaining fee, for all the services they might one day perhaps be called to render to the Europe which their combined act has brought about. Their diplomacy; the sense of their sovereignty; the actual menace, silently felt, of their armies and navies, whether really formidable or only capable of annoying; the alliances they have formed; their general power of bargaining in State; all has given them commercial advantage in a hundred ways, and very solid prepayment of a kind which Ireland has never even dreamed of enjoying. And besides prepayment, there is post-payment to be remembered."

This argument does not establish the case against Irish participation in the war; and it takes no account of this reasonable motive, namely that the Irish are citizens (one fourth of them, by profession, devoted citizens) of the United Kingdom. The bulk of the Nationalists were not in revolt against that fact before the war, but, on the contrary, had eschewed physical force and even the method of passive resistance, and appointed delegates to Imperial Parliament. A minority, including the more earnest of the younger men, refused, it is true, to regard "Home Rule," *i.e.* a subordinate Parliament in Dublin, as a final settlement of the Irish claim for national recognition. They opposed passive resistance at home to Parliamentary agitation at Westminster. And yet the *Sinn Feiners* themselves would have accepted Home Rule as an instalment, a step towards separation, and during the political struggle of 1912-1914 Nationalist Ireland was more or less united under Constitutional leadership. When, for instance, Mr. Redmond insisted in the summer of 1914 that the newly formed Volunteers should be brought under his control, he was at once obeyed, in spite of the fact that many Independent Nationalists (*Sinn Feiners*) sat on the Governing Committee of that organisation. It is late to charge him now with "betraying" Ireland and "lowering the flag." As a constitutional leader—engaged in converting British opinion to the idea of Irish self-government—Mr. Redmond could not have advocated abstentionism. During the Boer War the Irish Party cheered British defeat and opposed recruiting, thereby discrediting their cause in

England; but here was a war in the justice of which Mr. Redmond and his colleagues believed, and it gave the party an opportunity of making honourable peace with the British public. There is, indeed, a certain insincerity in many of the arguments addressed to Irishmen from recruiting platforms. Irishmen are told they will be fighting for Ireland, and this is true in the same sense as one might say to a Worcester lad that he is fighting for Worcestershire. But the suggestion behind the appeal—that Ireland is now recognised a nation—is palpably false, and insulting to the intelligence. The Irish Party in its advocacy of recruiting is hampered by the tradition of Parnell who, great man though he was, confused the Irish mind by conducting a movement which in certain aspects was constitutional and in others revolutionary. We may ask: Does Mr. Redmond regard the Irish Question as a purely domestic issue of British politics? From that point of view there is no force in the argument of the abstentionist: that Ireland had received no prepayment for her services in the war. Nor had Worcestershire. But how shall we reconcile the "domestic" conception of the Irish Question with Mr. Redmond's refusal to take a place in the Coalition Cabinet? with his claim for the exemption of Ireland from Registration? with his objection to the introduction of economy in the Irish administration? On the other hand, if "Ireland a nation" be the cry, it may be argued that the record of Mr. Redmond during the war has been one of great chances thrown away. He might in August, 1914, have framed such a demand as would have ensured Ireland a leading part in the war not merely in the matter of sending men abroad, but in the matter of directing policy as well. England spoke of her intervention "on behalf of small nationalities" in the great struggle; could not Mr. Redmond have asked (without falling under any suspicion of pro-Germanism) that his own small nationality, Ireland, should be given an independent status in the Councils of the Allies like to that occupied by, say, Hungary in the Councils of the Central Empires? His demand would have been refused; but the making of it in circumstances so dramatic would have drawn the eyes of all Europe to the Irish cause.

What matters all this (it may be asked), seeing that Ireland has been prominent in the war, alike as regards her response to the call for men and the deeds of her fighting regiments? It must matter a great deal to those who take long and serious views. Political man must regret, whatever may be the destiny he desires for Ireland, that the war situation has not been exploited to the profit of logic and first principles in Irish politics. No side now dares to be completely confident. Take the case of the genuine Home Ruler, the man who had hoped that the Unionist minority would interpret the war as a lesson in Nationalism, and that the spectacle of the devotion of the Irish troops in Flanders, of Mr. Redmond's loyalty to the

Empire, would destroy racial suspicion and remove the last fears of those English Unionists who have objected that Home Rule would endanger the security of the Empire. He is disappointed; he knows that the Unionist minority has not been converted; he knows that after the war the same old argument against Irish autonomy will still be serviceable. The most he can hope for is a Parliament for the three southern provinces; but the exclusion of Ulster will be accompanied by bitter recriminations among the Nationalists, and (perhaps) by the discredit of the constitutional movement. The Unionist, he who believes that British citizenship should be enough, and should satisfy Irishmen both from the ideal and the practical standpoints, may have felt happy at times. Recruiting has been much better than he expected; most people over the greater part of Ireland have friends or relatives in the Army; and an active process of Anglicisation has been at work. Some striking changes of opinion, both here and in Irish America, among those formerly deemed irreconcilable, are recorded. Yet the Unionist is unsatisfied: someone, he thinks, has blundered. How is it that Mr. Redmond still talks party politics at Irish political meetings, still makes preparations to renew the struggle for Home Rule, although, by his own confession, Nationalists have now no legitimate grievance, and the war has shown that the substantial interests of Great Britain and Ireland are identical? Then, he will accuse the Government of weakness. Having the approval of the recognised Irish leaders behind him, Mr. Birrell might have finally crushed the remnants of anti-English propaganda. But the anti-English journals have been revived, and enjoy a wider circulation than ever. It is advertised that O'Donovan Rossa died still hating England; a vast assemblage attends his funeral, and Separatist speeches are made over the grave. The next week recruits from the same city pour into the British Army. The psychology of Ireland during the war should be treated by a master pen! For it is the general mood of the people that interests one, rather than the cut and dried opinions of the various groups and sections. We hear of other belligerent countries that they have been transformed, or transfigured, by the war. No one will use that grandiose language of Ireland. She is the old Ireland still. Victory lies not so much with the Anglo-phil party, or with the anti-English party, as with the forces that stand to protect all those local peculiarities and prejudices, many of them seductive, that isolate Ireland from Western civilisation. "In all that exists nothing resembles it, nowhere does it find a reflection of itself," said M. Emile Montégut, that delicate French critic, writing of Ireland sixty years ago. Did Sir Edward Grey (one wonders) mean to convey a similar idea when, Europe being in darkness, he spoke of the "One Bright Spot"?

J. M. HONE.

THE UKRAINIANS (RUTHENIANS) AND THE WAR.

ONE of the national problems, which may be, and ought to be at least considered in the re-arrangement of Europe after the war, is that of the Ukraine. The Ukrainians (or Ruthenians, as their Teuton name goes, or Little-Russians, as they are sometimes known) are a race of over 30 millions. It is the object of this article to show how, apart from the justice of satisfying 30 million people with a common national consciousness, the solution of their problem will lead to the solution of the Polish, the Russo-Jewish, and other problems.

The present writer has written two volumes and several articles on the Ukraine; his paternal family has been linked for a century with the economic life of the nation. Knowing both eastern and western Europe, and having studied their political and social problems on the spot, he is well acquainted with Ukrainian leaders both in Russian and Austrian Ukraine. He is in close touch with the important Ukrainian movement in Canada and the United States. When the war broke out in August, 1914, he was concluding an extended visit to Eastern Galicia, and, though a naturalised British subject of French birth, he managed to pass through Vienna in returning to London. He is in close relations with Ukrainians both in Europe and America, and especially with their literary men and the journals which Ukrainians maintain in Switzerland, the United States, and elsewhere; the success and circulation of these journals, partly in Ukrainian, partly in French, German, and English, and on both sides of the Atlantic, show that the Ukrainians, when they pass from the Austrian and Russian Empires, in which their national aims are oppressed, cherish a national patriotism in a marked manner. In North America alone there are half a million such Ukrainians. The present writer can claim to speak with authority for this people's aspirations.

The Ukrainians are not Russians, though they are of the same Slav stock. Indeed, their Slav blood is purer than the Russian stock. The Kingdom of the Ukraine was the land of Rusj, with Kiev as its capital, till it was finally united to the Russian (Muscovite) crown in 1686. It is a claim which the Russian Nationalists advance that Ukrainians and Russians are one and the same stock and people. But this is contrary both to linguistic

evidence, to sound history, and to the obvious differences which strike anyone who will visit Ukrainian and Russian villages and see the different types.

But first, let us be clear about the names. In the Russian and Ukrainian languages (two Slavonic branches as different as are French and Portuguese) the two national and racial words appear, (i.) *Rusj* and (ii.) *Rossia*. (i.) *Rusj* is the birthplace of the Russo-Slav stock, and it is also the fatherland of the Ukrainian people. *Rusjky* (the adjective of *Rusj*) is Russian to those who hold the legitimacy of Russian nationalist claims; but it means Ukrainian (Ruthenian) to those who hold that the Ukraine was the kernel or heart of the Russo-Slav race. In a somewhat similar way, the term Anglo-Saxon is applicable to the American stock in the western hemisphere and the English in the eastern. (ii.) *Rossia* is Russia, or the great country of our school geography books. The adjective of this word is *Rossiŭsky*, Russian. So Ukrainians always call themselves *Rusjky*, and refer to the ruling Muscovite nation as *Moskevsky* or *Rossiŭsky*. But, in spite of the obliteration for the past three generations of the early history and marked differences between the two nationalities, the names *Ukraine* and *Ukrainians* are being more and more used by the educated classes in Russia and Austria. The peasants of Eastern Galicia, who are pure Ukrainians, call themselves *Rusjky-Oukraïnsky*. Russian Nationalists, that is, those who wish to reduce all names and claims to the terms of their Russification policy, prefer to use the word Zaporogians, from the old Ukrainian Cossacks, or Mazeppanites, followers of Mazeppa, the last rebel leader of the Ukraine. The name *Ruthenians* (German, Ruthenen) by which the Ukrainians are usually known in non-Slav Europe, should be discouraged; it is a Teutonic term, uncongenial to the people themselves, misleading and objectionable at the present time.

A brief sketch of the History of the Ukraine will take note of the introduction of Christianity into his country in 988 by King Volodimir. This powerful and sainted ruler was succeeded by another efficient ruler, Monomachus, who married Gytha, the daughter of Harold, the Saxon king. Though Ukrainian development was checked when the Muscovites pillaged Kiev, their capital, early in the thirteenth century, yet the Ukrainian rule extended as far as the Black Sea and the Dnieper, from its new capital Lwiw in Galicia (Lwiw = Lvoff in Russian = Lemberg in German = Leopold in French). Then came the Tartar invasions. In the later half of the sixteenth century Lithuania joined hands with Poland in one kingdom, which comprised most of the Ukraine, and consequent upon this the Ukrainian aristocracy became Polonised;

then followed the successful revolts of the Ukrainian Hetman Bohdan Chmielnitzkyj. These revolts, however, could not be sustained, and the Ukrainian Zaporogian Cossacks inclined towards a Turkish alliance, but eventually the balance swung towards Russia (Muscovy, as it was then known to our English ancestors). Chmielnitzkyj threw his weight on that side, and in 1654 the treaty between Muscovy and Ukraine was entered upon at Pereiaslav, near Kiev, which provided for the fullest Ukrainian independence; for it contained among other provisions these terms: (1) the Hetman, freely elected, shall retain legislative and executive power in the Ukraine; the Tsar's Government shall claim no influence in local affairs; (2) the Ukraine shall have its own military forces; (3) the regulation of the foreign policy of the Ukraine is reserved to the Hetman. But this treaty was soon followed by renewed hostilities, and the Ukrainian Hetman, Mazeppa, though allied to Charles XII. of Sweden, was defeated by Peter the Great at Poltava in 1709. That defeat saw the end of the Ukraine as an independent political unit, and the Russian Empire became thereby potentially established.

For over two hundred years then, with the exception of the short reign of Peter II., the Ukraine has been subject to a policy of Russification by the rulers of the great Empire which had embraced it. The most intelligent and educated Ukrainians were bribed to go to Petersburg by offers of offices and advancement. In official circles their eminence has been remarkable. It is said that "in the Ministry of Education every official is a Little-Russian." Alexis Razumovsky, Minister to Catherine II., and Prince Alexander Bezborodko, were Ukrainians. Meanwhile, the people of the Ukraine were prejudiced and controlled; for example, the Ukraine had more schools in 1709, when the actual union with Russia ensued, than they have ever had since, yet the population is nearly doubled; to-day no schools in which the Ukrainian language may be taught exist in Russian Ukraine. The marvel is that the language, the national consciousness, and the superior Ukrainian type persist to-day. Yet customs, folk-songs, traditions, and a common hope still unite this people. But beyond this must be enumerated frequent visits to Eastern Galicia and Northern Bukovina, in which Austrian provinces the tolerant policy is permitted of Ukrainian schools, and special chairs in the German University of Czernovitz and the Polish-Ruthenian University of Lemberg (Lvöff).

An interesting historical fact may be recalled in connection with the policy of Russia towards the Ukraine. It has culminated in ruthless Russification in later years, but Peter the Great offered in 1706 to John Churchill, the first Duke of Marlborough, the

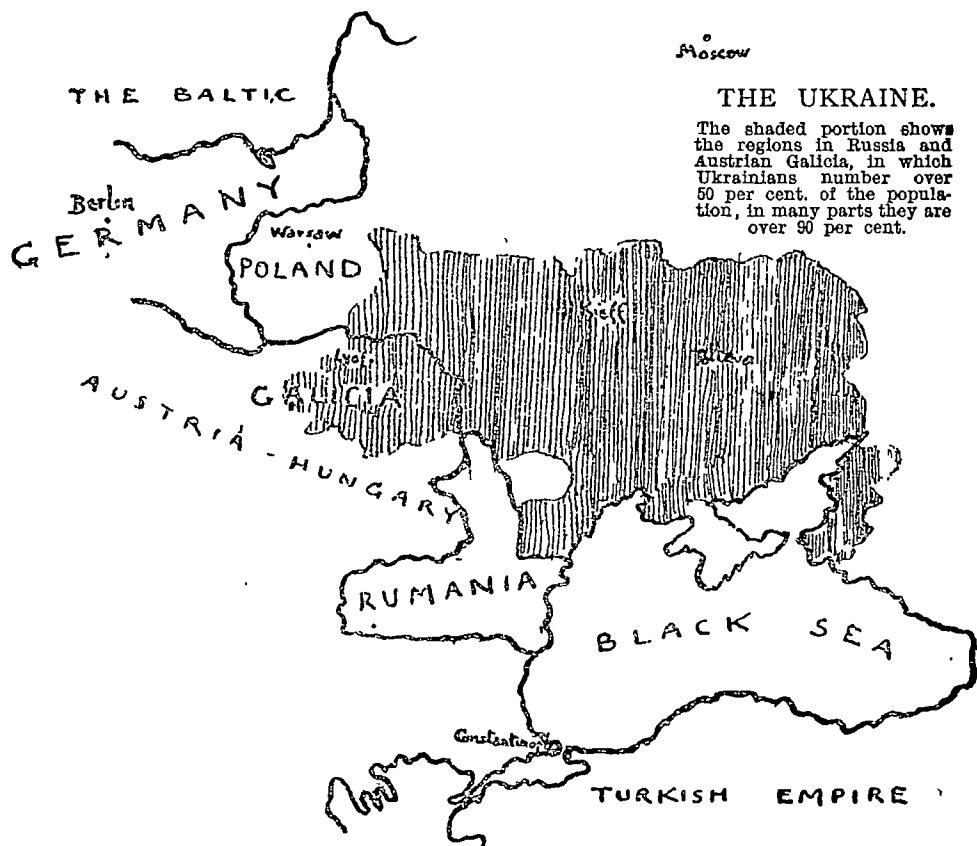
Principality of Kiev (with the crown of the Ukraine). This is recorded in the *Cambridge Modern History*, Vol. V., Chap. 9, p. 595. What a curious field for imagination is afforded by the thought that descendants of the great Churchill, instead of leading the House of Commons and presiding at the British Admiralty, might have been of the reigning family of a European State six times as large as Bulgaria!

After the last attempt at independence raised in 1764 by Cyril Razumovsky, the last Hetman of the Ukraine, who had been a lover of Catherine II., and raised by her to the high position of Hetman, the last national political ideals of the Ukraine were submerged in Russification rule. The policy of Russification took several forms. The number of schools was limited. The literature was strenuously discountenanced. Ukrainian writers, like Gogol and Nekrasov, had perforce to write in the Muscovite or Great Russian language, in order to secure a public. No books or periodicals were allowed to be published in Ukrainian, with the exception of poetry and fiction, while these were severely censored. There were some attempts at stage-plays in the native language, but these were also soon forbidden. The Greek-Catholic (Uniat) and the Protestant Churches were no longer tolerated, and their adherents were forcibly converted to orthodoxy. The Bible in Ukrainian was declared a revolutionary publication.

It is curious to recall that the British and Foreign Bible Society published a Bible in Ukrainian, which it offered as a gift during the Russo-Japanese War to the Russian soldiers; the Russian authorities refused the gift, but the Japanese authorities accepted the Bibles for the Ukrainian prisoners in their hands; so the Ukrainians fighting for Russia had the consolation when prisoners in Japan of reading the Bible in their own tongue for the first time. Tarass Shevchenko, the great national poet and painter, was sent for ten years to a military penitentiary.

After the Imperial Russian Manifesto of October, 1905, there was a period of Ukrainian relief. A remarkable efflorescence of national art, journals and literature took place over the whole country. Under the influence of the Pan Slavist Nationalists—*les enragés*, as Russian Liberals often call them—the October Manifesto has become a dead letter. Yet the powers of the Provincial Governors allow of occasional national expression. That which is forbidden to Ukrainians in Kiev is often permitted in Katerinoslav. What wonder, if Ukrainians once more turned their eyes towards Galicia, where national life was possible! Though the Russian reactionaries say that it is fed by Prussian gold, really the national Ukrainian movement in Galicia is supported by the Russian Ukrainians themselves.

Ukrainians feel bitterly the lack of interest displayed in England and France, the two civilised countries which they most desire to awaken to a sense of their misfortune. The reason for their pro-English feelings can be readily appreciated. In Canada they number nearly half a-million, and they have been repeatedly praised by politicians and writers as an excellent asset to the Dominion. This healthy stock give little trouble, they are adaptable, intelligent, and learn well. Their modest desires are sometimes



misunderstood even in Canada. In one province at least text-books have been forced upon their children, printed in a hybrid Slav language, which is abhorrent to them. That language is one which was invented by M. Markoff, a Russophile Ukrainian of Galicia. It is an artificial "intermediary dialect," a sort of *volapuk*, intended as a link between the Russian and the Ukrainian languages, which was first used in a Galician periodical, *Galitchanin*, subventioned by private funds supplied by Russian Pan-Slavists.

Again, the Ukrainian nationality is not recognised in Canadian

statistics. In order to discover their number, one has to search under several headings: Ruthenians (a German appellation), Malorussians (a Russian slighting term), Galicians, South Russians, and even Russian Poles. It would be worthy of the best British traditions, if Canadian law and administration were to take a more business-like view of their needs.

The war brought this tragedy to the Ukrainians that, numbering more than 32,000,000 souls, they would have to fight their own kith and kin. The Ukrainian race is widely diffused, but the bulk of it is in a great well-defined area in South-Eastern Europe, as the map printed herewith shows.

The numbers of the Ukrainian-speaking people are roughly:—

Ukrainians in the European Russia	29,000,000
„ in (Austrian) Galicia	400,000
„ in (Austrian) Bukovina	300,000
„ in Northern Hungary	500,000
„ in Southern Hungary and Roumania, &c. ...	60,000

Total in Europe (say) 30,260,000

Ukrainians in Canada (at least)	300,000
„ in U.S.A. (over)	200,000
„ in Australia and other British Colonies (say)	50,000
„ in Brazil, South America, and other countries, including Turkey and the large Amur settlement of Siberia	1,500,000

Outside Europe (at least) 2,050,000

In the Russian, Austrian, Hungarian, and even Roumanian armies Ukrainians have expected to be led against people of their own nation. They felt war to be inevitable. They did not relish the prospect. The Ukrainian peasant is not fond of opening his mind, for he has learned reticence through a century of bitterness. This reticence was taken by Russian Nationalists as meaning that he would welcome the liberating troops of the Tsar. Resigned he probably was, but eager assuredly not; he was anxious, if not suspicious.

The foregoing statement of facts enables us to consider the problems that arise if the Ukrainian national movement is to be satisfied and become a loyal and powerful support of the Russian Empire. The Ukrainians would obviously make, like Poland, a strong autonomous unit under the Russian crown, or a buffer State.

The Ukrainian peasants of the Russian Empire are strongly attached to their religion, their language, and their national habits. They are Orthodox almost to a man. The Uniat or Greek Catholic

religion is not tolerated in Russia. With an Orthodox Primate in Kiev, chosen from among them instead of the Holy Synod of the Russian capital, the Ukrainian peasants might be satisfied that no political pressure could be put upon them either at election time or in the course of their dealings with the Ministers of the Church. As it is, there is too often political pressure. The priests in wholly Ukrainian villages are nominated by, and subservient to, a strongly Muscovite Synod; hence the Ukrainians have priests of a type the very reverse of that which they would select for themselves. This would be remedied by an autonomous head of the Orthodox Church in Kiev.

The language question is another sore point. Although most Russian Liberals admit that Ukrainians are not Russians, the Russian Government thinks differently, and the Russian language is exclusively taught in the Ukraine. The writer has seen a Ukrainian peasant from Poltava weep real tears when he visited a national Ukrainian school in Galicia. "Would to God *our* children "could be taught thus," he murmured. The national customs are also put down. Co-operative societies and such like were being started every month in the Russian Ukraine. When they succeeded, the Russian Nationalists insisted upon their being taken over and "centralised," while their occasional failure was loudly announced. At the time of the centenary of Tarass Shevchenko, the great national poet of the Ukraine, in 1914, the celebrations were forbidden in Russia. His tomb was guarded by soldiers to prevent the peasants from coming in pilgrimage. Lesia Ukrainka, a poetess, died, and was buried in Kiev on August 9th, 1914. The Kiev police kept guard with drawn swords over her coffin. They forbade the bestowal of wreaths, of the national blue and gold ribbons, and the holding of funeral orations. They dragged away children who asked permission to deposit small bunches of flowers on the grave. What wonder, then, that when the war broke out hundreds of Ukrainians were put under arrest in Kiev and Poltava on suspicion of Germanophile tendencies!

It is ironical to have to record that hundreds of Ukrainians suspected of Russophile tendencies were also arrested in Austrian Galicia and in Hungary. Galicia ought not to be maintained as one province. The San river divides Poles from Ukrainians, and the only Polish island in the middle of a Ukrainian population was Lemberg, now called Lvoff. The Poles, however, had obtained from Austria Home Rule for the whole of Galicia, and they oppressed the Eastern half to such an extent that even the stern rule of Russia seems welcome to a not inconsiderable minority of the Ukrainians. In Russian Ukraine, as the late British Vice-Consul at Lvoff told the writer, one knew that nothing political was

allowed, and one was therefore forewarned. In Eastern Galicia the law allowed everything, but the Polish rule prevented the enjoyment of its benefit.

In Hungary, the Ukrainians were also unfortunate. The process of Magyarisation was no less ruthless than the process of Polonisation in Galicia, or that of Russification in Russia. There is also the dread that were Roumania to obtain Bukovina a similar Roumanisation would fall on Ukrainians there. Anyone can perceive the difficulty of settling a question of race in such a mixed land as Macedonia, but the Ukraine is not such a chess-board. It belongs to several Governments, but it extends in one compact mass of some 850,000 square kilometres from the Carpathian Mountains along the Northern shore of the Black Sea to the region north of the Donetz, and between the San river and the Volga.

Lord Bryce, in the course of his recent Creighton Lecture, set forth the view that nationality, as we understand it to-day, is of modern growth, dating from one hundred and fifty years at the most. The Ukrainians may accept that view, and urge that though a historical tradition may be useful to support the claims of a nation, the Ukrainian desire for an independent life is based upon distinct characteristics, physical, moral, and intellectual, *which are being gradually intensified rather than diminished.*

In the field of art and literature they stand high among the Slav nations. Their language is marked by a characteristic softness. Their folk-lore is the richest; such names as Kotliarevsky, Gogol, Potapenko, Nekrasov, Grebenka, Zaleskyj, Ryleev, Shevchenko, Tchaikovsky, Franko, Dragomanov, Kondratenko, Korolenko, Kovalenskyj, Hrushevskyj, are proof that intellectually and artistically, whether in painting, music, or literature, they have gifts blossoming often into genius; and these gifts are distinctive, proudly remembered by their race, and altogether different from the tendencies of other nations. The poetical, quick-witted Ukrainian of Little Russia has very little in common with the Great Russian. Economically speaking, even though 92 per cent. of the Ukrainians are tillers of the soil, the Ukraine is more than self-supporting. It has a good seaboard in the Black Sea ports and strong natural frontiers. It is rich in oil and minerals of all kinds. This, indeed, is perhaps the main cause of Russian diffidence about the recognition of the rights of the Ukraine.

There is scarcely a burning problem of European and Asiatic politics that would not be brought near settlement by the establishment of an autonomous Ukraine. Napoleon I. had a history of the Ukraine printed for his own use, and later Bismarck showed by his discourses that he also understood the importance of the Ukrainian problem. Whether it be the possible recurrence of

rivalry between Russia and the German nation, the fear of Russia's future difficulties with Greece, Italy, and Turkey owing to the possession of the Dardanelles and a contingent strong Mediterranean policy, or whether it be the distrust of Pan-Slavism with a powerful Russia at the head and none but weak small States under her—the autonomy of the Ukraine would relieve all these issues. A neutral Ukraine would be a solid block of 40,000,000 people between Russia and Germany, between Russia and Roumania. *It would give more confidence to the smaller Slav nations who wish to develop themselves under the protection, but not under the dictature, of Russia.* The Czechs and the Bulgars in particular are keenly interested in the national claims of the Ukraine.

The Jewish problem in Russia would also be settled thereby. As a matter of fact, there is no Jewish problem in Russia proper. There are no Jews to speak of in Russia outside the pale, which is the Ukrainian region. When the Ukraine came voluntarily to her powerful neighbour and asked for protection on terms which were officially granted by the treaty of Pereiaslav, the Jews were not allowed to leave the Ukraine, where they lived freely before. Russia made parts of the Ukraine a pale of settlement for them. They had lived there previously. Leading Ukrainians have repeatedly assured the writer that a free Ukraine would willingly settle the Jewish problem on terms of full rights and corresponding duties, giving absolute equality to the Jews.

The future will show whether a settlement of the Ukraine problem can be reached at the end of the war. Our Russian Allies did not appear well advised to attempt a thorough and ultra-rapid Russification of Eastern Galicia, when they invaded and held it. The arrest of the Archbishop of the Uniat Church at Lvoff (Lemberg) and of scores of his priests, and their incarceration in Russia were no happy portents. Let these things be atoned for and forgotten. Unless, however, a settlement that satisfies the Ukrainians at least in some measure is reached, events must be expected to follow the precedent of the first Balkan settlements, and lead to further warfare and revised settlements. There are in the Ukraine all the elements of a thoroughly democratic, well-organised, and economically prosperous state. The Russian Government has, like all the European Powers, been learning much during the last months; and there may be a real hope that Russian statesmen will endeavour to settle the problem of the Ukraine on the historic basis of the treaty of union, which their ancestors made in 1654, and on lines recognising the principle of nationality, which, as Mazzini declared over fifty years ago, was the sole foundation of peaceful brotherhood in the family of Europe.

BEDWIN SANDS.

BELGIUM AND PAN-NETHERLANDISM.

GERMANS who foresaw the present war as long ago as 1870 have most carefully cultivated the Germanic sympathies of the Dutch. Whilst frequently reviving the sentiments which arise from race connection, they also covered Holland with spies, merchants, and propagandists. The Government at Berlin had the acumen to make an economic alliance with the kingdom of Wilhelmina. Advantageous commercial treaties drew the two nations together and caused Germano-Netherlandish trade to grow to extraordinary proportions. Rotterdam has become a German town like Antwerp. And finally the marriage of the Queen of Holland to a German prince raised to the highest the hopes of the Pan-Germanists of both countries. The Germans still believe that only a Mecklenburger can aspire to succeed to Wilhelmina. Under these conditions it is not surprising that The Hague Government has chosen to presume a neutrality which claims to be very strict with regard to the European conflict.

Politicians maintain that Dutch neutrality has favoured the cause of the Allies because the naval position at the mouths of the Scheldt and the Rhine would have furnished a very dangerous scheme for offence in the hands of the German Admiralty. The German fleet would never have been exposed to the unlucky surprises of Zeebrugge, and would have had possession of an important base for an attack on England. Others say that the Dutch Army would have been able to thwart the German operations in the north of Belgium; and, finally, that Holland in closing Rotterdam has deprived Germany of one of her principal means of revictualling.

What is clear is that Germany has succeeded in establishing solid sympathies in Holland. A Dutch bishop, M. Van de Wotering, replying to an interviewer from the *Vossische Zeitung*, declared: "His unbounded respect for the heroism of the German people and his frank admiration of their organisation. Holland," he added, "is frankly Germanophile. The stories from Belgium," he explained, "did affect the feelings of the masses, but they also have been largely obliterated now." Such admissions from a personage of high standing in the Catholic world in Holland are of indisputable significance. They should be remembered together with the words of Monsieur C. J. K. Van Aalst, a merchant who is at the head of the Dutch commercial world. Mr. C. J. K. Van

Aalst frankly declared to a journalist that "the Dutch are for the "most part well disposed towards the Germans. The Dutchman "feels more at home in Germany than anywhere else." Mr. Van Aalst was not afraid to prophesy "fruitful collaboration between "his country and Germany after the war," and he asserted that then "Germany and Holland, thanks to Germany, would make a "great move forward commercially."

Indeed, it would be a mistake on the part of the Dutch to complain of the war, and I cannot understand those who for some time have worn a medallion in their buttonhole bearing the words: "Do not speak to me of the war." Holland sends almost the whole of its enormous surplus produce to Germany. Consequently the national wealth has increased since August, 1914, by 100 million florins (210 million francs) a month. For nine months two milliards have swelled the fortunes of the Dutch. It is not surprising. Holland exports to Germany 51 thousand tons of food products per month.

Yet it would be unfair to create the impression that all Dutchmen share the same Germanophile sentiments. Some, represented by the valiant and clear-sighted Dutch paper, the *Telegraaf*, endeavour to stem the tide which takes its rise from high quarters in Holland. Last September the *Telegraaf* published the following protest:

"Has it really come to this, that we will put up with anything rather than go to war? If this is the case, let us bury our sense of honour; let us never again speak of national pride and the national conscience, for then we should be such hypocrites as to raise disgust. Let us also change without delay our national motto. Would not 'Je tolérerai' be more suitable than 'Je maintiendrai'? In keeping silence at the time of the violent murder committed against Belgium we have forfeited the right to raise much of a voice against the world war. And neither our pity for the Belgian refugees, nor what we have done or may still do for our unhappy brothers in the South, will wipe out this blemish. Perchance the Belgians may be willing to pardon us in gratitude for what we did for them. It is possible; but that would never remove the blot from our coat-of-arms."

We have only to study the Pan-Germanist ambitions which are specially aimed at Holland, however, to become seriously disquieted as to the existence of a Germanophil party in Holland. Are the Netherland Germanophiles desirous of the annexation of the Low Countries to Germany? Or, wishing merely for a rapprochement of the two Germanic peoples, do they intentionally ignore and consider as inoffensive talk the declarations, which are yet unambiguous, of Pan-Germanist writers who hanker after their country? The future of Holland would be very uncertain in the event of a German victory!!! . . . Pan-Germanists, and quite recently the King of Bavaria, do not conceal their desire to possess,

along with Belgium, the mouths of the Rhine—in the first place. Yet the mouths of the Rhine are in Dutch territory! Since 1815 politicians and writers on the other side of the Rhine have made no secret of their project to join Holland on to the great Germany. One of the “*enfants terribles*” of Germania has summed up all the arguments in favour of this plan:—

1. Holland is but a prolongation of the Rhine valley, and cannot have a separate existence from the river basin.
2. Rotterdam is the natural outlet of the economic life of the German Rhine country. Hitherto this trade has been subjected to a Dutch Customs tariff, even in the case of merchandise destined for Western Germany, which is intolerable.
3. The German navy needs a base on the Netherlands coast in order to reach its full development.
4. Queen Wilhelmina's little army constitutes a real danger for Germany, because it could easily turn the fortifications and natural barriers of the Empire.
5. In case of war the provisioning of Germany is only possible through the Dutch ports.
6. Holland is a Germanic country in the same way as Bavaria and Saxony.
7. Holland is too weak to defend alone her territory and her colonies, which are exposed to the greed of the great powers.

The conclusion is that “Germany must save Holland.” It must be admitted, therefore, that the policy which decided Queen Wilhelmina's Government to allow the violation of Belgian neutrality is inconsistent. It is a policy impregnated with a sense of German victory, so far blind as to forget that the maintenance of Belgian Independence is one of the principal factors of Holland's liberty.

Thus we see Holland traversed by various currents of opinion. The Germanophiles are unconscious of the fate which would have come upon them if the Germans had been victorious. The partisans of the Allies have recognised German perfidy and exhaust themselves in their efforts to enlighten their fellow countrymen. The “Neutrals” do business in contraband. Lastly, a new current of opinion is forming a new party of Dutchmen who imagine that this war ought to bring them territory. This party sanctions the partition of Belgium, and a return to the former Hollando-Belgian treaties of association, with this difference that Belgian Flanders alone would come to swell the Dutch power. Thus the thorny question of Antwerp as a port for war purposes as well as commerce, so dreaded by England and coveted by Germany, would be settled. Holland would constitute the Central European State which would have to serve as a buffer between the Great Powers. And, finally, Holland would be considered by the population of Belgian Flanders

as the saving power which would protect them from French influence and fulfil all their local aspirations.

It is not only in Holland that the programme of the Netherlands party finds its warmest partisans. Certain Belgian Flemings, who were formerly Germanophil or Netherlandophil, provided they could still be Francophobe, have rushed forward in the wake of the Dutch, their brothers in race, for the defence of "the Greater Netherlands." This is not the first time that a reunion of Belgium and Holland has been demanded by the two countries. History is one eternal repetition. In Belgium the champions of the reconstitution of this Great Kingdom of the Low Countries were keen, uncompromising Flemings, fiercely inimical to the French language and culture. They have been called *Flamingants*. The *flamingant* movement sprang up as a reaction against the Gallicising of Belgium after 1830. This Gallicising has been the work of the Walloons who hoped for a free development of Belgium under the kindly eye of France. It was conceived in a spirit of justice and equity, which is clearly expressed in Article XXIII. of the Belgian Constitution, as follows:—

"The use of the languages customary in Belgium is optional; it can only be regulated for by the law, and then only for acts of the public authority and for judicial business."

Members of the Government thus gave full liberty to Belgian citizens to speak what language they chose, but they hoped that French would remain the official language. And Minister Rogier wrote to Minister Raikem in 1834: "Unity of language is the necessary foundation for a solid State, and French should be the language of Belgium."

What are the demands of the *flamingants*? One of their leaders, Mr. Pol de Mont, of Antwerp, an unrepentant Germanophil, expresses it clearly:—

"It is not enough to be Flemish, to have a platonic affection for one's language. One should be *flamingant*, that is to say, an active propagandist for the rights of the Fleming. Away with the bilingual system. In Flemish country all business should be done in Flemish."

This is war on the French language and on French influence. This battle, almost won in Flanders, was already spreading to the Walloon country. The Flemings demanded the hegemony of all Belgium. What they wanted to bring about was a racial retaliation for the Revolution of 1830, which separated Belgium from the Low Countries. In fact, the Revolution of 1830 and the founding of the Belgian State was the work of the Walloons. The *flamingants* do not conceal their feeling that, "although they

"were discontented with the Dutch Government, it was not revolution and the separation of north from south that they mostly desired."* On the occasion of the commemoration of those Glorious Days of September, which delivered us from the Dutch yoke—the *flamingants* distributed pamphlets in the Place des Martyrs, where those are honoured who have died for their country. These pamphlets give their reasons of race for *regretting* the Revolution, and for deploring the independence of Belgium.

I said that the Revolution of 1830 was chiefly provoked by the Walloons. They had been tired out by the partiality of William of Orange who, in 1822, had decreed that "only those persons who knew the Dutch language could henceforward present themselves for office or for public employment." To the tyranny of this linguistic régime were added religious and economic questions. So that we do not pretend to hide the fact that Belgium was seriously divided before the war of 1914. The Walloons were exasperated by the anti-patriotic attitude of the *flamingants*, who were threatening to demand the administrative separation of the two peoples. In Flanders itself the *flamingants* had to resist the attacks of loyal and resolute opponents in the Gallicised Flemings, who realised that the future of Belgium depended on its Latin culture. Such Flemings are more numerous than is supposed. They have never set themselves against French influence in Flanders. How can that country, half Gallicised by centuries of contact with France and the Walloon country, dream of any other fate than a determined movement towards the Latin destinies of France and the Walloons?

If we consult history, French has always been the language preferred by the Flemish aristocracy and middle classes. However far back one goes in the annals of this people one finds the same French predominance. In the curious "*Légende des Flamens*," published in 1558 in Paris by Galliot du Pré, the author picturesquely describes this Gallic influence which took possession of the Flemings even before they were conscious of their nationality:—

"King Charles the Great several times made war on the Saxons, who frequently rebelled against him. These wars his father, Pepin, Charles Martel, mayor of the House of France, and several other kings and mayors of the Palace of France, his predecessors had waged continually. To induce them to obey he forced the said Saxons to leave their country of Saxony, pass over the River Rhine, and come and live and make their dwelling in the country which was then called Ruthilia and now the country of Flanders (from the name of Flandrine, wife of the said Lydéric Hardelech, according to the pleasure of some writers), and this was in the year

* The Flemish Movement.

802, as recorded by Sigibert in his chronicle. Before the coming of the Saxons the Gallic language was used in the country of Flanders, and the nobles of Flanders and those who frequent great lords, men of intelligence and fluency, use it now, so that any man who does not know the said language, which is called Walloon, is marked out from amongst the others and is considered rustic and vulgar."

Can any deeper or more artless sources be discovered to show how the French language penetrated into Flanders? And yet the *flamingants* have risen up against all the traditions of their history. Dominated by the French language, they never fail to rise against it, and Flemish annals rotate round this linguistic dualism. They fear that the intrusion of a foreign tongue, bringing with it a foreign culture, will cause the degeneration of their race. Yet they must grasp the truth that the Gallicising of Flanders is not a phenomenon of yesterday. It dates back to the beginnings of Flemish history. It is embodied in it. It has conquered the majority of the Flemish people. It is an accomplished fact, irremovable and formidable. Nothing can stand against the Gallo-Latin current. It has swept over the Flemish provinces of the south, which are to-day loyal and ardent French provinces. Let the Flemings find in the study of their language the strengthening sources of their racial characteristics which have survived the French atmosphere and we will approve them. Local patriotism is the prime virtue of a strong race. We sanction Flemish patriotism.

But when Flemish patriots exaggerate their aspirations and try to close their country to the French atmosphere which is historically indispensable to their lungs, all clear-sighted Flemings, all French Belgians, must oppose them in order to prevent Flanders from committing an act of suicide. From 1850 to 1914 the *flamingants* have won victories. Yet they knew that the Walloons had made the Revolution of 1830, because William of Orange had decreed in 1822 that he should give office and public employment to no persons unless they had knowledge of the Dutch language. They have endeavoured to reproduce this situation; they have had the ear of the Government, whose political tendencies they favoured. Thanks to the Catholic *flamingants* the Belgian Government has kept in power as it were by a miracle since 1883. And up to the day of this horrible war the *flamingants* have scored a series of victories.

In 1850 the Flemish Language Congress adopted Dutch spelling. In 1873 the Belgian Parliament passed a law prescribing the use of the Flemish prisoner's own tongue for examination in court and for counsel's pleading. In 1878 a law obliged Belgian officials to

communicate with the public in Flemish as well as in French. Officers must give the word of command in Flemish to Flemish recruits. In 1885 fresh legislation ordained that in the Ecoles Moyennes and the Athénées in the Flemish part of the country, Flemish should be exclusively employed in the teaching of languages defined as "Germanic" (Flemish, English, and German), for at least two courses in the syllabus. In 1889 the bilingual system was extended to all criminal pleadings. French is only required if the prisoner demands it. In 1898 Flemish was raised to the same position as French in legislative debates, in the drawing up and promulgation of laws, &c. All administrative documents must be worded in both languages, even in the Walloon country. In 1907 the bilingual system of 1889, which was intended only for Flemish courts, was extended to all the Brabantine courts.

Since 1907 new proposals have not failed to make their appearance, and new administrative orders have been carried out, which all tend, with remarkable persistence, faith, and method, to spread Flemish over the whole of Belgium, often even in despite of Constitutional guarantees. Thus the Cooremans law which went so far as to carry the effects of the law of 1885 into private educational establishments was a violation of the liberties of language provided for in the National Charter.

Provoked and weary, the Walloons have formed a party for defence. They were aggrieved because administrative careers were closed to them. The Walloon, in fact, by nature objects to the study of Flemish. The Flemish, on the contrary, are almost all acquainted with French. In the examinations for Government employment they had a marked advantage, which was accentuated by the partiality of Flemish examiners. The Walloons hate compulsion. The obligation to learn a language which is dying out, which has no great extent or traditions, has been forged by Congresses for the needs of the cause, and is spoken differently from town to town, disgusted them. Lastly, flagrant inequalities in the bestowal of governing functions, and injustice in the distribution of Government subsidies, have exasperated the Walloons. Flanders has been favoured, embellished by costly undertakings, whilst the Walloon country has been treated like a poor relation.

The Walloons remember that a marriage of convenience united them to the Flemings. They were about to demand the restoration of the system of separate administration. Each for himself. Each for himself. The war came to weld, in patriotic fever, in the mingling of blood and in a common glory, a new alliance of the Walloons and the Flemings.

RAYMOND COLLEYE DE WEERDT.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT.

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THE FORGE IN WARTIME.

IT is difficult on a fresh March morning, when the clouds are racing across the blue and their illusory shadows are racing across the land, to resist the voice of the intuition which tells us that the things of time are the manifestation to our eyes and hearts of some great conscious force, hammering reality into shape. Nature, which has been dreaming and stirring uneasily in its sleep for months, is coming back to life, and as it comes it is caught into the orderliness of things and shaped by a power from without. The tree-buds are ripe to bursting. The elm twigs are full of tiny purplish-red blossom. The mystic elder has long been in bright green leaf. The sheltered woodland flowers have begun the long round of the patterned year. Even the first butterfly has come, a lordly overseer in the forge of things. The birds are more than busy in the open field, on the rolling moor, in the hedge, the sedge, the naked tree, in the cloud-clothed sky, sweetening labour with song, anxiety with invincible hope, a chill, wind-swept world with rejuvenating homeliness. On the farm lands enclosed from the moor the winter-wheat is variegating the brown earth into exquisite patterns of green, where the skylark, falling with meteoric swiftness, keeps watch and ward by the open nest. And man comes forth to his labour amid the sounds and scents of the morning, amid the dewy jewels that autumn has bequeathed to spring, and finds that the world which he loves so much is very good.

How many sounds there are as well as scents and scenes to touch the heart; to stir, or perhaps to magnetise, the consciousness into day-dreams not far removed from reality! It is wonderful that no one has yet written, in these days of treatises, an Anatomy of Country Sounds. The noise of the City, forsooth; 'tis a silent place to this, a place, that is, with no meaning or personality in its sounds, a place of disorderly noises that are not classifiable noises at all, and must be shut out from any analysis which is,

as Shakespeare puts it, "a true thing." Why, the round of a day is a round of incomparable and inevitable music not only in March and April, but in November and December; not only in nightless June, but in chill October. Yet in early spring the noises have a triumph about them, the little separate parts of a marching or Macedonian chorus; they are celebrating the coming, let us say, of Dionysos, or the home-coming back from the wars of the village hero with the note of valour on his breast and still the same sturdy, modest determination in his eyes, or the birth of a helpless but implacable human, or the visitation of migrant birds, or the indefinable sense that "all's well with the world." Such noises are these that man, when he hears them, strives to reproduce them all in some lilting song as, facing the bracing wind, he tramps through dead bracken or cracking heather. At night-fall the sounds begin their round. At first the roar of the stream only is heard, and when that has become a permanent background to the consciousness, the lesser sounds are painted on it. Nature is tired of sleep, has had enough of night: she has ordered it to begin later and end earlier and to go on doing this for months. She wants more and more day for her work, and she is not silent in the night. The running of tiny streams traces a pattern in the mind. They seem everywhere. The tiny whispering of birds, sounds *seen*, so to speak, through the wrong end of a telescope; the movement of dead leaves on the oaks and in the underwood; the rustling of nocturnal beasts; the chewing of kine; the call of birds of prey: all these are patterned on the background of the stream. Last of all comes the most delicate sound-tracery of all, the *sound of growth*. Nature is bursting the bands of death on every side, dead things are pushed away. She is putting off mortality.

With the coming of dawn the sounds alter. The long-drawn call of the cock changes from a dreamy, uncertain incantation to an insistent *réveille*. The cuckoo, earliest of morning birds, is not yet, but the skylark is up, and soon the movements of an awakening world begin. It is curious to watch, etched against the sky-line, the forms of horses, almost monstrous in the half-light, struggling to their feet at the call of morning to break their fast on the crisp, dew-silvered pasture. The cattle were feeding long ago. In the dead darkness one had heard them feeding, with heavy breath. Yet the chilly world is well awake and refreshed long before the horse is called to the plough, and the cows move slowly to the place where they know the milking will be.

But on this particular place by the edge of the moor there is one sound that comes, with the fullness of daylight, which recalls the beginnings of modern man, the clarion of the Iron Age we may call it, the ringing, clean-cut, musical note of the blacksmith's

hammer. The forge is some long way from the village that holds both sides of the racing river in the valley below. It is on the top of Black Hill, an economic position of great significance, for by the forge runs, north and south, a great road that carries folk from sea to sea; northward lies the manor house; across the moor and the valley and the moor it sends messages to this spot, for this is the last spot whence a rider-forth from that home can see it and wave farewell to the watchers in the Tower of Tears. It is a long way off, but a listener in the Tower can catch, if the wind be well favoured, the sound of the hammer on the anvil almost as clearly as it can be heard down in the village, which a winding by-road links on to this great highway. The forge is older, far older, than the manor house—older perhaps than even the yew which saw the house a-building. It is, if all tradition be faithful, a memorial of the earliest Iron Age. It was on this spot that the first smith made ploughshares and swords, weapons of war and industry. A site such as this gives the mind and the heart some idea of the continuity of life in England, not in the great ancient towns which trace their lives back to Roman and even pre-Roman days, but in the wild countryside. On this highest point of the main road the southern sky-line is stained with the slight smoke of a considerable cathedral town, the spire of the cathedral showing in all clear weather like a needle on the very verge of the horizon. That building is associated with all the thought and action which has dominated this region since the thirteenth century. The walls bear records of many wars and warriors, of saints and statesmen, poets and lawyers, knights and dames who have left the impress of their lives, their hopes and fears, upon many generations. And all of these, sturdy men and pillioned women, have passed this way often enough and have heard the ring of the hammer, early and late, deepening into clangour as they drew rein in sight of the blazing fire and called for the smith and his aid. For he was an armourer once, was John Smith, and the temper of his swords was the measure of his fame. From here the eye can detect in the hilly, wooded distances, many a seat, sites of castles of old: and to-day there is no one of these old houses but has old weapons in store that, once upon a time, were welded by John Smith on Black Hill. 'Twas his hammer, too, that wrought the gates and other laced iron-work in the cathedral. His iron-work is in every church. No mean artificer was this son of Tubal, and it was always John Smith who wrought. No doubt he died from age to age, for such is the fashion of men, but so far as the world cared it was the same John Smith who went on working in the glowing metal century after century. No doubt the outward fashion of the man changed somewhat, the trim of beard, the home-going

doublet or coat, the cut of leathern apron. No doubt his tongs and shovels and his hammers, his great hammers, and his little hammers for the delicate flower work that we look at to-day and cry, "it is Florentine in execution," no doubt these changed in shape as did the bellows and the method of driving the blessed wind under the ashes when the seacoal grew common. No doubt the coming of coal was a great matter, for the dearth of wood had troubled John Smith for several generations, and in that time his hand, so used to smelting the iron ore with wood and then fashioning iron with the glowing charcoal, had lost some of its cunning. But the tradition never died. It is so old that there are only a few things older in all that land. One thing far older is close by the forge. It is the old flint shop; the deserted hollow in the wood where the immemorial stone-age men made their arrow heads and chisels and other tools in long past ages. Another memorial is the great stone circle that stands even higher than the forge away from the main road on the topmost point of all the wide moor. The heather of more than three thousand summers and autumns has blushed and died around it. The birds of passage of all those years have hovered over it and rested on its rugged monoliths. Here on eternities of summer evenings lovers have lingered, heedless of the mighty dead beneath who once bore sway, watching the incarnadined west and its miracles of coloured infinities where hope may sail for ever. It is a haunted spot, not only by the armoured dead who sleep beneath, but by the whispers of successive generations who have murmured beside the stones while there was no one but God to overhear. Yes; the sky and the stone circle and the flint workshop, and perhaps a tree or two, are older than the forge. It is old, indeed, and yet on this early morning in the fresh month of March its hammer is ringing with the swift clarity of youth in the days when the world was young. It is a pleasant sight this forge in war time, for the bellows are handled by a girl as fresh as the morning, and a horse is being led to the forge by a little maiden of determined mien who has scarcely seen twelve summers. The queen of the zephyrs is Mr. Laxter's daughter, and she does credit to the family, as sturdy of arm as any smith's boy and twice as resourceful. She can hold the shoe as it is shaped and pierced, she can help in all ways needful, and in the intervals of labour, with hands on hips, can reflect on the demerits of fathers and sons. "I did see old Billy road-mending last night, father. He be 'owd fool." Laxter (alias John Smith) looked keenly at her as he released a hoof well finished from his apron. "Why be Billy owd fool? He be working for the Council in the evening "to pay for the dearness o' food these times, terr'ble dearness, so

"mother says." "He be owd fool," said the girl. "His master, Farmer Jenkins, is a mean miser, giving no war bonners just now when Government is paying mighty prices for his mouldy hay. Owd Billy should strike like this." And Mistress Marion Laxter took the great sledge hammer and brought it down on the anvil with a hollow crash. "'Tes murder," said Laxter admiringly. "'Twould crack hes head. Billy better keep on cracking stones for the road these fine evenings." "Billy be the father o' three fine boys, all at the front," said Marion meditatively, "an' all onmarried. Why be not Billy dependent on them and get a good war 'lowance?" "Because," said a loud angry voice, "Billy be not dependent on no man, and leastwise on striplings as is fighting and dying for God and England." Marion turned and saw the "owd fool" leading one of farmer Jenkins's horses for immediate shoeing. "Don't 'ee shout at me, Mr. Milford," said the blacksmith's maid defiantly. "If you do it again I will marry your Sam and get the 'lowance for I." The farm-hand smiled grimly. He would have asked nothing better, but Mrs. Laxter stood in the way, that iron woman of whom Mr. Laxter once remarked, "there be times when there's no room for two in the house, and then I come to the forge." But all talk was ended by the roar of the bellows and the busy business of shoeing. So the morning wore on, but in the next slack time Laxter and the maid started on a new mysterious piece of work that seemed to occupy their attention and interest as no other work could. The fire was kept constantly going; little unfamiliar hammers were ceaselessly thrashing something of unfamiliar size and shape. Once Marion cried "Sam must have one as well." At last, despite many interruptions, despite intimations of much war work from the neighbouring camp, the hammering was ended and Marion was polishing and handling the finished product. It was—oh! echoes of the Middle Ages and knightly days—a breastplate for the smith's second son coming that very night home on short leave. He bears with him sad news and relics for the Manor House, but brings gladness to the Laxter's home and smithy, with news of the elder brother and other friends. He is almost due, and the maid stands at the door of the smithy waiting for him. She faces the westerling sun shining up the road that he will follow. She has donned in a flight of fancy the breastplate, and it flashes back the sun as she waits like a goddess of old time, or a warrior from the Parthenon Frieze, or a Jeanne d'Arc. The ages of chivalry are come again, and the armourer stands behind her as he stood on that very spot five hundred years ago. "There be he," said she, "and Sam be with him."

J. E. G. DE M.

REVIEWS.

THE PRINCIPLES OF PATRIOTISM.*

It is with a certain sense of shame that we record the publication by the Welsh Education Department of these noble, practical, and permanent thoughts on the subject of patriotism compiled by Mr. Alfred T. Davies, the Permanent Secretary of the Department. The Board of Education has not only not issued a similar circular for England, but is letting the local education authorities shift as well as they may without true educational guidance of any kind in this period of national necessity. This is the appointed hour for educational preparation, for educational reform, and yet there is no move at Whitehall! Miserable little local economies are tolerated; shameful abuses of educational principles (such as the illegal employment of child labour) are sanctioned; reduction of expenses on school journeys, even on the School Medical Service, on salaries are encouraged; while the unhappiest waste on evening schools and on the over-pressure of children under the compulsory school age is undoubtedly fostered. There is no preparation for the days, the terribly difficult days, of peace that are coming. We are vaguely told that the Board of Education have plans of educational reform prepared to come into operation after the conclusion of the war. Everyone who knows anything about education at all knows perfectly well that this is an evasion of the truth, intended to satisfy the House of Commons; that all the indicated reforms are merely certain extensions of technical training. At the very time that the French Government is increasing, despite the presence of the enemy in the land, its educational estimates, Whitehall is cutting down the English estimates without mitigating substantially the remediable waste in human lives that is going on. It is not surprising in these circumstances that the Board of Education has not issued a pamphlet on Patriotism for the use of local education authorities and teachers.

The Welsh Department has had no such hesitation. The educational progress of that department in the last few years has been amazing, and this pamphlet is really the measure of that progress. The Department suggests that "in the first and second weeks in March, as well as on the first Monday in every month during the rest of the year, the first half-hour or more of secular instruction should be devoted to explaining to the children—in the language they understand best—some of the principal aspects

* *Patriotism: Suggestions to Local Education Authorities and Teachers in Wales Regarding the Teaching of Patriotism*, 1916. Issued in connection with the observance of the National Anniversary of St. David's Day. Board of Education, Whitehall, S.W. (price 3d.).

"of the larger patriotism which they need to learn." The rising generation "should be brought to feel a deepened sense of their own individual responsibility," and "learn how to rise to the height of a great occasion in the discharge of the duties of their citizenship." The author of the pamphlet points out that:—

"Patriotism is love of our country . . . the land which our fathers lived and worked and died to raise to its present great position in the world, and to make a better place for you and me. In 'our country' we have a glorious inheritance—noble languages, great literatures, splendid deeds, free institutions, priceless liberty . . . the symbol of the unity of the scattered peoples who belong to 'our country' is the Union flag. That unity shelters us and keeps the British Empire together. A proof of what we owe to our unity under that flag is the security we enjoy to-day under its splendid protection."

We regret that the author at this point did not dwell on the relation of loyalty to the Crown and patriotism. The only sound definition of nationality is allegiance to an ideal. That ideal, in every country, is outwardly represented by some form or other of sovereignty. In the British Empire—apart from this or that form of local government—the allegiance to an ideal takes the form of allegiance to the British Crown, of loyalty to the person of the sovereign. The actual services of Queen Victoria, of King Edward VII., and of our present King to the Empire would be difficult to overvalue, and personal loyalty to the Crown is one of the supreme factors of patriotism throughout the Seven Seas. The great significance of Kingship in England is that it forms the rallying point for patriots of the most diverse political, social, and economic views. The King is above politics, and introduces that personal human element into patriotism which is of such vast importance in all the relations of life. We venture, therefore, to suggest that in the next edition of this pamphlet some such thought is introduced to the children of Wales, to whose Celtic imagination the whole conception of noble kingship must appeal with burning force.

The author of the pamphlet goes on to point out in vivid words what our country and our fathers have done for us, giving us not only material advantages and possibilities of new progress, but also honour and freedom. He shows the children how they can serve their country when they grow up (pointing out that the motto of the Prince of Wales is "I serve") not only in the home and in private life; not only in earnest public work; but "by preserving and defending, even at the cost of our lives, the great heritage of liberty and honour which we have freely received from our fathers, and which we must strive to hand down, uninjured and untarnished, to those who will come after us." He then goes on

to show "why our country needs our services, especially at the present time." He points out that "our country" is "now in danger: assailed by great and powerful enemies who put in peril our liberties, and even threaten our very existence." The first result of the war was "Belgium in ruins. The later fruits—France invaded, Poland desolated, massacred Armenia, stricken Serbia." But patriotism means more to a citizen even than putting "himself and his life, freely and willingly, at the service of his King and country." There are innumerable other services arising out of the war. "Patriotism really consists in unselfishly loving and trying to serve our country every day and all the day." Patriotism is a matter of practice, not talk; not of insisting on privileges when our brothers are giving all "on the high seas and in the trenches." The patriot is not selfish, greedy, wasteful, self-indulgent, unjust, boastful. He must be brave, but also just, unselfish, not self-seeking, saving, temperate, and, may we add, an optimist. We indeed commend these noble thoughts and wish the pamphlet the widest circulation. It should be in every English school.

* * *

MORE LIGHT ON THE BALKANS.*

With the publication of the secret history of the Balkan League by one of its principal authors, our knowledge of a distressing chapter in the annals of contemporary Europe is virtually completed. M. Gueshoff, the oldest and most experienced of Bulgarian statesmen, became Prime Minister and Minister of Foreign Affairs in the spring of 1911, and within eighteen months the power of Turkey in Europe lay in ruins. A few months later the victorious Balkan States were at each other's throats, and Turkey had regained Adrianople and Eastern Thrace. The political moralist in search of confirmation of the maxim that honesty is the best policy, for States as well as for individuals, will find it in this drama of exaltation and collapse. M. Gueshoff was nerved to action by the knowledge that the Bulgarian population in Macedonia was being gradually exterminated by the Turks. Negotiations were opened with Serbia, and, after prolonged disputes as to the redistribution of Turkish territory, a treaty was signed in March, 1912. The next step was to secure the assistance of Greece. Directly M. Gueshoff assumed office, he received a letter from Mr. Bouchier, the well-known correspondent of the *Times*, stating that King George and his Premier were anxious for an agreement.

* *The Balkan League*, by C. E. Gueshoff. John Murray, 1915 (price 2s. 6d.).
The Balkans, by Nevill Forbes, Arnold Toynbee, D. Mitran, D. G. Hogarth, Clarendon Press, 1915 (price 5s.).

Negotiations were opened in the autumn, but serious work did not start till the Serbian treaty had been signed. The Greek treaty was concluded in May, 1912, but the military convention was only signed in September, on the eve of war. "Owing to lack of time," adds the author, "we were unable to conclude an agreement with regard to the future frontiers in Macedonia." With Montenegro there was only a verbal understanding. The revelations in these pages of the conflicting territorial demands of the three States prepare us for the tragedy that was still hidden in the future.

The war began well; but the Alliance began to fall asunder far earlier than has hitherto been realised. "During the first month," writes M. Gueshoff, "we obtained documents which disclosed on the part of our allies sentiments and purposes entirely at variance with the letter and spirit of our treaties." Indeed, before a shot was fired, the Serbian Premier sent a circular letter to his representatives abroad, claiming districts which the Serbo-Bulgarian treaty had left in the uncontested Bulgarian zone. Shortly after, news arrived from the Bulgarian Minister in Athens that Greece and Serbia were trying to conclude, if not a regular alliance, at least an understanding against Bulgaria. Feelings at Sofia were further ruffled by the harsh treatment of Bulgarian priests and teachers in that part of Macedonia which had been adjudged by treaty to Bulgaria. Anger was raised to boiling-point when Serbia formally demanded the modification of the treaty itself.

Up to this point M. Gueshoff makes out a good case for his country, though he gives too little weight to Serbia's contention that her exclusion from Albania introduced a new and unforeseen element into the problem. Even then, however, he was in favour of submission of the whole dispute to Russia. "But I was obliged to resign, because I was not in unity with the Crown." M. Danefi, who succeeded him, was, however, authorised by an unanimous Cabinet to go to St. Petersburg for arbitration. A week after this decision the Bulgarian army, "without the knowledge of the Cabinet," attacked its allies. "However much history may condemn this criminal act," he adds, "she must acknowledge that the Bulgarian nation is not responsible for it." The Cabinet, indeed, at once countermanded the military movements ordered by the King, but Greece and Serbia seized the opportunity to declare war. M. Gueshoff publishes a manifesto of King Peter to his troops, drawn up before the Bulgarian attack, which he takes to prove that in any case Serbia would shortly have declared war. To read these pages is like watching the quarrel of passionate children, deaf to the entreaties and warnings of their best friends. The efforts of M. Sazonoff for peace are evidenced by a series of urgent despatches; but King Ferdinand and King Peter were determined

to abate nothing of their rival claims. Both were destined to be punished.

The co-operative volume on the Balkans, recently published by the Clarendon Press, provides a brief and careful summary of the history of Bulgaria, Serbia, Greece, Roumania, and Turkey from the earliest times to the eve of the war. "None of us would find it possible to indite a 'Hymn of Hate' about any Balkan people," writes Dr. Hogarth in the preface. "Every one of these peoples, on whatever side he be fighting to-day, has a past worthy of more than our respect. That any one of them is arrayed against us to-day is not to be laid entirely or chiefly at its own door." This spirit of large-hearted tolerance breathes through the book, of which perhaps the most striking pages are those in which Mr. Arnold Toynbee describes the recent expansion of Greece and the Hellenisation of Epirus.

G. P. G.

* * *

CONCERNING UNIVERSAL MONARCHY.*

It has become plain in the light of the war and of the attitude of the German official press that this war represents the supreme effort of the German race to secure the overlordship, not only of Europe, but of the world. It is not our present purpose to deal with the belligerent efforts of frightfulness and unabashed wickedness that have been the salient characteristics of an effort which has already failed, but it is important at the present time to consider the significance of any movement, warlike or pacific, intended to bring the world under one supreme control. The idea, of course, is no new one; in a certain fashion it was realised for brief periods of time by early conquerors; for a vast area it was realised during a considerable period by the Roman Empire; while Charlemagne and Napoleon both teach us that such ideals cannot be permanently realised even by force coupled with human will-power at its highest. In the present conflict none of the old elements emerge, since on the present stage there is to be found no German who can be ranked with the mighty men of past days; while, in fact, Bismarck, the greatest political thinker since Pitt and Napoleon, expressly condemned the policy of the ruler who has now led Germany to her ruin.

The republication by Dr. Moore of the *de Monarchia* of Dante Alighieri comes, therefore, at a very apt moment, since a reconsideration of it enables the student of political affairs to appreciate the early mediævalism with which the German mind is

* *Dante de Monarchia: The Oxford Text.* Edited by Dr. E. Moore, with an introduction on the political theory of Dante by W. H. V. Reade, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Keble College, Oxford. (Oxford: At the Clarendon Press, price 3s. 6d. net.)

saturated, and to see how far back Germany, despite her very able grasp of the possibilities of modern material science, stands from the front line of human thought and hope; how backward she is in all that appertains to human, political, and spiritual progress. The attitude of her University professors recalls with almost malign accuracy the scientific thinkers of great ability who, at the dictate of the Holy Congregation at the end of the sixteenth and the beginning of the seventeenth centuries, attempted to impose with fire and sword upon the new world of thought the dogma that the earth stands still and the sun moves round it. Their reason told them that it was nonsense, but they willingly and gladly sacrificed their honour, their intelligence, and their self-respect in order to support the dictates of Rome as part of the papal claim to dominate with its own peculiar culture the entire earth. To-day, exactly the same thing has happened. The German effort for world-wide dominion has been seconded by the German professors and ecclesiastics at the cost of honour, truth, religion, and reason. But the Germany of to-day belongs to an earlier age than that which fought against the inevitable processes of the Renaissance. Pope Paul VIII. dared not burn Galileo Galilei; the Emperor William II. has not scrupled to excel the worst recorded savagery of the Central European tribes. He has supplemented with the methods of modern science the ignorant debauchery of the Hun and the reasoned brutality of the Inquisition. And all this in the interests of the Universal Monarchy which, on grounds that are not susceptible to the processes of reason and are open to the gibes of the meanest humourist, he of all men claims.

With such facts and thoughts in mind, the reader may turn once again with benefit to the pages of Dante. The poet, though not a lawyer, had a great knowledge of law and of lawyers. The Comedy shows us this. We know, too, as Dr. Williams in his invaluable volume on *Dante as a Jurist* has pointed out, that the poet had a passion for justice: "The sense of justice is one of the most conspicuous features in his writings. It is justice the eternal and divine, that justice which even its enemies love, not the love of justice which, in the lower view of La Rochefoucauld, is merely the fear of suffering injustice. The relation of man to justice is the allegorical subject of the Divine Comedy." It is in the *de Monarchia* that Dante, steeped in legal doctrine and the logic of the schools, makes his great juristic adventure, developing the triple doctrines of Monarchy which had already appeared in the eighteenth canto of the *Paradiso*, when the birds in the heaven of Mars figured out in their squadroned flight the sentence, *Diligite justitiam qui judicatis terram*, the doctrines of "the necessity of Empire, its acquisition of power by right and its dependence on

"God." Mr. Wicksteed, in his *Six Sermons on Dante*, has pointed out that the poet places Brutus and Cassius in the same depth of hell as Iscariot:—

"These three had done what in them lay to reduce the world to civil and religious chaos, for they had compassed the death of the ideal representatives of civil and religious order. But both powers alike laid a mighty trust upon the human agents who administered them; and as the Empire and the Church were the sublimest and the holiest of ideal institutions, so a tyrannical Emperor and a corrupt or recreant Pope were among the foulest of sinners, to be rebuked and resisted with every power of body and soul. Dante could no more conceive of the spiritual eye without the authoritative guidance of the all-present all-pervading Church than he could conceive of a well-ordered polity without the all-penetrative force of law. But it appeared to him as monstrous for the Pope to seek political influence and to use his spiritual powers for political ends, as he would have judged it for the Emperor to exercise spiritual tyranny over the faith of Christians."

The Tutor of Keble College, Oxford, has prefaced to the text of the *de Monarchia* (we regret the very small type) a valuable essay on "the political theory of Dante." Mr. Reade perhaps underestimates the intrinsic significance of the treatise; we cannot think of it merely as "a political pamphlet," or that it "owes the greater part" of its importance to the fact that it was written by the author of "the *Divina Commedia*." It was the work of the greatest intellect of that age, by a man who really grasped the inwardness of law and of its application to polity, and we prefer the alternative reading admitted by the essayist, "a vision of the triumph of Justice, in the establishment of a kingdom appointed by God." The doctrine of universal empire in the hands of Dante has a significance that makes the doctrine in the mind of a theatrical "War Lord" ridiculous indeed. Mr. Reade is careful to point out that "the supremacy bestowed by Dante upon his Monarch is to consist solely in *jurisdictio*." His functions in maintaining universal justice and peace "do not involve territorial ownership (see, however, *Convivio* iv., 4.36), nor a general right of interference in all kinds of human affairs." The passage in the *Convivio* ("possessing everything") specially recognises that this possession is merely juridical overlordship. Dante's conception of monarchy would be perfectly well satisfied by a Board of Monarchs or Sovereigns superintending the Justice and Peace of the United States of the world. We do not see that the position of the monarch conceived of by Dante is necessarily equivocal. He used the language of his age, but his principle is of universal application. When we turn to the second book, his business is "to vindicate the assumption of the monarchical office by the *populus Romanus*." What did he mean by this phrase? He certainly did not mean the

Teutons, though we have no manner of doubt that the Teutons adopt with avidity (without seeing its subtlety) the conclusion at the end of the seventh chapter: "Wherefore it has been sufficiently urged that the Roman people was ordained by nature for command, therefore the Roman people, in subjecting the world to itself, attained to empire by Right." Amidst a universal contention for universal empire the Roman people prevailed, and Dante argues that this could only have been by Divine Judgment. Mr. Reade thinks that Dante ought to have concluded, but either could not or would not, that the *populus Romanus* of the future was the united Italian nation. We do not agree at all, though Mr. Reade, by extracts from other writings, gives the proposition substance and colour. But Dante, in not disclosing or limiting his meaning of the term *populus Romanus*, certainly enables us to say that by the term he signified the spiritual successors of that people; in other words, such people or peoples as have inherited the spiritual characteristics which distinguished the Roman from all other peoples. We do not propose to dogmatise as to the names of the actual successors; but what we can say is this: That any nation which stands in the legitimate line of development or growth from those spiritual characteristics is part of the *populus Romanus*. Germany, in the most emphatic fashion, has repudiated, as it on many previous occasions both before and after the Thirty Years' War repudiated, spiritual kinship with the Roman people—a kinship that involves a purely spiritual Religion and a purely spiritual conception of Justice. That Germany, sooner or later, may find adoption and grace is perhaps conceivable, but at present she is not part of the *populus Romanus*. This "Roman Emperor," Dante holds, has an independent commission from God, whose business it is to rule the earthly Paradise, while some spiritual head, whom the poet identifies with the Pope—for he wrote in the language of his age—brings the man of the earthly Paradise into immediate spiritual relation with the Heavenly Paradise. "Pope and Emperor are both subordinate to the supreme unity of God, but each has, nevertheless, his own *ratio*, and each stands in a special relation to the human race." But Mr. Reade, though he carries us thus far, is not prepared to separate the prophetic Dante from the earth-bound Dante, who, like Martha, is cumbered with much (political) serving. Dante speaks in parable (we think) when he dreams of a Rome where there are seated an ideal Pope governing the spiritual side and an ideal Emperor governing the social, political, and intellectual side of human life. To him Rome is the world, the Emperor is unified temporal authority, which will not tolerate War or Injustice, the Pope is unified spiritual power. We cannot see that such a policy in any way made it impossible for

Italy to become a nation. Dante specifically premises groups of real nations, and we do not believe for a moment that "as a fore-runner of Cavour and modern Italy, Machiavelli was a greater patriot than Dante." Dante was the true ancestor of Cavour. Mr. Reade seems to think that the birth and independence of modern nations have been as fruitless as Dante's Emperor in securing "the triumph of Justice over Force." But are not modern nations the necessary stage of evolution to that willing union of nations which will actualise Dante's great vision of an Imperial guarantee for the triumph of Justice and the permanence of Peace coupled with a universal reliance on the precepts of Christ?

* * *

ROMAN-DUTCH LAW.*

This book, though there are a variety of works on particular modern phases of what has been known since 1652 as Roman-Dutch Law, is the first exposition in English of those principles of that Roman-Dutch Common Law which underlies and is the substantive part of the law of a great part of Africa, as well as the law of Ceylon and of British Guiana. It purports to be a student's book, and as such is particularly well done, possessing as it does clarity, sound classification, and in some degree the best features of a Code. But it is not as a student's book merely or chiefly that we notice it here. The volume is also a work of close research, and represents in fully adequate fashion the growth of a great system of law under the hands of trained practitioners and judges, during three centuries. But this again is not the chief reason for bringing the book to the notice of the general public. What we may call the deeper value of this book is that it brings to the attention of the student of sociology and international movements the principles of a great system of law, which in fact has been in operation in some form or another for some two thousand five hundred years, and now in practice represents one of the two great systems of jurisprudence which dominate the modern world and are no doubt destined more and more to react one upon the other. There are few more fascinating subjects than the history of Roman Law, with its continuous growth through more than five-and-twenty centuries, its ceaseless adjustment and adaptation to the needs of communities and races of the most diverse kinds. In a sense, it may be said that the history of law is the history of civilisation, since law represents both the unconscious and the conscious striving of humanity

* *An Introduction to Roman-Dutch Law*, by R. W. Lee, B.C.L., M.A., Dean of the Law Faculty, McGill University, Montreal, Advocate of the Supreme Court of South Africa, of Gray's Inn, Barrister-at-Law, and lately Professor of Roman-Dutch Law in the University of London. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press (price 12s. 6d. net).

towards a state of self-organisation which will secure the maximum capacity of the community in material and spiritual things. Thus Roman Law, the origin of which is lost in the mists of Latin antiquity, became not only a great common law system for a great community of citizens and a noble system of equity which extended the boundaries of the law to the needs of freemen of other communities, but steadily overflowed all national or imperial boundaries, and became the juridical guide of an entire continent. The Code of Theodosius II. (438 A.D.), supplemented by the legislation of later emperors and jurists, was the basis of the *Breviarium* of Alaric (which from the sixth to the twelfth century gave law to, or was the fountain of law in Germany, Central and Southern France, and Spain), and of the *Lex Burgundionum* which supplied the needs of all South-Eastern France.

The area which is now Holland was only in part within the Roman Empire at the end of the fourth century. The seven provinces of the Prefecture of Gaul included the provinces known as Belgica and Germania. These included Belgium and Holland south of Rotterdam. In the time of Justinian the Empire, or rather the Frankish dominions, apparently extended no further north than Antwerp, but shortly after this date the whole of Holland was taken over, and in the eighth century the Empire of Charlemagne extended far north, and Holland was included in Frisia. Modern writers such as Dr. Gerhard Seeliger, absorbed in the discussion as to the struggle, or apparent struggle, between the Folk Law or Folk Right and the King's Law in the days of Charlemagne and his successors, hardly seem to recognise the extent to which the so-called Folk Right is composed of pure Roman Law adapted to the needs of new communities, and moulded so as to incorporate a customary law which in its form was very like the customary law out of which Roman Law in Italy was evolved. German writers are so intent on magnifying the so-called Germanic element, as to lose sight of the Latin dominance. We have only to turn to England, where the original Roman Law was an almost negligible element (the Theodosian Code never having operated here) to see what the absence of Roman Law meant. The *Lex Salica*, the *Lex Baiuvariorum*, the *Lex Angliorum et Werinorum*, the *Lex Saxonum* were almost as frankly Roman in base as the *Lex Burgundionum*, or the *Breviarium*, or the *Lex Wisigothorum*. What was true of these was equally true of the *Lex Frisionum*, the Folk Right of Holland. Roman-Dutch Law, as a customary codified Folk Right, thus goes back to the eighth century or earlier. Side by side with this customary basis of Roman Law, we find from the tenth century onwards the study of Roman Law first as an aspect of ancient learning and then as a special phase

of practical thought by the glossators with their practical explanations of the text (the very thing needed by the practitioners who had to deal with the various phases of Roman Folk Right) and later, in the fourteenth century, by professional jurists, who expounded the principles underlying the various branches of law, thus laying the ground for the formal reception of that very law which on the Continent was the real structure of custom. Thus it seems legitimate to go much further than Mr. Lee when he writes :

“Long before the Corpus Juris of Justinian had been ‘received’ in Germany, the Codex Theodosianus (A.D. 438) had left its mark upon the tribal customs of the country now comprised within the limits of the kingdoms of Holland and Belgium. Later, the various influences of the Frankish Monarchy and of the Church and Canon Law forged fresh links between Rome and Germany. The general reception of the Roman Law into Germany and Holland in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries completed a process which in various ways and through various channels had been at work for upwards of a thousand years.”

A careful study of the *Lex Frisionum* side by side with a study of English customary law as it grew unaffected by Roman law will show that this is an understatement of the effect of Roman law in Holland. The Frisian Folk Right was itself largely Roman in the sense pointed out above. In mediæval times, under the Counts of Holland, Roman law of Imperial age was an ever-growing influence in the Courts of Law, but the customs which it modified or regulated were themselves chiefly of Roman origin. In 1473 the Great Council of Mechlin was established, “with jurisdiction over all “the provinces of the Netherlands then subject to the Duke of “Burgundy.” This Court seems to have adopted the Roman law of the text books as its guide, and Mr. Lee dates “the year of the “institution of this tribunal as the starting point of the system “which we know by the name of the Roman-Dutch law.” But, in fact, Roman law was never formally “received” in Holland. The Court we have mentioned dominated the province of Friesland, but other forms of Roman law pervaded other provinces. In fact, Roman law was always in the Netherlands, and as time went on, and the influence of the Renaissance made itself felt, the system of law was steadily readjusted by the Courts and by men like Grotius to its original source and model. Such an explanation reconciles the conflicting views of two schools of historians and, moreover, gives the reason for the extraordinary expansive powers of Roman-Dutch law in new countries. It was a natural growth of much the same kind as the English Common law. It is the steady growth through many centuries, under the hands of great lawyers, of two great

systems of law, which explains their enormous power to-day. Though Roman Law in other parts of the Continent, even in Hungary, was during the Renaissance favourably "received," yet it was only "received" because it had in fact become an essential part of the life of the various peoples, and the "reception," like the formulation of the Code Napoleon and kindred codes, was merely the regularising of a customary system of Romanised law which had come to represent national needs and national social growth. The same is true of English law, and not the least interesting part of Mr. Lee's very valuable book is where he comes to the conclusion that ultimately in South Africa Roman-Dutch Law will be "a system in which the best elements of the Roman "and the English Law will be welded together in an harmonious "and indissoluble union." Such a union will be one of the great events in the history of civilisation.

J. E. G. DE M.

* * *

OMAR KHAYYÂM.*

There is always room for a new translation of the *Ruba'iat* of Omar Khayyâm. The essential interest of this poem by the famous twelfth-century poet, mystic, and astronomer is not dependent even for English readers on the exquisite version first published fifty-seven years ago by Edward Fitzgerald. His version is one of the curiosities of literature. A competent, if somewhat free translation, in which, however, the English poet, as the Aga Khan tells us in his valuable preface to Dr. Pollen's new translation, has diverged from the letter and sequence of the poem, Fitzgerald has achieved what is generally regarded as an impossibility: he has made his translation an original poem that will live as long as the English language lives. But, after all, there is for this very reason more of Fitzgerald than of Omar in the poem. The true personality of the immortal Persian is effaced in a large measure by that of the Englishman. There is probably no more exquisite music in our tongue than some of Fitzgerald's quatrains:—

" I sometimes think that never blows so red
The Rose as where some buried Cæsar bled;
That every Hyacinth the Garden wears
Dropt in its Lap from some once lovely Head.

" And this delightful Herb whose tender Green
Fledges the River's Lip on which we lean—
Ah, lean upon it lightly! for who knows
From what once lovely Lip it springs unseen!

* * * * *

* *Omar Khayyâm: faithfully and literally translated (from the original Persian)* by John Pollen, LL.D. With a foreword by His Highness The Aga Khan, G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., LL.D. (Cambridge). (East and West Ltd., 3, Victoria Street.)

" While the Rose blows along the River Brink
 With old Khayyám the Ruby Vintage drink :
 And when the Angel with his darker Draught
 Draws up to Thee—take that, and do not shrink.

* * * * *

" Alas that Spring should vanish with the Rose !
 That Youth's sweet-scented Manuscript should close !
 The Nightingale that in the Branches sang,
 Ah, whence, and whither flown again, who knows ! "

Exquisite music, but an infinitely sad philosophy ; the hopelessness of a certain school of thought in the mid-nineteenth century, who felt the new materialism, who regarded immortality as an aspiration rather than a hope, and only saw an æsthetic escape from despair. It is the eternal glory of Tennyson and Browning that they would have none of it : that they looked with a wider vision on the future of thought and science, and lived to see that noble gleam which they had followed lead to a new Pisgah mountain. Clough hesitated between faith and unfaith, but Fitzgerald was content to hang his dark cave with flowers, to light it with song, and to face the future with stoicism. That was his philosophy, but he was not just in calling in the great Omar as his master in the art of Epicurean-Stoicism. Omar was a man of faith, and that real faith is written into every line of the *Ruba'iat*. To show this is, we think, the real purpose of Dr. Pollen in producing this really admirable translation, a version which is a line-for-line translation, and sets forth " faithfully what Omar is said to have said or sung." Dr. Pollen has wisely followed the Bodleian manuscript, and has given us the true sequence of the verses as well as the exact meaning, so far as it is possible, of the Persian text. The Aga Khan declares that Dr. John Pollen " has done justice both to the " letter and to the spirit of the original." A finer tribute to Dr. Pollen's great linguistic gifts could hardly be paid. The new translator has " adopted the four-beat (hymn) measure instead of " the traditional ten syllables," rather than any of the intricate metres that are used in the *Ruba'iat*. Some passages must be quoted in order that they may be compared with the philosophy of Fitzgerald's version :—

" In Schools, in Church, in Cloister, Cell,
 Some seek for Heaven, some fly from Hell;
 But who in soul God's secret knows,
 Such seed within his heart ne'er sows.

* * * * *

" I drink ; my foes, on all sides, tell,
 ' Wine is Religion's Foe most fell ' ;
 When this I heard, ' 'Tis right,' I said,
 ' To drink the blood of foeman dread.'

* * * * *

- " Better in Inn with Thee have say
 Than without Thee in Mosque to pray;
 Thou, First and Last of things that be,
 Burn, an Thou wilt, or cherish me!
 * * * * *
- " If in your power cause no man pain,
 From flame that burns your wrath restrain.
 • If you desire perpetual peace—
 Grieve, but from grieving others cease!
 * * * * *
- " Of those who make pure wine their care,
 Of those who spend the night in prayer,
 All are at Sea, none safe ashore;
 All sleep; their sleep One watches o'er.
 * * * * *
- " O Soul! from body's dust set free,
 Now canst thou soar in nudity!
 Since th' Empyrean is thy home,
 'Twere shame in Earth's confines to roam."

These extracts from the 158 quatrains translated by Dr. Pollen give some idea of the philosophy of Omar. His position seems to have been this. First, he repudiated mere formalism in religion. A mosque without God is hypocrisy. Secondly, he claimed from daily human life the maximum of reasonable enjoyment. The pleasures of life are not lures to sin; they are what they purport to be, things intended without sin for the enjoyment of man. But they must not be so enjoyed as to make others grieve. Moreover, they must be enjoyed as a symbol or foretaste of the purely spiritual pleasures of that mysterious after-life for which we are prepared here. As Christ (so Dr. Pollen reminds us) saw the rightfulness of true human pleasure, loved a garden, was a friend of publicans and sinners, as Christ justified the use of wine and bread and made them emblems of "His comforting power and "sustaining grace," so this Persian teacher saw, too, that the pleasures of life may have a spiritual and prophetic value. Moreover, in the language of the Sufis many of the words used by Omar had mystical meanings: thus Wine, Dr. Pollen tells us, is said to mean "the Love of God," the Tavern "the world's meeting place," the Rose "the rapture of the knowledge of God." But Omar was also a humourist, and knew quite well that his point of view would be mistaken, and for this reason, no doubt, again and again exaggerates the naughtinesses with which he charges himself. But Dr. Pollen's version makes it clear that Omar was a man of faith, a man with a cheerful and hopeful outlook beyond the dust cast up by the chariot wheels of time. He was an optimist, and so (for that is the moral of the *Ruba'iat*) should we all be. Everyone interested in great literature should buy this book, for "in its simple and "attractive garb" (the Aga Khan tells us) "the version now

"offered to the public, for the benefit of the Indian soldiers who
 "are now laying down their lives for the Empire on the battlefields
 "of three continents, deserves to find a place on the bookshelves
 "of the numerous admirers of the poet in the English-speaking
 "world." We entirely agree.

SHORTER REVIEWS.

Mrs. E. Herman, in "The Meaning and Value of Mysticism" (James Clarke & Co., Fleet Street, E.C., price 6s. net), reads the present situation as one that will "make men even less tolerant of ecclesiastical and theological conventions than they were before, but it will likewise make them more suspicious of the preciosity, mock esotericism, and cheap transcendentalism of fashionable, heterodox cults, and far more open to the appeal of an experience of spiritual immediacy founded upon the realities of the Christian Gospel." But though the shock of reality is destined to make religion more real, yet it is the spiritual side, the mystic side if we like, to use a more and more abused term, that is to be realised. Materialism, by the war, is smitten hard. "We see, in the case of Germany, a great materialistic civilisation, which has dared to be true to its ruthless self, dying of its own brutal logic." We are told, with truth, that "the pragmatist has seen the impossible happen. He has seen abstract theories do concrete damage, and 'pure' thought blast the foundations of a world." The author naturally finds the exhaustive definition of mysticism impossible: if one could define it one could understand this sacred secret relationship between seeker and goal, between man and God; but to understand it it is necessary to be a supreme mystic. One can reason about mysticism as one can reason about electricity, but the nature and "substance" of each is unknown, or, at the most, speculative. But this we may say: the true mystic hides, as Catherine of Siena hid, his mysticism in his heart. Mrs. Herman discusses "the psychic phenomena of mysticism," a subject of great interest, as it shows the relationship of the material to the spiritual; she passes to "the contemplative ideal," and notes the perils of the contemplative life, to "some elements of the contemplative life," such as introversion, mystic quiet, specific contemplation, and so to a typical mystic, Angela of Foligno, the Tertiary Hermit of the Franciscan Order, born in 1248, dead in 1309. She exemplifies "love expressing itself in joy." So we are led on to asceticism and symbolism, to the relationship of mysticism to nature, and then to philosophy, theology, and eschatology. We find ourselves considerably surprised that the author has not taken Thomas à Kempis as the true and deepest and sanest of all the mystics. The perfect balance of his nature, his intimate communion with God, his tremendous sense of the spiritual asceticism which realises that the higher the spirit mounts the greater are the spiritual dangers of the way, his quiet humour, his *joie de vivre*, his patient, perfect love and faith all point him out as the earthly embodiment of true mysticism.

Mr. Jethro Bithell's volume on "Contemporary Belgian Literature" (T. Fisher Unwin Ltd., price 7s. 6d. net) may well command attention at this time, for many Belgian authors are now with us in England living as best they may by making munitions, and to draw attention to their

works at a time when the Boches are feeding like leeches on their land, is but an act of justice. Mr. Bithell stands out for a specific *Belgian* literature, something with a hall-mark of its own. But the note is often that of archaic French literature, as in Montenacken's familiar and melancholy refrain :—

"La vie est vaine :
Un peu d'amour,
Un peu de haine . . .
Et puis, bon jour !"

Mr. Bithell writes pleasantly of the novelists—Camille Lemonnier, Georges Eekhoud, Virrès, Demolder, Stijn, Streuvels, the well-known Emile Verhaeren, the famous Maurice Maeterlinck, the poets Rodenbach, van Lerberghe, Le Roy, Mockel Isi-Collin, Elskamp, Raemaekers, Fontainas, Georges Marlow, and one woman poet, Jean Dominique, as this schoolmistress and singer chooses to call herself. Giraud is not to be admired, for he looks on the evil mirror of literature, but Séverin is good, though he, too, echoes a dead age, while Raymond Limbosch is by no means to be neglected, and the dramatist, Gustave van Zype, is thought highly of among Belgian critics. The Walloon novelists and dramatists stand apart with simple refinement and clarity : writers such as Delattre, Garnir, Krains, Ombiaux. We rather wonder that some of these writers do not combine to produce a poetry quarterly of their own, with French, Flemish, and Walloon sections. It would find a market here.

* * *

Mr. C. H. Firth has written a chapter of real historical value in his introduction to the collection of Ballads relating to America (1563-1759) which he has gathered, under the appropriate title of "An "American Garland" (B. H. Blackwell, Oxford, price 3s. 6d. net). The collection is small; many, or some, ballads relating to America have doubtless perished, for such broad-sheets were very perishable, and the craze for collecting them only dates from the seventeenth century, when thousands of ballads must already have perished. There are now in existence some 10,000 ballads printed in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and perhaps 5,000 if duplicates are omitted. It is surprising that these have only yielded less than twenty ballads. These show, however, what English writers who catered for public taste thought about America. These ballads have a great psychological value, and the part of psychology in history is endless. Mr. Firth is able to date most of them, by relating the facts of the ballads to certain events. Thus "News from Virginia" tells of the voyage of Sir George Somers (1609-10). The idea of plantation is contained in this and in "London's "Lottery." An England beyond the seas was in view :—

"We hope to plant a nation
Where none before hath stood."

Then we have five ballads related to the religious side of colonisation; "all are hostile to the Puritans." Two of the ballads touch the terrible subject of hired contract service in the colonies. The labour was largely supplied by shameless kidnapping. "The kidnappers were known as "spirits," and the phrase 'to spirit away' a person came into the English language to describe their work. For a generation after the ordinance of 1645 to accuse a person of being 'a spirit' was a certain way to raise a riot in the poorer quarters of London." But kidnapping went on into late days. The case of Peter Williamson, in 1740, suggested Stevenson's *Kidnapped*. Then there was transportation, which left some traces in ballad literature, while the fate of American

Chiefs in England gave rise to that particular type of sentiment which is enshrined in the ballad. Finally, we have five ballads on the English conquest of Canada. For some of the ballads here printed there is considerable literary merit; indeed, in one or two cases, high literary value. Thus "Have over the water to Florida" is of the finest ballad type, and has probably a quite early mediæval source. The "Com-mendation" of Stuteley has some rather wonderful stanzas. The book should be on the historical shelves of all good libraries.

* * *

We welcome "Who's Who" (Messrs. A. & C. Black, price 15s. net) for 1916. This annual biographical dictionary was first issued in 1849, and has now grown into a volume of vast dimensions of over 2,400 columns, or 1,200 pages. The long obituary for 1915 is followed by full details of the Royal Family, and then by the alphabetical biographical notices of people of varying degrees of public importance. Each biography gives the date of any public honour, the dates of birth and marriage, and number of children, the career in chronological order, and concludes (a point of real value) with an account of the person's recreations. A work of this type, in which the biographies are revised by the person whose biography is given (thus practically making each account an autobiography) is, of course, of vast use to the Press; yet it has a wider value. It is a footnote to contemporary history. If we but possessed a "Who's Who" of but one year of Imperial Rome, many most difficult historical problems would be soluble. For this reason a great responsibility rests upon the editors of "Who's Who" to secure perfectly reliable accounts of the men and women of to-day. So far as we can see this is done, and done well.

* * *

In addition to the 1916 Edition of "Who's Who," Messrs. A. & C. Black have issued their "Who's Who Year-Book" (1s. net), the "Writers' and Artists' Year-Book, 1916" (1s. net), and the "English-woman's Year-Book and Directory, 1916" (2s. 6d. net): all books of established merit and entire usefulness. The "Who's Who Year-Book" contains information invaluable to the journalist—details as to the various members of our Royal Family, as to Church dignitaries (it is a little invidious to give a short list of "Preachers to hear in London"—apparently there are only 23!), the Houses of Parliament, the medical profession, various lists of merit (why the Newdigate prizemen are picked out it is hard to tell, but those in the flesh are no doubt pleased: it is a curious list). A list of "peculiarly pronounced proper names" will amuse not only the idle and the ignorant; the secrets of pseudonyms and pen-names are ruthlessly revealed, and are followed by a list of "winning owners," headed by Mr. Chaplin, who won the Derby with Hermit in 1867. He just beats Mr. M. J. Johnstone, who won with Pretender in 1869. Lord Coventry won the Cesarewitch in 1864 with Thalestris. These must be the three oldest racing owners living. Lists of members of famous societies follow. The list of consulting specialists and experts has the appearance of advertisement, but is useful if a little unpleasant for the experts. We notice with interest that no British peer has a German wife. The number of University professors almost justifies Matthew Arnold's gibe at the title. There are to-day professors of accounting, of agriculture, of civic design, of conveyancing, of finance (not in London), of forestry, mining, and poetry, of politics, rural economy and statistics, systematic theology, and town-planning. The chair of comparative religion is vacant. "The Writers' and Artists'

"Year-Book" gives full information as to journals and publishers at home and abroad. "The Englishwoman's Year-Book and Directory" is an invaluable book for women-workers, with light and leading on every form of employment for women, and is full of help in every way. Any woman desiring information of any sort relating to women's work and social efforts will almost certainly find it here. Here, for instance, are lists of boarding-houses in London and elsewhere for young women, "war homes for gentlewomen," lists of philanthropic clubs for girls, information for British girls going abroad, or foreign girls here. It is a quite indispensable book.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Eighteen men of considerable prominence in contemporary thought, including Dr. Walter Leaf, Sir George Paish, and Lord Swaythling, have issued a pamphlet entitled "The Nation's Need," which is a striking appeal for such economy as will secure a permanently successful issue to this war. The writers point out that "the Allies have assembled new armies of overwhelming strength in France, in Russia, in Italy, and in Great Britain, and everything needed to equip them and to supply them with munitions has been secured, or is in process of manufacture. *The only thing remaining to be done is to provide all the money needed to support these vast armies of new men, and to pay for the vast quantities of arms and munitions now being manufactured in all parts of the world.*" The task of finding money "is the special duty of the British people, for they, in particular, possess the necessary financial resources." The writers impress on England the duty of self-sacrifice for this purpose. They say, "*no one can realise the vastness of the task before the nation without becoming keenly conscious that it demands the strenuous co-operation of every man and woman, youth and maiden in the country; that the nation's energies must be completely concentrated upon the production of really essential things; and that the production of all non-essentials must be wholly stopped. Moreover, not only must the nation avoid the consumption of all non-essentials, but must even restrict the consumption of essentials to the limits of efficiency.*" We trust that these sound and patriotic views will find response in every reader.

* * *

In his vast "Dictionary of Universal Biography of All Ages and of all Peoples" (Messrs. Routledge, price 25s. net), Mr. Albert M. Hyamson tries to give us, in about 750 pages, something in one line about "every man or woman, not still alive, who has achieved eminence or prominence, from the dawn of history until this day in the twentieth century on which this preface is being written." The only undertaking that could exceed this in scope would be a line about every man and woman still alive who has achieved eminence or prominence. We commend this more popular theme to Mr. Hyamson, while we pay a tribute to the patience and amazing industry of which this book is the fruit. We miss even here some old friends. While all the mediæval Adams, such as Adam of Usk, are here, we miss the primeval Adam, the husband of Eve, whom also we miss. Absalom is mentioned, but not the more important Abraham. Again, we miss Achitophel. But among these masses of names, with dates and characteristics (such as "Abdy, Maria: English poetess—1867"), it is easy to miss even the most eminent. The book has its uses, and sometimes might be

amazingly useful in getting a date, an occupation, or the spelling of a name. But Mr. and Mrs. Hyamson must be thankful to have the proofs off their hands.

* * *

Many a writer will be glad to possess Mr. Henry R. Plomer's "Short History of English Printing" (Messrs. Kegan, Paul, price 2s. 6d. net), which first appeared in 1900 and now comes to us beautifully printed in a second and popular edition. Mr. A. W. Pollard, the editor of this series of "books about books," shows us through what an "almost pathless forest" Mr. Plomer has had to thread (or, rather, hew) his way. It is not so difficult to deal with the early days—the days of *incunabula* and early sixteenth-century books—but later the output is so vast and the material on the Registers of the Stationers' Company so enormous that the task without Mr. Arbër's "Transcripts," which carry us to 1603, and Mr. Talbot Reid's "History of Old English Letter Foundries," would have been difficult indeed. Mr. Plomer's own special research at Somerset House and the Record Office supplementing these various authorities have given us these eleven chapters on the Caxton age, on the period from 1501 to the death of Wynkyn de Worde in 1534; the period from 1530, when Thomas Berthelet was appointed Royal Printer, to the death of John Day, the famous printer, in 1584—Day issued, in 1570, that splendid volume the "Reformatio Legum Ecclesiasticarum"—and successive half-centuries down to our time. Every library, public and private, should have this useful little book.

* * *

We must draw attention to an extremely important work of reference just issued (Paris: Imprimerie Nationale), the fourth volume of the "Recueil de Documents relatifs à la convocation des Etats Généraux de 1789," by the late M. Armand Brette, who died in 1912. The work was intended to be completed in six volumes. The fourth volume had been entirely revised, and to the extent of more than one-half passed by M. Brette, but of the remaining volumes only some notes were found. The present volume deals with the vast electoral areas known as La Généralité de Montauban, La Généralité d'Auch (which included the old kingdom of Navarre), and les Généralités de Bordeaux, de la Rochelle, de Poitiers, de Tours. The mass of detailed information on the old electoral system is of the greatest historical value, and shows French research at its best.

* * *

We must record the issue of Volume III. of the Yale Historical Publications entitled "Studies"—"Electoral Reform in England and Wales: The Development and Operation of the Parliamentary Franchises, 1832-1885" (Yale University Press, New Haven, Conn., price \$2.50 net), by the Assistant-Professor of History in Yale College, Dr. Charles Seymour, M.A. (Cantab.). The book "attempts to trace in a single field the extraordinary transformations which took place in English political conditions during the nineteenth century." The work deals with the franchises reformed or abolished in 1833, the redistribution of seats, the relationship of reform to party and political morality, the growth of democracy. The recent legislation as to the power of the Upper House might well have been included. Mr. Dicey has written very fully on it.

NOTE.—In our notice of Sir Edward Clarke's valuable edition of the Psalter entitled, *The Book of Psalms: the Prayer Book Version Corrected*, the price was given as 3s. 6d. net. The price, in fact, is 2s. net.

"WILLIAM" : A RETROSPECT.

"I speak of peace whilst covert enmity,
Under the smile of safety wounds the world."—*Shakespeare*.

I.

IN days when superficial estimates and hasty judgments are more esteemed than views which spring from knowledge and deep inquiry, it is seldom that we can turn back upon anything published twenty years ago to find in it a clear reading of character which has been justified in nearly all particulars by the course of events since that date.

Twenty-four years ago to a day, *THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW* published an article under the here adopted heading,* the permanent value of which consists in the description it gave of the German Emperor, and the misgivings it expressed as to the danger he portended to the peace of the world and the future of Germany. Its conclusions were emphatically endorsed at the time by no less a person than Prince Bismarck.†

Now that events have more than justified the anonymous writer's worst prognostications, it will serve a useful purpose to pass in review features which help to explain developments foreseen only by a few. The period which lies behind us has been one of the most extraordinary the world has witnessed; during the whole course of it a single individual, as avaricious of his daily sensation as an American newspaper proprietor—as determined upon the concentration of the limelight on his person as the most egotistical of actor-managers, has been the idol of the unthinking crowd throughout the world. Whereas this personal interest in a mercurial monarch has long ceased to affect the thinking few, except in so far as it bore upon possible graver issues, to-day this same person has legitimately become the central object of study of all politicians and thinkers as the supreme embodiment of a megalomania which has deluged the world with blood. We have seen the infection of vanity spreading from the centre until a whole people has been inoculated with disease which threatens to imperil those priceless boons of civilisation—the freedom and dignity of man.

* See *CONTEMPORARY REVIEW*, April, 1892. Article: "William."

† See *Fortnightly Review*, September, 1914. Article: "It had to Be."

To-day, even the dullest cannot fail to realise that from the moment the great statesman to whose genius the unification of Germany was due retired from the scene, the peace of the world—subject to the incalculable humours of a restless, obstinate, ill-balanced and irresponsible individual—has been in constant jeopardy. Nearly eight years ago I discussed this dangerously uncertain element in the European situation in conversation with Prince Buelow at Norderney. Quoting a figure of speech often made use of by Bismarck during his later years, I gave Prince Buelow what I held to be Bismarck's frame of mind towards the danger menacing the peace of the world in the following words* :—

“ Europe would never, in the long run, tolerate the dominant hegemony, the dictatorship of any one single Power or person. The exact words employed by Prince Bismarck were in English and as follows : ‘ Only, no cock-of-the-walk business. Europe will not put up with it. Europe as an entity would resent a situation as derogatory, if not as intolerable, in which it might come to pass that an individual would arrogate to himself the attribute of being supreme arbiter of war and peace—this latter to depend upon his benevolent intentions periodically vouchsafed to the world as free gifts to be received in an attitude of grateful humility.’ ”

Now that the bubble has burst, one can recall with a melancholy, if embittered interest, some outstanding points in a performance at which so many shallow beings have assisted as gaping, admiring, and applauding spectators. For whatever mental acumen may have been vouchsafed to them in dealing with other matters, in regard to this subject they were blind to the probable outcome of the adulation they freely tendered to a great *poseur*.

Rarely, if ever, has a Monarch succeeded to a throne under circumstances which called for greater wariness in walking, more circumspection in speech, and caution in mien and, above all, in action, than the present Kaiser. Neither Alexander, Cæsar, Attila, nor Charlemagne had to take into account powerful neighbours at whose expense they had risen to supremacy. That was the case with Germany when William II. succeeded to his father's throne. The prominent men of those days who had contributed to the building up of political Germany were uncomfortably conscious of this dangerous element in her position. Even Bismarck himself was not above admitting in private—as I can testify—that the rise of Germany would have been impossible without the romantic friendship of the Emperor Alexander for the old Emperor William, and that it was still an open question whether this service to Germany had not been rendered at the expense of Russia's own interests.

* See *Standard* newspaper, September 14th, 1908.

To hold what had been gained in an almost miraculous sequence of successes was the summit of the wise ambition of those whose deeds had called forth the wonder, and to a large extent, the admiration of the world. Even so resolute a *doer* as the great Moltke declared that it might be necessary to remain fifty years on guard to safeguard that which had been won. He alluded to the exceptional delicacy of Germany's situation as calling for tact and caution, in a letter to the present writer:—

"Germany, only so recently united as an Empire, is an intruder, a *parvenu*, in the family of European States." (December 29th, 1889.)

To strut before the world in the provocative attitude of the *nouveau riche*, to stir up envy and jealousy of her neighbours in the heart of her people, and whilst professing to be eager for peace to intrigue against other nations in a restless endeavour to dominate the world, to incur universal suspicion and thus to forfeit confidence on all sides—such a programme never entered the brains and would never have recommended itself to a single one of those who built up an Empire in seven years—as abundant documentary evidence of every kind convincingly proves.

Hardly had William stepped into his father's shoes than the few—it is here always the few as opposed to the many—became aware that the social and political world had to deal with a strange "growth" (*ein Fremdkörper*) a substance which does not form an organic particle of a healthy organism, but which either lies dormant like a cyst, and perishes as such, or creeps into the tissues and must be eliminated, cast out, or cut out, even though the body itself succumb to the operation. Its presence revealed itself at first by a startling neglect of that reticence and reserve, that regard for the niceties of social intercourse which have grown up through centuries among Sovereigns and those surrounding them, and which, according to Pascal, play so important a part in the machinery which holds meaner men in awe and subjection to constituted authority. These were set at nought. An easy one-sided familiarity took their place. This offended the Pope and disgusted the Emperor Alexander III., who, annoyed by the uncourtly manner of a man so much his junior, expressed his displeasure within hearing of third parties. This, coming to the ears of Prince Bismarck, induced him to warn his master against undertaking an intended second journey to St. Petersburg. William's telegram of condolence to the Emperor of Austria on the occasion of his son's tragic end, sent and made public in Berlin before the news had become known in Vienna, let alone been officially communicated to foreign Sovereigns, violated the Spanish conception of etiquette of the Habsburg Court. It outraged the feelings of the

Austrian Imperial family. Incidents such as these were only the beginning in a course of calculated conduct, which gradually revealed a premeditated attempt to "break through" the conventions and give to Europe the spectacle of a Monarch determined to impose upon the world his own sense of the fitness of things.

This intrusive tendency seemed to grow more and more obstinately pertinacious with every rebuff it encountered, and these were both many and severe. Some were of a kind to which no monarch in modern times has exposed either himself or the prestige of his country. They ranged over the whole world. Rome does not say "Thank you" for the statue of Goethe! Washington treats the present of the effigy of Frederick the Great with indignity! The Regent of Bavaria directly refused the proffered gift of 100,000 marks towards an artistic fund! It was as if a modern application of the adage "Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes" had suddenly come into force.

II.

The field of operations was wide. Never since Peter the Great's performance at the Court of Mecklenburg Strelitz (see Wraxall's *Memoirs*) have such eccentricities of conduct in high circles been perpetrated. Rebuffs did not deter. Rather they seemed to feed the insolence of a caste impervious to the evidence that it was giving deep offence. In every department the military element, an excessive appreciation of which even Napoleon had reprobated, intruded itself. One of its most insidious activities, calculated to undermine every instinct of confidence and loyalty in diplomatic life, was seen in the delegating of upstart soldier diplomatists to form part of the ambassadorial staff to the Courts of Europe. Their activity was not confined, as of yore, to complimentary occasions such as anniversary celebrations; they were directly attached to the person of the foreign sovereign, acting behind the back of the regularly appointed Minister, and intriguing against him. On one occasion this led a German Ambassador to declare indignantly that either this minion must be withdrawn or he would resign. He carried his point.

What an endless vista of human folly is revealed by the mere recalling of those visits, those Imperial joustings, with brass band accompaniment, those toasts, those telegrams, those speeches! Can we forget how the latter were cabled to the ends of the earth and read by hundreds of millions of human beings, whose sycophantic appreciations came back, boomerang-like, in thousands of adulatory newspaper reports, glorifying the enlightened ruler's unselfish devotion to hard work for the welfare

of his country. In this manner was one extolled as worker, original thinker, transcendent statesman, who in reality had hardly ever done an honest day's task since he came to the throne, or read a book except in a railway carriage during journeys which in extent of mileage more than circumnavigated the globe. While William was pictured as absorbing his days in devotion to the toilsome task of watching over his people, he created a record of 70,000 head of game to the credit of his gun, not one single item of which was scored during his annual holidays in Norway and Corfu. Yet incense was burned the world over to this super-ruler, whose every public appearance was carefully staged to support the impression he wished to create. We can reflect with some melancholy that the vast confidence trick was eagerly accepted by a deluded world.

This unappeasable love of a personal advertisement proved most sinister in the field of international politics. The warnings of the past were flouted. Where a Bismarck had made Talleyrand's wise maxim "*surtout pas trop de zèle*" his own, the Kaiser's instructions to his pro-Consuls abroad, as well as to his myrmidons at home, were "Full steam ahead!": "Break through!" To flout and to threaten, on pain of disgrace and dismissal as lacking in *Schneid*—i.e., "bite," was the line of conduct impressed upon Imperial representatives; and William himself was the most zealous in prosecution of his own teachings. Venezuela (1895), Japan (1895), South Africa (1896), Manila Bay (1898), China (1900), Morocco (1905-6), and the Russo-Japanese War (1904), are familiar examples, while other flagrant instances of the same spirit are still only known to the "few." Nor must it be lost sight of that whilst an Emperor was threatening and shouting with a sword in his mouth, the German press and many German professors—apparently moved by that strange hypnotic influence which comes from forming part of a crowd—became more and more brazen in the proclamation of German burglarious plans on other people's property.

These things explain and justify the concerted measures of self-defence gradually agreed upon and adopted by the responsible men of other countries. Here it is that history—*das Weltgericht*—the Day of Doom—will award indemnity to and find the fullest justification for the late King Edward VII., and reject the malignant falsehood that he plotted to humiliate Germany as one of the foulest calumnies directed against his memory. Had there been a scintilla of evidence to support such a charge, is it likely that Germany, with the unrivalled organisation of her Press throughout the world, would not have made it public long ago, in the same way as Bismarck made such effective use of the memorandum he held in Count Benedetti's handwriting?

But not a breath stirred or a leaflet trembled, whereas the provocations offered to England—some of the worst are still kept secret—were enough to rouse the spirit and stir the blood of the most phlegmatic Englishman. Did they not enlist the sympathies of those who knew the facts throughout the world long before the sinking of the *Lusitania* had united millions of neutral hearts in horror and disgust? It seems almost incredible that we should ever be able to forget that more than twenty thousand of our countrymen slumber beneath the Southern Cross on the African veldt mainly owing to the intrigues and pestilential interference of this man in matters which, as an English Prime Minister (Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman) once vehemently declared to me "were not his business." Yet this same person did not scruple to offer the British Government a plan of campaign to subjugate this very Boer peasantry whose cause he had so vociferously championed, and who were lured to their undoing by his proffered sympathy and underhand promises of support.

Even this notorious instance of double-dealing and lack of good faith, however, is cast into the shade by a significant little incident which, like so many in our quick-living age, has long passed from public memory. I refer to a conversation which the German Emperor was reported to have held with some staff officers during his visit to the Swiss manoeuvres in 1913. He expressed himself to the effect that he only wished Germany were so well safe-guarded from INVASION from the North by way of Belgium as she was from the South by way of Switzerland. Let the reader consider this German fear of a threatened invasion by the light of what we have witnessed of her "breaking through" into Belgium, and with the knowledge that this act of "necessity" was deliberately planned by the German General Staff ten years ago and impudently admitted by German diplomatic agents since the outbreak of the war. May we not ask whether we have not got here an instance of ultra diabolical duplicity worthy of the best traditions of Louis XI. of France?

The war has come to restore us to the reality of things, and to end, let us hope, for all time the paralysing power of irresponsible levity of which we have so long been the unwilling spectators and fellow-sufferers. We look back on it as a dream, marvelling, nevertheless, that the delusion lasted so long. "I have treated mankind as it deserved. I aspired to dominate the world, and "who in my position would not have done likewise," Napoleon is reported to have used these words at St. Helena. There are points of affinity between the career of these two men which a Plutarch of the future may feel inclined to deal with and to apportion responsibility and extenuating circumstances to each.

III.

For the present we are invited to believe that the German people are united in their devotion to their "glorious Kaiser." Whether this extraordinary rumour has any basis in fact we have at present no means of ascertaining, much less what the feelings of the German people are likely to be when they fully realise that close upon a million of their own flesh and blood lie dead, and another million maimed for life, whilst hardly a single one of the hundred-and-one Imperial, Royal, and semi-Royal Princes and Princelets has had a hair of his head injured! Of one thing, however, there can be no doubt whatever, and this is that no monarch in modern history—not even Napoleon the Third—has ever been so widely ridiculed, lampooned, and caricatured as this man. Most remarkable of all, this has taken place in his own country under his very nose, in despite of stringent Press laws and *lèse majesté* prosecutions without end. From the professor who wrote a pamphlet twenty years ago likening the Emperor to Caligula, of which hundreds of thousands of copies were sold, down to the latest issues before the war of the Munich *Simplicissimus*, of the Berlin *Lustige Blaetter*, and the Stuttgart Socialist *Wahrer Jacob*, the German Don Quixote and his satellite Sancho Panza, have formed the staple commodity of a coarse and at times even brutal repertory. The drama in Dr. Ludwig Fulda's *Talisman* has also furnished a vehicle for ridiculing the man who successfully hypnotised a large section of the Anglo-Saxon world. Witness the frantic attempts to defend him at the expense of his surroundings, who were accused of withholding the truth from him, without it ever occurring to his admirers whether he wanted to be kept in touch with realities. Was it not as much as anybody's whole future career was worth to bring an unpalatable fact to his notice? As if an autocrat who, in one and the same breath was credited with *Geist*, with genius, with divine inspiration, omniscience and omnipotence were so poorly equipped as to be incapacitated from exercising his own discretion in the choice of his friends and councillors. Who can forget the numberless efforts made to foist the responsibility for every diplomatic *échec* upon the shoulders of the officials of the Wilhelmstrasse! As if they, in common with everybody else, had not been drilled to automatic obedience to the Emperor's slightest whim! Surely it is about time that such nonsense were shown up as what it really amounts to: namely, as part and parcel of the huge comedy of bluff and bluster of which the world has been a long-suffering and deluded spectator for the last five-and-twenty years. Verily its central figure is neither Siegfried nor Lohengrin, much less Frederick the

Great, but one more in the vein of Molière's *Tartuffe*, who successfully holds the stage throughout the performance and whose real nature is only shown up in the final *dénouement*. The Wilhelmstrasse was what William willed it to be, an obedient tool in his hands worked on automatic lines; for he could only do with automata. *Ich dulde keinen Schwarzseher* were his own words. No soft sinecures were the billets held under him, and many were the bitter complaints poured into the ears of those who were deemed discreet. "It is no longer a pleasure to work under present conditions; but what are we to do? We cannot get rid of him!" Such was the plaintive cry. During the Algeçiras Conference, when William's motor-car could be seen outside the Chancellor's palace as early as eight o'clock in the morning, the fear was widespread in Berlin that the one danger to peace lay in some fresh eccentricity on William's part.

When Ballin's fortunes were at their perihelion a visitor at the Wilhelmstrasse once put the question to a high official whether he did not think that the demonstrative friendship which the Emperor showed to Herr Ballin, and which that astute personage naturally exploited for the benefit of his Hamburg Shipping Company, was not calculated to rouse a feeling of jealousy, particularly on the part of the older-established North German Lloyd Company of Bremen? The answer was significant and prophetic: "My dear sir, the friendship of our Emperor will yet cost Herr Ballin as dearly as it has cost everybody else who has been thus favoured." To-day the Hamburg-Amerika Line—at least for the time being—is practically ruined.

Rarely has a man received so many ominous warnings even from those whose voice was surely not influenced by personal pique—as shallow thinkers might deem Bismarck's to have been. Even Treitschke, whose ideas have been so distorted in our Press, did not hesitate to express himself as follows on the subject of the Byzantine servility of the Germans towards an autocrat:—

"The exaggerated theocratical cult shown to majesty is a dark stain upon our monarchy. We have taken over formalities and ceremonies for the life of the Court which do not bear the stamp of having been originated by free Aryans but are representative of the abjectness and stagnation of Oriental slavery. . . . The personal character of a ruler is of most enormous importance. It matters less whether he has extraordinary talent or not; that is always an advantage, but it is not absolutely necessary. The all-important point is that he has the ability to see things as they are. . . . Kings may be the worst enemies to themselves, for in the fact that one individual man is placed so far above all other men lies a tremendous temptation to indulge in overbearing pride in every direction.

"Therefore the danger is great that the person of the reigning

monarch, with his individual caprices and failings, may become confused with the crown, and that thus a personal deification grows up which has an immoral influence. If everything that such a king happens to imagine is supposed to be as law to the nation, monarchy becomes a caricature and will revolt all great and liberal minds. Such monarchs must seek for assistance among their enemies because they get deserted by their friends."

And then again, in reference to the Emperor's unfortunate speech to some Prussian recruits:—

"If one speaks of human duties one cannot talk of absolute duties without blasphemy. There is a limit to every human duty.

"Absolute devotion to a mortal man does not exist. Therefore, one should not tell our soldiers that they would have to kill their father and their mother if ordered to do so by their officers.

"Are the soldiers of our standing army to be placed on the same level as the soldiers of baby-killing Herod?"

No, worthy professors of Oxford and Cambridge, it is not Kant or Hegel, Clausewitz or Treitschke, that started this *danse macabre*—nor they that could supply the key to this conundrum. Cervantes and Molière and above all our own immortal William, are the authorities to appeal to. Bismarck knew what he was referring to when, sitting on a bench in his park at Varzin (October, 1892), he recited the following lines from *A Midsummer Night's Dream* in my presence:—

"Let me play the lion too. I will roar, that it will do any man's heart good to hear me. I will roar, that I will make the Duke say, 'Let him roar again, let him roar again.'"

The question so frequently put, and so characteristic of the public ignorance of events in Germany during the last quarter of a century, whether the Emperor *willed* the war is only of slight academic interest. The question of importance is whether or not during twenty-five years he pursued a course which made war inevitable, whereas he was in a position to make it impossible? To this there can only be one answer, which anybody of average intelligence should now have no difficulty in discovering for himself. Essentially shallow-minded, judging every question from its *surface aspects*, picking for his counsellors men of like temperament and with the same lack of depth, William has deliberately produced the conditions leading up to a struggle in

whether the spirit evinced
place among men, or
the standard
upon

Nearly four years ago, in a contribution to the *Forinightly Review*,* the present writer observed:—

“ Moltke said that one of the most serious dangers to be guarded against would be a Government which might be too weak to prevent war. In this sense the German Government is infinitely weaker to-day than in Bismarck's time. He could refuse to accept an Ambassador of the United States, or a message of condolence from Congress on the death of Lasker. He could afford to pocket without loss of national prestige the rebuffs of the Caroline Islands and Samoan disputes. This would be impossible to his successors. A situation is easily imaginable in which the German Government might be powerless to stem excited public opinion, exasperated beyond endurance by a series of diplomatic defeats, and recalling Goethe's 'Zauberlehrling's' dilemma:—

‘The Spirits that I called,
Alas, I can no longer banish.’

“ It is scarcely surprising then that under these conditions noxious influences have come to the fore which in sterner times were unable to attract the attention of the public. There never was a time in Germany in which irresponsible scribblers and talkers of every denomination obtained the hearing they enjoy to-day. More particularly is this the case with military and naval men who have retired from the service, and are not likely to be more conciliatory on that account. Some of them are doubtless moved by patriotic motives, though poorly endowed with political acumen. Others are only bent on attracting the eye of those in power, a type well-known in Germany under the name of ‘Byzantines,’ illustrating again the sprites foolishly raised by the wizard's apprentice. Here, too, must be added the capitalists' capture, as in other countries, of a section of the Press, which has admittedly fallen under the domination of the great iron-masters.”

A quarter of a century has passed since Count Herbert Bismarck, in conversation, first centred my attention on the real change which was coming over German thought and affecting the German position in the world—this change springing from definite mental peculiarities in the Emperor. If I feel justified after this long interval in referring to and attaching to his views an exceptional value, it is not only because time has amply justified them but because there were probably not six persons in Germany at that time, or since, who had so many opportunities of forming an estimate of the man. In addition, they came from the bottom of a sincerely patriotic heart, and were confidentially given more in sorrow and pity than in anger.

According to Herbert Bismarck, awaiting the German Emperor's German Emperor's impression

quickly the surface aspect of every imaginable subject which came before him, at the same time constituted an effectual bar against his ever penetrating into the soul of anything. A further handicap, almost as ominous, was that, although the Emperor was endowed with an exceptional amount of cunning, he was never a reader of character. He possessed little or no insight into the depths of the human heart, and thus was more than likely to bestow his confidence on people utterly unworthy of it.

In some degree this diagnosis embodies the fears of the Emperor's tutor, Dr. Hinzpeter, whom I was privileged to know personally, and who in his conversations with me, both in Berlin and in his own home at Bielefeld, made no secret of his anxieties. (See *German Memories*, 1912, pages 109-13.) "That 'which glitters is only born for the day,' says Goethe, and it explains much. The wider the field open to our observation, the closer the scrutiny we are able to apply to the phenomena we deal with, the greater our chance of getting at their true significance. Thus we speak of surface values where we detect an abysmal incapacity to estimate the imponderabilia which go to the root of things affecting the human heart, whence, according to Vauvenargues, 'viennent les grandes pensées.'" This it is which explains the tragic blunders made in dealing with our fellow men, either individually or collectively as great national entities. Thus in order to curry favour with Russia, we see Japan gratuitously affronted over the Treaty of Shimonoseki in 1895. Again, at the outbreak of the Russo-Japanese War, William openly expresses his belief in Russia's victory, and demonstratively shows his sympathies by snubbing the Japanese Minister in Berlin. And now Germany is at war with the very Russia which William alternately cajoled and threatened for twenty-five years. Japan owed much to the German instructors of her Army; but naturally considered this debt cancelled by William's hostile attitude. The Japanese are a gifted race. They possess the genius of silence, the useful gift of a good memory, and the capacity to abide their time. When that time came they took away William's Chinese toy. France is openly reviled as a degenerate nation, and her chances of victory pooh-poohed in the event of war, which was all along being threatened upon her. And lo! the Emperor lives to witness such a manifestation of the martial valour of France as to which even her own glorious history scarcely affords a parallel. But surely it is unnecessary to give further instances of blunders based on a superficial estimate of the most vital of matters.

The last and one of the most disastrous instances of action dictated by a purely surface estimate of things was surely that of

the appointment of Prince Lichnowsky, as German Ambassador to England. A double mistake was made—first in the Emperor's estimate of the man, and second in the opinion of the temper, *timbre*, and fibre of the British nation which it revealed, and this double mistake put the finishing touch to the destruction of Bismarck's life-work.

Those who enjoyed the privilege of meeting Prince Lichnowsky at Prince Buelow's table on more than one occasion ten years ago, could scarcely avoid the conclusion that he was a somewhat colourless, inoffensive person. He held no service record. Not a line stands to his credit in the German *Who's Who* beyond the date of his birth; there is no mention of his having previously held any high or responsible position. Judged in connection with an appointment of such tremendous responsibility, which, as we have already seen, involved the destinies of the German Empire, it may be said without offence that Prince Lichnowsky was a nobody. But he was wealthy and a Prince: and thus deemed good enough to bamboozle the gullible, title-loving, "idiotic" English! (to employ a term since rendered famous as applied by the Emperor's pet Papen to the Americans). The selection was at once contemptuous to England and fatal to Germany. In the time of crisis it left the most important position in the diplomatic field filled by a mere figure-head, incapable on the one hand of appreciating the spirit of the people with whom he had to deal, and even more incapable, on the other, of impressing a strong personality on the situation.

Fortunately, there is yet another and a final aspect from which this sinister personage must be considered. But a wider perspective is needed than that of those who live from hand to mouth, and it is one which bids us be of good cheer. In Goethe's *Mephistopheles* we are bidden to recognise "the force which wills "what is evil but is destined to further what is good." So also the German Emperor is called upon to be a benefactor to the world which he truculently brought up in arms against him. For the scourge of one generation may well be the regenerator of a whole race. In plotting for German world-dominion he has revealed the fate which would await those forced to submit to a people which proclaims that "necessity knows no law," and which is only able to impress its authority by means of threats and brute force. The German people, in the paroxysms of their dementia, have disclosed what their triumph would mean to us and our children's children. (See Dr. Paul Rohrbach.) They have shown that whatever may be the moral and intellectual qualities of German culture, they do not and never can entitle the German race to rule the world.

William has roused the dormant soul of man to the recognition

of the fool's paradise in which so many of us have lived. He has called forth a determination to avert by every means in our power the direst danger to civilisation since the days of the Spanish Inquisition. The resolve is adamant to eliminate once and for all the German threat and the German spy from civilised life, and to hurl the categorical imperative at the head of a demented race: "You shall not break through and poison the wells of freedom" by your domination."

The first effect of this resolve has already brought about, as if by magic overnight, the union, the federation of the English race throughout the world, a feeling of brotherhood towards our fellow-men such as few even of the most sanguine of our patriots looking back with distaste on the recent past, dared hope to witness in their lifetime. Only gradually does the full import of things spiritual dawn upon the understanding of the average man immersed as he is in the struggle for daily bread; at times he stumbles and falls into a Slough of Despond—for he has little faith—his shallow optimism at the start has been taken out of him, and being without faith he is even inclined to admire the prowess of the hydra-headed beast, whereas he should know that where there is crime there is naught to admire. The virile faith which has so sadly fallen into disuse has no affinity with the sanguine optimism of the fool, it is an instinct implanted in our hearts by the Lord God which bids us shout "Victory!" even in the agony of death. Here our weaklings have, indeed, much to learn from others—the Belgians, the Russians, and Serbians, notably from those fine psychologists the French, who alone have already recognised through a sea of blood the benefits which their enemy is destined to bring to the immortal soul of France, though it cost them a hecatomb of their valiant sons.

Thus shall the cult of the brazen image avenge itself upon its disciples, and reveal William as the false prophet he has long been recognised in their hearts to be by many of his own people. Thus shall Fate condemn him to play his final part, to stand in the pillory as the monument of a nation's ingratitude towards the one man who laid the foundations of his power.

If when the war is over we are to show ourselves worthy of the good fortune it should bring within our grasp, we must learn and put into practice the lesson inculcated in Goethe's *Faust*, "that happiness is only to be found within ourselves in useful work" which is beneficial to our fellow men." Thus we may owe it to the German Emperor that the great destiny of our race is brought home to us.

SIDNEY WHITMAN.

THE PAN-GERMAN PLAN AND ITS ANTIDOTE.

THE victorious Balkan campaign conducted last autumn by the Central Powers, aided by treacherous Bulgaria, revealed, as by a flash of lightning, the vast designs which underlie Germany's military operations. Serbia is the gate of the East, and its warders had to be dispossessed, if Germany was to assure her command of Constantinople and the decaying Turkish heritage. There are three stages in the Pan-German plan—first, the creation of "Mitteleuropa," a great central European state-organism of 130-150,000,000 inhabitants, as an economic and military unit; second, the realisation of the dream of "Berlin-Bagdad," by the inclusion within the political and economic sphere of influence of the new Zollverein of all the territory lying between the Hungarian frontier and the Persian Gulf; and third, the achievement of naval supremacy and world-power. Britain is faced by the alternative of opposing this programme or accepting it as inevitable. There can be no half measures in such a struggle: the answer must be "Yes" or "No." In the one case this war is an act of criminal folly, and the true patriots are those whose subterranean peace intrigues are already connived at in so many influential quarters. In the other case, we must not wait until the German plan has reached maturity, but must crush it in its initial stages. We must not ever again allow a situation to arise, in which we might seem indifferent to events upon land merely because they were taking place at the other end of Europe. For such indifference is the surest way to alienate our Allies, who realise to the full the close military and political interconnection of West and East and South-East, and expect us to realise it equally. If we are right in regarding sea-power as the key to victory, it is none the less true that the extension of German land-power would be the prelude to a fresh attempt to challenge our security at sea. But though the inevitable nature of our participation in land operations on the West has long been obvious to almost every one, the equally urgent and overwhelming need of countering the Germans in Eastern Europe is even to-day not sufficiently realised by those whose inert hands control our policy. It is still possible to hear the argument that if the Germans could be expelled from Belgium and Northern

France—nothing is said of the methods to be employed—our aim in the war would be achieved. To those who argue thus, all the vast problems of Central and Eastern Europe are a complete blank. And yet it ought to be obvious that there is an essential unity of outlook among our four chief adversaries. Prussia, Hungary, Turkey, and Bulgaria—each stands for racial domination in varying degrees of crudeness. The policy of Germanisation in Posen, and Magyarisation among the unhappy Slovaks and Roumanians, the Young Turkish policy of repression and extermination in Armenia, and the dream of Bulgarian hegemony in the Balkans on the most approved Prussian lines—all are based upon the same principle of brute force as the determining factor in human progress, and all stand or fall together. Even in defeat Germany will remain a great nation, and will, it is to be hoped, once more devote herself to the pursuit of that true "culture" which her rulers have so hideously parodied in this war. But for Hungary and Turkey defeat means the end of evil ambitions which have too long plagued the civilised world. Magyars and Turks may continue to exist side by side with the races whom they have so long held in thrall, but the liberation of the latter will render Magyar and Ottoman Imperialism impossible, set free the pent-up energies of the Slavonic world and give a new direction to European progress. Such an event can only be welcome to the Western Powers, whose vital interests demand the erection of a barrier to the *Drang nach Osten*, and who can only hope to build with the material which is already to hand. This material consists of the Slav and Latin peoples of Austria-Hungary and South-Eastern Europe generally, who are eager to lead their own national lives, and to free themselves from the exploitation, military, political, and economic, of their alien rulers. In one of its main aspects this war is the decisive struggle of Slav and German, and upon it depends the final settlement of the Balkan and Austrian problems. On the manner of this settlement and on its completeness depends in turn the question whether this war is to be followed by stable peace in Europe, or by the creation of an armed camp.

Stated in another form, the main task which faces the Allies is that of releasing thirty-five million Slavs and Latins whom Germany is to-day ruthlessly exploiting as *Kanonenfutter*, and who are compelled to shed their blood in a quarrel which is not theirs, and against their closest friends and kinsmen. It is only by their emancipation that an effectual obstacle to the German *Drang nach Osten* can be created, and Germany restricted to those natural limits within which she would cease to be a danger to the peace of Europe. The essential preliminaries, then, are the expulsion of the Turks from Europe, and the disruption of the

Habsburg Monarchy into its component parts. On its ruins new and vigorous national states will rise. The great historic memories of the past will be adapted to modern economic necessities. Poland, Bohemia, and Serbia will be restored to the commonwealth of nations, and in their new form will constitute a chain of firm obstacles on the path of German aggression. Poland, freed from her long bondage, and reunited as a State of over twenty million inhabitants, on terms of close intimacy with Russia, will be able to develop still further her great natural riches, and to reconstruct her social system on the lines of Western democracy. Of Bohemia it can fairly be said that no Slav race is so thoroughly modern, so keenly national in feeling, so well educated and well organised, so ready for endurance and sacrifice. Bohemia has been in the forefront of the battle against Germanism, from the days when John Hus ejected the Germans from Prague University and the Hussites held all Europe at bay, till the modern epoch when the great Czech scientists and poets laid the foundations of intellectual Pan-Slavism, and when the lower and middle classes contested inch by inch every village, every house, every school, every child, against the Germans with their infinitely superior resources and backing. Bohemia is one of the most valuable assets in the struggle against Pan-Germanism, and cannot be ignored by anyone who has the cause of the Allies at heart. Finally, the small and land-locked Serbia of the past will be transformed into a strong and united Southern Slav State upon the eastern shore of the Adriatic. The depth of the movement for national unity among all the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes of the Dual Monarchy, and the intensity of their opposition to Magyar misrule in Croatia, had even before the war made it abundantly clear that a radical solution of the Southern Slav problem is a *sine qua non* for the peace of South-Eastern Europe. The geographical situation of the new state assigns to it a rôle of peculiar importance in the struggle against the Pan-German programme, the more so as it supplies the possibility of establishing a new and much shorter non-German land route to the East, *viâ* North Italy, Laibach, Agram, Belgrade.

As a second line behind these three Slavonic States we should aim at creating Independent Hungary, stripped of its oppressed nationalities, and reduced to its true Magyar kernel, but for that very reason emancipated from the corrupt oligarchy which has hitherto controlled its destinies, and thus at last enabled to develop as a prosperous and progressive peasant state; and Greater Roumania, consisting of the present kingdom, augmented by the Roumanian districts of Hungary, Bukowina, and Bessarabia. Behind these again would stand Greece and Bulgaria as national States, the latter purged of her evil desire to exercise hegemony over the

Peninsula. Finally, Russia would control Constantinople and the Straits, thus restoring the Cross to its true place upon the Golden Horn, and at the same time satisfying that longing and need for an access to the open sea which has underlain Russian policy for at least two centuries. As a free port for all comers, Constantinople could only gain by a Russian protectorate, and the special rights of Roumania in the Black Sea and the Straits would receive the fullest recognition.

The alarmist will seek to oppose such a programme by the argument that it involves assigning the German provinces of Austria to Germany, and thus aggrandising an enemy whom it must be our aim to weaken by every means in our power. Such arguments are, however, entirely specious. In the first place, there is no power on earth which could keep the Germans of Austria and of the Empire apart, if once they determined to unite; and it is quite impossible for us to lay down the principle of nationality as the basis of settlement and then to deny it to the most powerful and compact of all the European nations. Moreover, in the event of our victory—and all such speculation is worthless in any other event—Germany will presumably lose the greater part of Alsace-Lorraine and Posen; and thus any accession of Austrian territory would leave her virtually where she was before. But the decisive reason is the fact that the sole alternative to the completion of German national unity is the survival of Austria-Hungary; and in present circumstances this can only mean the latter's reduction to complete military, political, and economic vassalage to Germany. The events of the war have amply demonstrated the Dual Monarchy's dependence upon German discipline and organising talent; and if for no other reason, this dependence will tend to increase more and more rapidly, as the result of economic exhaustion and imminent bankruptcy. Possible failure in other directions will only strengthen Germany's hold upon the Monarchy, which, according to the Pan-German plan, is regarded as a fertile field for German colonisation. In other words, we are faced by the alternatives of breaking up Austria-Hungary—in which case Germany obtains an addition of eight or nine million inhabitants, but is restricted to her natural limits, and is surrounded by new and virile national states—or of permitting its survival and thus securing to Germany the final assertion of political control over its fifty-one million inhabitants, and thus indirectly the mastery of Central Europe and the control of the Adriatic, the Balkans, and Constantinople.

It cannot be too often repeated that there is no prospect of detaching from Germany any of her three allies by anything short of overwhelming military success. The idea that the Dual

Monarchy, which was rescued a year ago from disintegration by its German ally's energy and powers of reorganisation, and which is now held as in a vice by the iron hand of Prussian military discipline and financial pressure, could ever be detached as a whole from the German side, is altogether too fantastic to be discussed seriously, though there are certain Entente diplomatists who have allowed themselves to be beguiled into a secret exchange of views with the notorious Count Forgách, the *alter ego* of the Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister, Baron Burian.

Scarcely more plausible is the idea, still entertained in a dwindling circle of sentimentalists, that Hungary could be won to the side of the Allies. Those who argue thus forget that the Anglomania of the Magyar aristocracy upon which they reckon, is confined to country-house life, racing, and tailors' fashions, and that the glib phrases about liberty and constitution in which they so freely indulge, are mere ornaments to conceal the grossest racial tyranny which modern Europe has witnessed. Budapest and Berlin are equally responsible for this war; and on its successful issue for the Central Powers depend the last hopes of the hateful policy of Magyarisation which Hungarian statesmen have pursued so fiercely since 1867.

The idea that Turkey could be detached from the Central Powers belongs to another category of illusions. Rightly or wrongly, the main aim of Russia is the acquisition of Constantinople and free access to the Mediterranean. Rightly or wrongly, the Governments of the Entente have recognised the legitimate nature of this aim and are pledged to its realisation. It thus becomes obvious that a hostile country can hardly be detached from its allies by those who are pledged to deprive it of its capital.

There remains Bulgaria, and here credulity, sentiment, and perfidy have combined to weave a highly dangerous intrigue. The friends of Bulgaria in London and elsewhere are allowing themselves to be beguiled by unscrupulous agents of the Central Powers. King Ferdinand, who is highly alarmed at the reviving confidence of Greece and Roumania in the Entente cause, and fears lest he may be taken between two fires, has withdrawn discreetly into a Viennese background, in the hope that the Entente may believe in his elimination and enter into compromising negotiations with his agents, such as he could then betray to Athens and Bucharest. Fortunately, there is good reason to believe that the Entente is acting upon the maxim, "Once bitten, twice shy." The politicians of Bulgaria are united as they have seldom been before. The former Russophil Malinov has reached a public understanding with Ferdinand's faithful henchman Radoslavov; the Anglophil Geshov has been in Berlin and Vienna, and has

expressed his satisfaction with the course of the war; Danev is isolated, and his followers are at present under trial for high treason. The aims of Bulgaria are to-day absolutely irreconcilable with those of the Entente; for the conquest of Macedonia was but a first step. • The true policy of Bulgaria—of king and nation alike—is to prevent Constantinople from falling into Russian hands, to prevent Serbo-Croat unity under the Karageorgevitch dynasty, and to establish Bulgaria's hegemony upon "the four seas" (Black, Marmora, Ægean, and Adriatic). These aims are well known to all students of Bulgarian politics, and are startlingly illustrated by the political Memorandum issued officially by the Government of Sofia last October, in 20,000 copies, and soon afterwards published in Germany. This document is perhaps the most cynical exposition of *Realpolitik* which the war has produced. It compares, with the precision of a chemist weighing drugs, the rival offers of the two belligerent groups, and proves beyond question that the Central Powers offered a higher price for a smaller effort. It openly affirms that the bargain includes the promise, not only of all Southern Serbia, but of all the territory necessary to secure to Bulgaria a frontier with Hungary. Its justification for this policy of partition is the blunt assertion that "no one can at one and the same time consider the interests of "Serbia and Bulgaria, for this is an impossibility, and not even "desired by Bulgaria." The repeated declarations of prominent Bulgarian statesmen and generals amply confirm this attitude. And yet Englishmen in important civil and military posts can be found to advocate an arrangement with Bulgaria behind the backs, and at the expense of, our gallant Serbian allies. One such memorandum which has reached London, but which has met with the scorn and indignation which it merits, actually suggests that as "for the time being Serbia does not exist," the Entente is at liberty to carve up the living flesh of Serbia as her treacherous allies may desire. The solemn pledges of our statesmen, and our debt of honour to an ally, are to count for nothing. I was fully aware of similar dishonourable intrigues at the time of the Austro-German offensive against Serbia, but remained silent. To-day other methods are necessary, and these traitors to our national honour must be denounced publicly, if they do not abandon their sinister intrigues. If honour and good feeling mean nothing to them, they might at least realise that this country is tired of the feeble and disastrous policy of wooing our enemies at the expense of our friends, and that our interests demand unqualified support for Serbia as an Ally, and for Roumania and Greece as essentially loyal and friendly nations, whose friendship has survived the repeated blunders of our diplomacy. The approaching visit

of the Prince Regent of Serbia and his veteran Prime Minister, Mr. Pashitch, furnishes the British Government with an admirable opportunity of proving, once for all, the groundlessness of the rumours to which such intrigues have given rise. They will thus demolish yet another invention of the German Press Bureau.

The twentieth century is the century of the Slav, and it is one of the main tasks of the war to emancipate the hitherto despised, unknown, or forgotten Slavonic democracies of central and southern Europe. If the Poles, the Czecho-Slovaks, and the Jugoslavs succeed in reasserting their right to independent national development, and to that close and cordial intercourse with the West to which they have always aspired, they will become so many links between the West and their Russian kinsmen, and will restore to Europe that idealism which Prussian materialist doctrine was rapidly crushing out. Establish one nation supreme over the Continent, controlling the destinies of a whole group of its neighbours, and you must surely inaugurate a new era of armaments and racial strife, accentuated tenfold by revolution, bankruptcy, and social upheaval. The theory of racial domination, whether it be Prussian, Magyar, Turk, or Bulgarian, must be replaced by a programme of free and untrammelled development for every race. The supnation must follow the superman into the limbo of history.

R. W. SETON-WATSON.

THE DISTRIBUTION OF THE BURDEN OF WAR CHARGES.

IN the December issue of THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, I examined the general nature of the real costs of the war and distinguished the various ways in which the country regarded as a single homogeneous unit may attempt to meet them. In the present article I wish to investigate a distinct, though related, problem—namely, the way in which the fiscal burden of the war ought to be distributed among classes of people of different grades of wealth. This problem is not an easy one, and cannot be satisfactorily attacked *in globo*. I propose, therefore, to proceed as follows: I shall first study an imaginary case in which the revenue required for war purposes is comparatively moderate in amount, and in which it is definitely agreed that the whole of this sum shall be obtained by taxation. In this imaginary case I shall inquire as to the proper distribution of the burden between the poor and the rich. When this inquiry is complete, I shall take account of the fact that, in the present war, the costs are so enormous that nobody supposes they either ought to be, or could be, met exclusively by taxation, and shall endeavour to explain in what way the preliminary conclusions established in my first section are modified by that circumstance. In a third section, I shall examine an important difficulty which might be thought at first sight to obstruct and damage the preceding argument. The practical inference to which the whole inquiry tends, and which it may be well to indicate in advance, is that very much heavier taxation than politicians at present appear to contemplate ought, during the period of the war, to be imposed upon rich and very rich citizens of the United Kingdom.

I.

In the ordinary life of peace-time, the expenses of Government are met by a complex system of taxation made up of income-tax (including super-tax), death duties and various indirect taxes upon commodities. There is a vague idea underlying this system to the effect that, as the scale of income rises, the scale of contribution

which people make to the Exchequer ought to rise somewhat more than in proportion. For purposes of the present discussion, it is neither practicable nor desirable to raise the question whether the relation between taxation and income for peace purposes is a proper one. Obviously a period during which a great war is raging is not suitable for the revision of the general ideas about ethics in taxation to which the country is accustomed, and upon which its fiscal policy is based. Therefore, without committing ourselves to any ultimate judgment upon the matter, we must, at all events provisionally, assume that the existing tax system is a proper and reasonable means of raising the revenue ordinarily required in times of peace. If, then, the relation between incomes of different sizes and the taxes collected from them, which is thus admitted to be proper for peace, is also proper in respect of the much larger revenue required for war, it will follow that the amount taken from the rich by taxation in war time must be increased in the same proportion as the amount taken from the poor in taxation. If the revenue collected from the poor by taxation is doubled, that collected from the rich should be doubled also. Is this conclusion, which inevitably suggests itself *primâ facie*, one which closer reflection confirms?

Let us as yet leave unchallenged the supposition that the ratio of *aggregate* burden borne by people of different grades of wealth in peace is also the proper ratio for them respectively to bear in war. The conclusion, that the taxation imposed upon the rich ought not to be increased in any greater proportion than that imposed upon the poor, will then be valid if the other non-fiscal burdens which the war imposes upon different classes stand in this proportion. If, however, the non-fiscal burdens fall upon the poor in a larger proportion than this, it would seem fair that the ratio of tax-burden imposed upon the rich should be so far increased as to make the relative *aggregate* burden the same as it was before. Now, in fact, there are strong reasons for believing that the non-fiscal burden borne by the poor greatly exceeds that which it would be if our ideal proportion ruled. First, there can be little doubt that the burden of actually performing military service falls with very especial severity upon them. Not only does the death of a poor man who lives on his wages involve much greater injury to his wife and family than the death of a rich man drawing income from investments; but also a very large proportion of the people of great wealth—whether this wealth be inherited or acquired—are past military age and, therefore, make no contribution of military service whatever. It seems reasonable that these persons, to balance their immunity in this regard, should make an additional contribution in the form of tax-revenue. In view of these considerations, we are entitled to

conclude that the taxation of the rich in war time ought to be increased in a considerably higher proportion than the taxation of the poor.

The preceding discussion, however, does not exhaust the argument. For the real burden imposed by taxation on any class or individual has hitherto been tacitly assumed to be measurable by the objective material burden upon them. In fact, however, variations in this objective material burden do not, in general, carry with them proportionate variations in the ultimate psychic burden of suffering and discomfort. Suppose, for example, that we have to do with two men enjoying respectively incomes of £100 and £10,000; that in peace time £15 is taken by the State from the smaller of these incomes, and £2,000 from the larger; and that this arrangement inflicts an equal real burden on the two men. A war breaks out, and the revenue required by the State is quadrupled. If the same proportion as before is maintained between the taxation imposed upon the two classes, the man with £100 will be mulcted of £60, and the man with £10,000 of £8,000. The one will be left with an income of £40, and the other with an income of £2,000. It is, I think, certain that, if the loss of satisfaction due to the reduction of an income of £100 to £85 is equal to that due to the reduction of an income of £10,000 to £8,000, the loss due to the reduction of an income of £100 to £40 will be much greater than that due to the reduction of an income of £10,000 to £2,000. If the revenue required for war were supposed to be sextupled instead of quadrupled, the inference would be still more plain. We may, therefore, conclude that, in order to maintain the proportion between the real psychic burden imposed by taxation upon rich and poor at the level at which it stands in peace, the proportion of the monetary burden borne by the rich must be increased when war makes necessary the collection of a larger aggregate revenue.

We need not, however, stop at this point. For there is still implicit in our argument the assumption that the relation between the real psychic burden imposed upon rich and poor ought to be the same in time of war as in time of peace. This assumption is highly disputable. For purposes of ordinary life it is plausible enough to maintain that the principle of equality of sacrifice constitutes a fair basis of taxation. War, however—at all events such a war as this—is a national emergency of a supreme kind. In a national emergency may not the principle of equal sacrifice rightly give way to the principle of minimum aggregate sacrifice? In a besieged city, when food is scarce, nobody would dream of cutting down the food allowed to rich and to poor families in equal proportions. Rather the food allowance for families of all classes would

be cut down to the same absolute level. Not equality in the sacrifice imposed, but equality in the enjoyment left—and therefore the least possible aggregate suffering to all the families together—would be the ideal set before himself by the governor of such a city. I submit that in the present war this ideal ought—not perhaps to be adopted in full measure—but at least to be allowed large influence in the framing of our fiscal policy. If this be so, it will follow that the proportion of the war revenue collected from the rich by taxation may rightly be increased very largely above the peace-proportion.

So far we have been considering our problem on the plane of ordinary unphilosophic views about justice. Many economists, it must now be added, would not admit that true justice really commends the principle of equal sacrifice as a basis of taxation, even in times of peace. They would hold that even then a system that would leave different classes with equal enjoyments has much better claims to the title “just” than one which cuts down the enjoyment of different classes by equal amounts. If justice, therefore, was the only thing to be considered, they would wish to throw a very much larger part of the burden of taxation upon the rich in times of peace as well as in times of war than is now borne by them in any part of the world. These economists recognise, however, that justice is not the only thing to be considered, but that there is an economic reason of very great importance for not substituting heavy taxation of the rich and very rich for more moderate taxation of the less well-to-do. This argument is that such taxation would seriously check saving and certain kinds of work, thus ultimately destroying the source upon which it is levied and so preventing that source from yielding *any* relief to other tax-payers. This objection is, within limits, valid as regards ordinary taxes that are levied regularly year after year. The expectation of a regular tax of 15s. in the £ on incomes above £5,000 would go far to prevent people from bringing such incomes into existence. But the objection is *not* valid as regards special taxes levied on an exceptional occasion for the purpose of financing an unprecedented war. Such taxes do not carry an expectation of continuance, and do not, therefore, react upon saving and work in the way that taxes levied in the ordinary course might be expected to do. This point is of fundamental importance and deserves greater attention than it has hitherto received. It amounts to no less than this: that the main argument, which deters economists from proposing to throw nearly the whole cost of government upon the shoulders of those best able to bear it, is not relevant when the problem to be solved is the financing of a world-war. The general effect of this consideration, coupled with those that have preceded, is obviously to suggest that a very much larger proportion of

taxation should be levied upon the rich for war purposes than it is proper to lay upon them in times of peace.

II.

Let us now withdraw the veil with which we have hitherto closed our eyes against the fact of war loans. When the existence of these things is recognised, our problem is much complicated, because there is now presented for review a third method of financing the war, additional to the two methods—taxation of the rich and taxation of the poor—to which attention has hitherto been confined. This third method is evidently one under which the rich will contribute the main part of what is required at the moment; but, since they will be paid for doing this out of taxes levied afterwards on a peace basis, the real burden of the loans will be shared by rich and poor in the proportion in which peace taxes are shared between them. The problem we have now to study concerns the extent to which this method ought to be employed in lieu of taxation upon the rich. The most convenient way of attacking it would seem to be as follows. Let us suppose that, if a war revenue of 600 millions is required, 150 millions would be the right sum to collect in taxation from the people with less than £160 a year, and 450 millions the right sum to collect from the rest of the community. Let us suppose, furthermore, that 100 millions is the largest sum that can in any circumstances be rightly collected by taxation from the former group. Then, if instead of a revenue of 600 millions, one of 1,600 millions is needed, we have to inquire how far it is proper that the entire 1,000 millions should be taken from the rich by further taxes, or should be borrowed from them in the form of war loan.

If we take the standpoint of justice or fairness, it would seem, *primâ facie*, to be right that the remaining 1,000 millions should be raised by loans—practically loans means loans from the rich—if the relative positions of rich and poor are not made different by the issue of a war loan from what they would have been had the total revenue required been 600 millions; but that, if the relative position of the rich is improved by the issue of a loan, a part of the extra 1,000 millions ought to be taken from them in further taxes. We, therefore, have to inquire whether or not the relative position of the rich will, in fact, be improved.

It is almost certain that a considerable part of the 1,000 millions will be taken from funds that would otherwise have been used as industrial capital. In order to secure these funds, the rate of interest offered by the State will have to be raised considerably above the normal rate; and this new high rate will thereafter be obtained, not

only by these capitalists who invest in the war loan, but also by others who invest new capital in ordinary industry. Furthermore, the real rise in the rate of interest will almost certainly be much larger than the apparent rise. For in war time prices are sure to be abnormally high, so that £100 nominal investment then means a smaller real investment than it appears to do. If, as is highly probable, prices fall after the present war by 30 per cent., war loan investment made at a nominal $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. in the time of high prices will earn a real rate not much short of 7 per cent. Thus the rich stand to gain largely as a result of the war loan. On the other hand, the poor stand to lose. During the actual progress of the war, no doubt, the absorption of a large part of the labouring force of the country into the Army will cause the services of those who remain to be in exceptionally keen demand; and this fact, coupled with the provision of liberal separation allowances by the State, may render the poorer classes as a whole fairly prosperous.* This prosperity, however, is essentially shortlived. The use and destruction in war of large masses of resources, which would normally have been used in industry, necessarily means that the labour of future years has fewer tools and machines with which to co-operate, is, therefore, less productive and, therefore, earns a lower rate of remuneration. The lasting injury thus brought about is almost certain to overtop the temporary benefit. This double fact—the gain to the rich coupled with the injury to the poor—obviously implies a very substantial improvement in the relative position of the rich.

This, however, is not all. As a matter of practice, it is almost certain that, when very large levies are required from the rich, these will not be provided without resort on their part to the device of borrowing from banks. If, as is probable in the case of very large levies, the borrowings to meet war loan subscriptions and war taxes, together with the war loan subscriptions of the banks themselves, exceed the normal borrowings of times of peace, there is likely to occur a certain amount of currency inflation. This means that the bank-money handed over to the Government and expended by it reaches so large an amount that it causes prices to rise. The result is that the money income held by the poor, since wages are not likely to rise as rapidly as prices, buys them less commodities than it bought before. This means

* As regards the actual position of the working classes at the present time, it appears that the *rate* of money wages (including war bonuses) has, on the average, risen considerably less than retail prices. But the allowances paid by the State to dependents, the long hours of overtime worked by many workpeople, and the advent into industry of large numbers of women and of relatively inefficient men who, in normal times, are either not employed at all, or only employed intermittently, has probably caused the real earnings of the average working-class family to stand somewhat above the normal level.

that, in effect, a part of what the rich hand over to the State in their war loan subscriptions is really exacted without interest from the poor. For inflation acts like a proportionate tax upon the expenditure of all classes, and such a tax, of course, hits poor people more seriously than rich people. The tendency to currency inflation, therefore, which ordinary methods of war finance promote, contributes a further cause of betterment in the relative position of the rich. It follows that, in the conditions set out at the beginning of this section, a very considerable part of the 1,000 millions, whose method of collection was under discussion, ought to be raised by additional taxation of the rich and not by the issue of war loans.

Even this, however, does not exhaust the case in favour of taxation. For here, as at the close of the first section of this article, the argument from justice is reinforced by an argument from the side of production. It has been shown that the imposition of a special war levy does not react injuriously upon productivity by checking the will to work and save, because, the war being a wholly unprecedented and exceptional event, a repetition of the levy will not be expected. If, however, instead of, say, 300 millions of war levy we have 300 millions of war loan, it is necessary, in order to provide interest on this loan, to impose, for a long series of years, a regular addition to the annual tax-revenue. The extra taxes thus made necessary will, of course, be foreseen, and their incidence expected. There are, however, but few sorts of taxes, the expectation of which does not indirectly check or hinder production. This consideration evidently reinforces the case in favour of taxation as against war loans. For it shows that if, say, 300 millions is the "fair" amount of extra tax levy and 700 millions the "fair" amount of war loan, something more than 300 millions is the *desirable* amount of extra tax levy.

III.

The general drift of the preceding arguments is sufficiently plain. They point with cumulative force towards the financing of a very large part of the war costs by heavy taxation—the percentage amount of which should, of course, grow as income grows—upon the richer classes of the community. To some readers, however, it will probably have occurred that, throughout this discussion, an issue of dominating importance has been ignored. When a great war has to be financed, they will say, is not the first thing that needs to be determined the proportion in which the costs of that war ought to be thrown respectively upon the present and upon future generations? No doubt, the choice between war taxation and war

loans affects in an indirect way the distribution of the burden between rich and poor, but it affects in a much more decisive and important way the distribution of it between ourselves and our descendants. In so far as the war is financed by taxation, we pay; in so far as it is financed by loans, they pay. Does it not follow, therefore, that no decision upon these matters can be rightly taken until an answer has been given to the preliminary question, whether or not a great war is the kind of undertaking the costs of which we are entitled to throw in large part upon the shoulders of posterity?

The correct reply to this reasoning appears to be somewhat as follows. The common opinion, that resources raised by taxation are provided at the cost of the present generation, and resources raised by loans at the cost of future generations, is incorrect. Posterity is burdened in so far, and only in so far, as the costs of war are met out of resources which otherwise would have been turned into capital goods or human quality helpful to production in the future. The extent to which the costs of war are met in this way is determined directly by the choice of the persons from whom the money for them is raised, and this choice is likely to be much the same, whichever method of levy the Government may elect to adopt. *Primâ facie*, indeed, it would seem that, if £1,000 is taken by the State from any given individual, the extent to which he will provide that sum by diminishing his investments will be *exactly* the same whether the levy is in the form of a tax or of a voluntary subscription to a loan. And, though closer reflection shows that, under the tax method, since his expectation of future income will be smaller, he is likely to economise in consumption a little more, and in investment a little less, than he would do under the loan method, the *amount* of difference made to his action will, in general, be quite small. It follows that, though the question of what is just as between the present generation and posterity is vitally relevant to the individual, when deciding whether to meet the State's demands by personal economies or by diminishing his investments, it is not vitally relevant to the State when deciding what fiscal machinery it will employ to furnish the funds that it requires. The general argument which has been developed above in favour of heavy taxation of the rich is not, therefore, weakened—indeed, a more detailed analysis would show that its force is somewhat enhanced—by the class of consideration dealt with in this concluding section.

A. C. PIGOU.

WITH THE SERBIAN ARMY IN RETREAT.*

HELL is a word used to epitomise sufferings which are indescribable in mundane terms. It is the only word which can suggest to the imagination of normal men and women the misery endured by the Serbians during their retreat from their own country over the mountains of Montenegro and Albania to the Coast. The tragedy of a nation wrenched by the roots from nationhood is not describable in a magazine article. But the narration of a few personal experiences encountered while serving with the Serbian Army during its grand retreat may give glimpses of the misery diabolical endured by the Serbian people.

I was in Serbia during nine months—April-December inclusive. My work could be divided into three sections.

1st. Camp Hospital work at Kragujevatz, the headquarters of the Serbian Army.

2nd. Roadside Tent Dispensary work amongst the civilian population.

3rd. Work (during the last three months, October-December inclusive) as Commandant of a Column (1st Serbian-English Field Hospital, Front) with the Serbian Army.

During the first six months I gained experience of the Serbian soldiers and of the Serbian people whilst the country was not engaged in active warfare—only suffering from the results of past months and years of fighting. And I must here confess my surprise at discovering that the impression which even now largely prevails in Western Europe as to the bellicose character of the Serbian nation is entirely wrong.

The average Serbian peasant-soldier is not the truculent, fierce, fighting-loving savage so often represented. He loathes fighting, but loves—with the enthusiasm of a poetic nature—his family, his home, his bit of land, and his country. He has fought much in the past, but in defence of these possessions which he prizes. The Serbian Ideal is represented by the word "Maika," which means "mother," and I have a suspicion that the toleration by the nation of the crime committed on Alexander and his Consort was largely due to the people's indignation at knowing that a woman had been placed over them as Queen, who was the antithesis of Motherhood.

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During that first six months of hospital work, at a time when the country was not engaged in active military operations, I had an opportunity of seeing something of the results of war, not only in our own hospital of wounded soldiers, but also amongst the civilian population. For the country had been almost continuously at war during four years, and now one-third of the Serbian doctors had died, either at the Front, or of typhus, and the remainder—some 300 only—were occupied with work in the military hospitals or with administrative work, or at the Front: with the result that no medical aid was available for the peasants in the country districts. Think what that meant. The country was going through a serious epidemic of typhus, in addition to diphtheria, typhoid, &c., and there were no doctors to prescribe for the patients or to check the spread of infection. At Kragujevatz, four thousand newly-dug graves, containing typhus victims, testified to the virulence of that one epidemic in that one town alone.

But amongst ignorant peasants, even if death does not immediately result, the after-effects of neglected typhus are often worse than the disease itself. I was fortunate enough to be able, with the financial help of the Serbian Relief Fund—under whose auspices I had gone to Serbia—and the professional help of women doctors, who entered whole-heartedly into the scheme, to establish for the peasants in the Schumadia district—the heart of Old Serbia—a series of roadside dispensaries, in tents, and thus was enabled to deal fairly effectively with a large area. Within a short space of time, twenty thousand people passed through our hands. It is no exaggeration to say that one-half of the patients who came to be treated of diphtheria, typhus, typhoid, small-pox, and every conceivable form of disease, infectious and non-infectious, were suffering also from advanced forms of tuberculosis—the result largely of neglect during the last four years.

Whole families were being blotted out by infectious diseases. One day, for instance, a man brought to our dispensary his little girl, who was suffering from diphtheria, and asked us to inject her with the diphtheritic serum of which he had heard. He said that another child had just died at home of the same disease, and that he now therefore had risked bringing this child to be treated, as it could only die once. The serum was injected, and next day the child was so much better that the following day both the father and the mother arrived in their ox waggon, bringing with them their six remaining children, who were all ill with diphtheria. They were, of course, all treated with the serum, and this little family was saved from extinction.

Thus the results of war were manifest not only in the maiming and killing of the fighting portion of the population, but in the

maiming and killing by slow degrees of the women and children who are responsible for the life, health, and vigour of the generations to come. But the results of war, as shown both upon the fighting and the non-fighting portions of the population, were graphically exhibited to me during the three months from the end of September to the end of December, 1915. At the former date the Bulgars threatened invasion in the East, the Germans and Austrians, in combination, in the North, and once more the Serbian Army, depleted and impoverished by former struggles in defence of freedom, was obliged reluctantly to re-mobilise. I was honoured by being given an appointment which is seldom entrusted to a foreigner, and has, I think, never before been given to a woman. I was appointed by the Serbian military authorities Commander of a Column (1st Serbian-English Field Hospital, Front) and invited with a portion of my Kragujevatz Hospital Unit to accompany the Serbian Army to the Front.

In addition to my own two women doctors, four nurses, one cook, one secretary, two interpreters, and six chauffeurs, my column consisted of twenty ox-waggon, six horse-waggon, and six motor-ambulances, together with sixty Serbian soldiers to serve as drivers, ambulance men, commissaire, treasurer, dispenser, &c. I was the only officer. We were attached to the Schumadiske Division. Our first destination was Pirot, near the Bulgarian frontier. Our column entrained at Kragujevatz, and I was amused at being told that I was Commander of the train, and that no one would be allowed to board it, or to leave it, without my permission. I don't remember much amusement after that. We put up our first hospital tents at Souvadol, near Pirot, and at various other places on the trek, but after a week our Division was suddenly ordered to leave the Bulgarian frontier and go to the Danube Front. We entrained at Nish and disembarked at Velika Plana, about thirty miles from Semendria and Belgrade. We did not board another train till we reached Brindisi, on the way home.

We received our first wounded not far from Palanka, and evacuated them to a hospital in that town. One hundred thousand Germans with their biggest guns were against our one Division of 25,000 men, but we were holding our own, it was said, fairly well. This state of affairs continued, and we advanced by slow stages, always putting up our hospital—till we reached Barchinatz. But from that point the retreat began. We hoped—as we continued to hope vainly for three months—that this was only temporary, and that the Allies would soon be with us. But from the moment of the first retreat we never advanced again. At every halt we received wounded, who came to us directly from the battlefields—generally at night.

I remember specially one night. At 9 p.m. I received orders—brought, as usual, by a Staff-mounted orderly—to strike camp and move in a southerly direction. Everything—tents, surgical boxes, kitchen materials, &c.—was packed in readiness for departure, when a batch of fifty badly wounded soldiers arrived in ox-waggon from the battlefield to be dressed. The Germans were close behind us, their guns were banging ominously, as the waggons unloaded their burdens on the ground and disappeared. I immediately, of course, gave orders for the necessary surgical boxes to be unpacked. The night was cold and dark, and by the light of hurricane lanterns the doctors and nurses cut away the torn and blood-stained garments and dressed the wounds of the gory, groaning, battered objects who were placed upon the ground round impromptu bonfires of straw, hay, and wood, lighted to give warmth.

One man was already dead. I ordered a grave to be dug, measured its depth, sent for a priest from another column, and then stood a few yards behind the scrimmage round the bonfires, by the side of the priest, whilst he, in his gay embroidered robe, chanted—out of tune—in the old Slavonic language, which no one now understands, the words of the Greek Church burial service. He held the book in one hand and read by the light of a small bit of tallow candle held in the other. The groans of the wounded and the roaring of the guns, coming ever nearer and nearer, made an effective accompaniment. The only incongruity was the priest's frequent repetition of the word "Allelujah." Why Allelujah? I asked myself in the intervals of my Amen responses, as the scene round the bonfires burned itself into my mind.

The question of the evacuation of the wounded caused me then, as on various other occasions, a little anxiety. I had, for instance, been told in the morning that I was to evacuate all wounded to a hospital along the road leading to Kragujevatz—in a south-westerly direction. But now I had received orders to move the column to a place along the road leading to Krushievatz—in a southerly direction. I knew that the Germans had—since the morning's order—taken Palanka, and that the wounded and the ambulance people would be cut off if I obeyed orders and sent them along the Kragujevatz road. Of course I also knew that to disobey a military command is to incur grave responsibility. But I incurred it, and took the wounded with us towards Krushievatz. It was common-sense, for I was sure there would be hospitals along the road. Some artillery waggons passing at the moment took some of the less severely wounded, and the remainder travelled in our ambulance cars, whilst the staff walked. The road was terrible, with mud and holes and broken bridges, and in the dark dangerous. We continually were obliged to lift the wounded out of the ambulances

and carry them over the dangers, and hold our breath whilst the cars—those wonderful Ford cars, wonderfully handled—performed acrobatic feats inconceivable to orthodox chauffeurs at home.

We arrived at our destination at seven the next morning. At noon that day the order came to move on again. We had travelled a few kilometres when we met a convoy coming towards us in obvious haste. They shouted to me as they passed that I must turn back. It was not possible, they said, to go through Batuchini—the next village—as the shells were dropping in the streets through which we must pass. My Serbian Narednik (Sergeant) Commissaire, treasurer, and dispenser, all came up and urged that I should return according to advice just given. But I had received orders to go forward to a definite place, and no other road led there. So I listened to what the men had to say and merely replied “Napred” (Forward) and led on. When we reached the village a few shells were, it was true, falling, and the cannon-fire was playing around the near hills. But this was useful in hurrying the drivers, and we reached our destination safely.

From the first moment of retreat we never entered a town or village that had not already been evacuated, or was about to be evacuated, for the enemy. Houses deserted, shops shuttered—all eyes, as it were, closed, that they should not see the scenes of sorrow as the fugitives fled in silence through their streets; that they should not witness the galling spectacle of the triumphant entry of the enemy. Evacuation meant, of course, cessation of all means of communication with the outer world. During three months we were without letters or news of any sort from home. Powers of mind, soul, and body were all concentrated, driven inwards on the tragedy in which one had literally a “walking part.” It was terrible enough to see one town after the other abandoned to the enemy. Picture our English towns from Newcastle to Falmouth falling in regular routine as prizes to the triumphant Germans! But the abandonment of stations on the railway line—the main artery of national life—was a still sadder sight.

We arrived at Baĝrdan whilst the station was dismantling. We had encamped at first in a field near the station, but when heavy rains made the ground a swamp, I asked permission to shelter in the station rooms. In the morning these were not available, but in the afternoon we were allowed to take possession because the station was now dismantled and ready for evacuation. The railway line to the North of the station had already been cut, bridges were then being blown up, the telegraphic and telephonic apparatus were destroyed, and the station entrance-hall and waiting-rooms were littered with the *débris* of torn official papers and old telegraphic paper strips.

The last train, filled with wounded whom we had tended, left in the evening—as usual in silence—no scene. The stationmaster was leaving in the guard's van. He knew that the next time a train left this station it would be working under German rule. He knew that for himself exile and ruin stared him in the face. But as the engine puffed and snorted and the train began slowly to move, he called to me and to a few remaining officials on the platform "Sbogom!" (Goodbye!) Nothing else. Could other words have added to the pathos? Was not the history of a gigantic crime against his nation revealed in that one word?

The situation had begun to look black indeed. Even rumours as to the arrival of the Allies were now less frequent, though poor old King Peter, remembering doubtless how a year ago he had by his presence at the Front inspired his troops to further effort, drove one day in his car to the trenches and told the men that if they would stick to it bravely for a few days more, help would be forthcoming. But it was obvious that alone the Serbian army, with its inferiority of artillery, could check but could not stem the tide of the enemy's advance. The big guns banged almost continuously louder and nearer every day, and the near hills were ablaze with fire from shell and shrapnel. We were apparently surrounded on three sides. Could we—that is the army—escape? I felt sure we should, as the control was in capable hands, but faith was a useful companion.

Between Bagrdan and Jagodine it rained almost incessantly, and though rain was—the Serbian soldiers always said—the best friend they had, because it hindered the progress of the German big guns, it was not a cheery influence for the men, and it made the roads almost impassable with deep, gelatinous, marvellous mud.

I have a keen recollection of passing through Jagodine, hitherto a prosperous town with a flourishing brewery. It was on the night of November 3rd. I received the order to move at 1.30 a.m. Camp was immediately struck. I rode round as usual to see—a little difficult in the darkness—that nothing was left behind, sounded the whistle to collect the Unit, and as oxen and horse waggons and motor ambulances came into line at single file, shouted "Napred!" (Forward!), and, followed by my two mounted orderlies, took the lead. Within half-an-hour of receiving the order we were on the march. Rain was, as usual, falling, and the night was so dark I could scarcely see my horse's head, as our little column jolted its way over ditches and struck into the road. One of my orderlies, riding a little behind me, held a hurricane lantern to throw light upon the road in front of us, and give some warning of mud-holes and broken bridges. And we entered Jagodine. The usual story. Abandoned by its inhabitants, houses shuttered and deserted, the

whole town was in darkness, except that along the walls of the houses, wherever space permitted, camp fires were alight and refugees—women, children, and old men—were crouched in groups, sleeping or sitting in silence, waiting for the dawn. The fires illumined the faces of the fugitives and revealed sufferings not easy to forget. When the camp fires were left behind, the darkness was complete. Objects immediately in front were only visible because they showed black against the shining mud. It was a world of shadows and of dreariness, of wet and cold. But never for a moment did the sound cease, of the creaking of waggon and the squish of oxen hoofs pressing glutinous mud. I looked around and saw only darkness and sorrow, columns and confusion. Thousands of unoffending people were suffering heartache, separation, desolation, and—as the guns reminded me—thousands of brave men were facing a murderous death. How could I help asking where is God? And immediately the answer came. As though in purposeful response, the mountains in the East threw off the blackness of the night, and showed rich purple against the lightening sky. Over the mountains rose clouds of gold and pink and aerial blue, and as the rays of sunlight shot triumphantly into the sky, white mists, thick and soft, that had lain hidden, became, for a moment of pure joy, bathed in all the rainbow colours, whilst one daring cloud of brilliant gold spread itself in the shape of a great dragon across the dark sky. Glories and beauties everywhere, if we could only catch the meaning! But while I was wondering at it all, the glories vanished, the hills became commonplace, the prosaic light of day was with us, and I saw once more the nightmare picture of drab-dressed, weary soldiers, splashing with sandalled feet in the sloppy mud, sometimes stumbling, then rising—smothered in mud—without a word. There were worse troubles than that! “Hleba! “(bread.) None for three days,” were the first words I heard.

I find it difficult to say whether I liked least trekking by night or by day. By day, nothing of the horrors by which one was surrounded was left to the imagination, but by night there were added difficulties. The roads or tracks, quite apart from danger from the enemy, were full of risks and hazards, even when by daylight these were visible in advance. But they were dangerous when one was dependent on the light of a small lantern to reveal mud holes, boulders, fallen trees, precipices, or broken bridges. Also there was at night the added danger that in the darkness the column might be intercepted by other greedy columns butting their way through. But the officers of other columns were always extremely courteous, and frequently helped me to get a place in the line, and I was fortunate in never losing, even temporarily, any of the column.

I always rode—astride—at the head of my company, by night as well as by day, though other commanders urged me to sleep in the carts or motor ambulances during night treks. But this I did, partly because it was obviously the only way of being always on the alert, and partly also in order that the soldiers should feel that I was not asking them to do what I would not do myself and that I was sharing with them the difficulties of the route.

We travelled slowly—an average of a kilometer an hour, and I was agreeably surprised at the number of hours during which it was possible to remain in the saddle without fatigue. At Prishtina, for instance, I was ordered to press forward without halt till we reached Dresnik, and, owing to terrible roads and congestion of convoys, I was three days and three nights on horseback, almost continuously, with only an hour or two here and there of outspan for rest and food for the animals. But the only inconvenience I felt was the difficulty of keeping awake. That, however, was an insignificant trouble compared to the tragedy which every day became more and more of a reality.

As expectation of help from the Allies ceased, the only remaining hope was that the army might at least be saved from capture by the enemies and escape intact. The greatest danger on this score was probably after leaving Krushievatz. Between Kupci and Blatzi the road ran through a narrow defile, and there was grave fear that the Germans, who were already at Krushievatz, might overtake us from behind, whilst the Bulgars, who had by this time taken Nish, might dash across and cut us off on the southern exit.

Our column entered the defile at dusk on the evening of November 7th. On our right the road adjoined the river (Racina) and the hills came precipitously to the river's other bank, whilst on the left the mountains came steeply to the roadside. Progress was slow; there was no one to control the traffic and the narrow road was blocked with columns. The difficulty of getting into the line and preventing one's column getting shunted by more influential columns was great. A waggon somewhere in front would stick in the deep mud and hold up the whole procession for miles. In such case drivers would lighten the load by pitching the contents of the waggon into the river, and one had to watch pretty carefully lest one's own drivers should adopt this simple method of easing the burden for their oxen. Or perhaps a wheel would come off, or some slight accident impede progress, then the waggon itself would be thrown into the river or hurled down the precipice.

At 1.0 a.m. the block seemed permanent. There were no officers about, and the soldiers all assumed that the deadlock was unavoidable, and that nothing could be done. But I rode forward to try and discover the reason, and found, as I had suspected, that

some of the oxen had come to the conclusion that, enemy or no enemy, it was bedtime, and they were calmly lying across the road, whilst the complacent drivers—as there was no space on which to rest their animals by the side of the road—acquiesced, and themselves sat round the inevitable wood fires, not sleeping—they never seemed to sleep, or eating—one seldom saw them eating—but just gazing into the red ashes. I therefore called one of my soldiers, and, dismounting, walked with him up the line of the columns ahead of us, and kicking the oxen out of their slumbers, made them give us passage room, and we proceeded. We reached our camping ground, half-way through the defile, at 6.0 a.m., after a twenty-five hours' ride.

Truly remarkable was the dignity and orderliness with which, from start to finish, the retreat of the Serbian Army was conducted. And the silence! Hour after hour, day and night after day and night, week after week, thousands upon thousands of soldiers, trudging wearily beside their slow-paced oxen, or with their regiments of infantry, or driving their gun-carriages, or, as cavalry, riding their horses—in silence. No laughter, no singing, no talking. The silence of a funeral procession, as indeed it was. A silence only broken by the cries of the drivers to their oxen—Svetko! Belia! Napred! Desno! Levo! (Svetko! Belia! Forward! To the right! To the left!)—and the ceaseless rumbling of waggon wheels, which sounded like the breaking of an angry sea on a distant pebble beach.

I have, since my return, re-read accounts of the retreat of Napoleon's army from Moscow, and though we were spared some of the horrors they endured, there were two features in our Serbian retreat which were happily absent in the other. The retreat in which we took part was the retreat, not only of the Serbian Army, but of the Serbian nation. This meant that thousands of women, children, and old men, driven from their homes by the advancing enemy, were, in ever-increasing numbers as we progressed southwards, adding to the difficulties of the safe retreat of the army, by mixing amongst the columns of artillery, cavalry, infantry, engineers, field-hospitals, &c., and swelling the procession. Waggon filled with household treasures, beds, frying-pans, chairs—even geese slung head downwards at the back of the cart, or balancing themselves with curious dignity upon the uneven surfaces of indiscriminate luggage, a look of pained astonishment on their faces at having been rudely removed from their own comfortable pastures.

But, most frequent and most painful, waggons filled with little children—the oxen, weary and hungry, led by women also weary, hungry, and footsore. I saw one woman dragging by the rope

two tired oxen, drawing a waggon in which were eight small children. Another woman, not wealthy enough to possess a cart and oxen, was carrying two babies—one on her back and one in front. In one of the crushes which frequently occurred, the baby at her back was knocked off by a passing ox.

The congestion occasioned by the retreating of all the various convoys of the army, 150,000 strong, with their innumerable horse and ox waggons, plus the fugitives with or without waggons—on bad and narrow roads—was the more dangerous, because the enemy—four enemies, the Germans, the Austrians, the Bulgars, and sometimes the Arnauts or Albanians—were close upon our heels. At one bridge, so narrow that passage could only be effected in single file, it was reckoned that 5,000 waggons were at one time struggling for places in the line.

From Barchinatz, in the north of Serbia, to Scutari, near the coast of Albania, this sad cortège wound its way, like a writhing snake—without beginning and without end—slowly, at oxen pace—along roads which sometimes looked impassable with mud and holes and broken bridges.

At Ypek, on the Montenegrin frontier, we were told that the roads would henceforth "not be good," and that we must cut our four-wheeled waggons in half. We therefore, like everybody else, sawed them in two, left the back portion behind, and "carried on" with the front half. As half a cart is only half as large as a whole cart, this meant that half our hospital material had to be abandoned. I gave it to a hospital at Ypek. The motor ambulances I gave to the Prefect of the town, to burn if the enemy should arrive.

After two days of travel, on tracks which grew more and more impossible, I received orders to burn even the two-wheeled carts and proceed as best we could with any ponies we might have had the prevision to buy. Of ponies and horses we had eighteen.

By this time, all hope of help from the Allies had vanished, and the intensity of the tragedy to the Serbian nation was revealed. The journey, on foot, over the mountains of Montenegro and Albania, from Ypek to Scutari, is for thousands of human beings a memory which—owing to the mental as well as the physical suffering endured—will cause life to be seen henceforth through darkened spectacles. Roads ceased, and even the tracks were mainly those trampled by the multitudes in front. Over passes five thousand feet high, between mountains eight thousand feet high, snow, ice, boulders, unbroken forest, mud-holes, bridgeless rivers. And always those pitiless mountains! Mountains with steep, snow-covered slopes—or mountains of grey, bare rock—precipitous, shutting out for thousands all hope of return to home and nationhood.

As the physical difficulties of the route increased, the difficulty of securing bread for men, and hay and corn for the oxen and horses, increased also, with the result that the track became more and more thickly lined with the dead bodies of oxen and of horses, and—worse still—of men. Men lying dead by the roadside—their eyes staring at the irresponsible sky—and no one could stop to bury them. Men dying by the roadside—and no one could stay to tend them. It was all a combination of mental and physical misery, difficult to depict in words. Many of the fugitive women, when they saw the mountains and were faced with death from cold, fatigue, and starvation for themselves and children, returned to their Germanised villages. They were between the devil and the deep sea, and they chose—the devil!

It took our column three weeks to walk from Ypek to Scutari. During this time we slept in the snow on the mountains, or on beech leaves in the forests, with occasional shelter in the huts of Montenegrin or Albanian peasants—who were in general, however, not too hospitable. During three days water was unprocurable, but fortunately there was plenty of snow, and we melted this for tea-water. The ponies and oxen ate or drank the snow as snow, and often had to be content with decayed beech leaves for their food.

We reached Scutari on December 20th, eleven weeks from the date of our departure from Kragujevatz. At Scutari I surrendered the command of the column, as there was no further work in prospect, and received the thanks of the Crown Prince and of the military authorities. They seemed specially pleased that I had been able to bring my little company of soldiers intact, without deserters, through Serbia and over the mountains—a little journey of about eight hundred miles—to Scutari, then the temporary headquarters of the Serbian army.

But the behaviour of that army, as it came under my observation, under circumstances usually provocative of demoralisation, was marvellous. Though every step which those soldiers took led them further away from their families, their homes, their country, and mental depression must have been extreme, I never heard or saw a soldier say or do anything which could have given offence to the most fastidious girl, and I am thankful if I have been able to render to this army and to the Serbian people, whom I love and respect, even the smallest service.

M. A. ST. CLAIR STOBART.

REPORT OF THE ROYAL COMMISSION ON VENEREAL DISEASES.

THE Report of the Royal Commission on Venereal Diseases throws a lurid light on the extent and severity of the two chief complaints which come under review. Gonorrhœa is generally responsible for six weeks' immediate disablement, which may be a serious item in a soldier's career, and it is attended with risk of intractable rheumatism, which may lead to further disablement. It may give rise to a fatal form of infective heart disease, and its late result may be a lesion of the urinary passages, which renders old age miserable. When conveyed to a female victim it is responsible for a great deal of protracted abdominal suffering, and is one of the chief causes of sterility. To the new-born child of a mother suffering from this odious infection there is the formidable risk of a virulent form of ophthalmia, which is responsible for one-third of the total number of cases of blindness which arise after birth.

The other disease which has been dealt with in this Report is syphilis. The far-reaching manifestations of this disease have long been known to the medical profession, but they have never been so mercilessly exposed to the general reader as in this Report, and, it may be added, with a conclusiveness dependent on the rigid tests of exact biological methods. It is not only the early constitutional evolution of a malady having some analogies with the acute specific fevers—rash, sore throat, malaise, &c.—with which we have to reckon, but with the liability to subsequent invasion of almost every organ of the body by infective lesions, which damage and cripple, even if they do not destroy. Most distressing are the lesions of the nervous system—the damage to the blood-vessels of the brain and spinal cord, followed by nutritive failure of the tracts supplied by those blood vessels, which come upon men often in their prime and shorten and ruin many a life of brilliant promise. Locomotor ataxy and general paralysis of the insane are examples of these late manifestations. Quite as important are the inherited results of syphilis. The importance of conservation of the birth-rate in these times leads us to emphasise the fact that syphilis is the dominant factor in premature still-births. When

an infant who is the subject of inherited syphilis is born, the usual time of the appearance of the visible signs of the malady is when it is a month to six weeks old. But, as with its parents, the subsidence of those early signs is far from being a guarantee of future well-being. • At the age of four or five years, or later, the subject of inherited syphilis develops signs of intractable damage of the eye, and it may be of still more intractable damage to hearing, also grave indications of brain failure are apt to occur, and early, though sometimes protracted dementia may supervene. There is nothing more pitiful in the study of venereal diseases than these innocent victims, who show a premature wreck of the nervous system and advancing, though sometimes prolonged, degeneration.

The Report would be a dismal and depressing document indeed but for the clear and useful exposition of the methods, new and old, which have been evolved for the treatment of these diseases. The sections devoted to this branch of the subject illustrate in a striking manner the fact that, though rational empiricism and experience have been helpful in the early days of medical treatment, yet that prolonged scientific investigation of the *vera causa* of the disease has led ultimately to the successful method of neutralising the poison. The discovery of the *spirochæte*, which is the organism causing this disease, the tracing out of its natural history as a living being, and of its effects on the human tissues has been the most important and necessary step towards dealing with the disease. Further, the remarkable chemical test, called, after its discoverer, Wassermann's test, applied to the blood serum, has led to the diagnosis of the disease even years after the original infection, as a still existing though latent and lingering poison. This has made our knowledge more exact and comprehensive. We have had abundant evidence for years past of the benefit of certain metallic compounds in the treatment of syphilis. Ehrlich's discovery of salvarsan, a complex arsenic compound which has a remarkable selective effect on the *spirochæte*, has been a brilliant addition to our armamentarium. The safe and effective employment especially of this last substance, combined with intermediate use of the older remedies, has inspired us with fresh hope for the eradication of the disease.

There seems to be solid ground for hoping for far more certitude and accuracy in treatment and permanent result than at any previous period of history; but it is to be remembered that this treatment is costly as well as somewhat complicated. Special training is required in all its details in order to insure its being safely and effectively administered. Also, experience shows that in order to deal with the risk of relapse cases should report themselves at intervals, and that the Wassermann test should be

re-applied, in order to ascertain the possible existence or recrudescence of the poison, which should be treated by a fresh injection of salvarsan or of one of its derivatives.

The contention of the Report is that so widespread and virulent a disease, when there is a fair chance of dealing with it effectively, should be treated on national lines. All the arguments which were urged in favour of the anti-tuberculosis propaganda apply with equal force to syphilis. But we must add, alas! one still more cogent and special argument. From the time when syphilis was recognised as a specific entity in the fifteenth century, history shows that its ravages have taken on renewed and widened activity in the period succeeding a great war. Judging from past experience it may be absolutely predicted that at the close of this war there will be a dissemination of syphilis in many of the country districts of this land, where it has hitherto been scarcely known. It is also equally certain that in our Colonies there will, in like manner, be dissemination of this disease. Surely it is the duty of a Christian Government to take measures which are sound and accredited to meet this terrible peril to our imperial race.

The Report wisely urges that existing machinery should be utilised. First, provision should be made for skilled and accurate diagnosis. Arrangements should be made for the laboratories in connection with medical schools, and those connected with the departments of medical officers of health to make the necessary tests whenever required. Secondly, treatment centres should be established at hospitals, both at those associated with medical schools and at county hospitals of good repute. Third, to meet the needs of the working-class, a certain number of evening clinics should be established.

It is urged that special diagnosis, when imperative in doubtful cases, and that special treatment should be free. Whether any method could be devised by which those who are able to pay should be encouraged to do so is a detail for subsequent consideration. At the London Male Lock Hospital one guinea is charged for complete salvarsan treatment, and is readily paid in most cases, and if patients cannot afford this amount the treatment is administered without fee. The cost of establishing treatment centres will no doubt in any case be considerable. It is proposed that 25 per cent. of it shall be defrayed by the municipalities and 75 per cent. by the Treasury. In spite of our present financial stress, it is maintained that the national peril is so grave that we ought to leave no stone unturned in our efforts to secure that the treatment problem shall be financed by the State.

To those who ask how will the nation reap concomitant benefit from such expenditure, it may be sufficient on this occasion to

enumerate the following categories:—the increased working efficiency of large classes of the population, both as regards handicraft and brain work; the prevention of an enormous amount of the later manifestations of venereal diseases; the improvement of the birth-rate; the diminution of cases of mental deficiency; the great curtailment of the cost of asylum maintenance (especially if combined with an effective crusade against alcoholic indulgence); and the raising of the standard of responsibility for marriage and parenthood.

The National Council for combating venereal diseases was initiated shortly after the appointment of the Royal Commission, with a view to endeavouring to carry forward the recommendations of the Commission when they were issued, and to rouse the public conscience as to their urgency.

Hitherto its efforts during the war have been specially directed to giving voluntary warning lectures by medical men to large bodies of soldiers, with the sanction of the War Office, and also to courses of lectures addressed to social workers. Whilst continuing this necessary work, it is hoped that an educational propaganda may now be initiated, specially addressed to municipal bodies, but appealing to all men and women of goodwill who desire to grapple with one of the most potent causes of national degeneracy.

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WHY NEED WE BE POISONED ?

"Many more people die of over-eating than of under-eating."

—Sir Andrew Clarke.

IT is not a little humiliating to think of the precious lives lost, often inadvertently, through the over-indulgence of appetite, but few would deny the truth of the great doctor's words, and not only do we over-eat, but we eat the wrong things. And if anyone wishes seriously to set to work to examine and realise what is amiss, let him quietly study the science of dietetics, a study which, strange to say, does not form part of the curriculum in taking a medical degree. It is true that only in the last ten or twenty years has this study fully come into being; the compound microscope, that marvellous instrument that has taken a foremost place in modern scientific discovery, has really unveiled to us the mystery as to the components of our food. We now learn that our unfortunate bodies are the daily receptacles for dead matter, and though Nature is so forgiving as to enable some of us, through hard work, fresh air, and strong constitutions cleanly inherited, &c., to enjoy good health, in many we are storing up the germs of disease; this, in some form or other, at some time short of the natural span of man, will be causing illness of more or less degree, suffering and death, piteous and unnecessary, and crowding our hospitals and homes with the sick and the dying.

In the living herbs of the earth and fruits of the tree, resides that vital quality that is essential to our life and health. Our first parents were specially commanded to eat of the food that held life, *i.e.*, the germinating faculty :—

"And God said, Behold, I have given you every herb *bearing seed* . . . and every tree in the which is the fruit *yielding seed*; to you shall it be for meat."

On December 11th a friend invited me to accompany her to a lecture on food. It was much like holding out a straw to a drowning man, for all the doctors, after diagnosing my trouble as arthritis in the hip joint, had pronounced it incurable and only a question of more or less time to the final stage, when the joint would become

rigid. Each doctor ordered a different diet, the last one giving most satisfaction, by recommending absolute self-indulgence—"Eat all and everything, never rise hungry from the table"—a pleasant order to one who enjoyed her meals. (How well I remember a schoolboy frankly writing "My meals" as his favourite occupation in life, while the rest of the company were engaged in mentioning their various more intellectual pursuits!) But from that time the trouble grew steadily worse; light baths, violet rays, massage, inoculations (one hundred), Aix-les-Bains, Harrogate, iodine, Swedish exercises had all been tried; the ordinary paths had been conscientiously trodden, but all were unavailing. So I went to Mr. Aird's lecture, given in a private house. At first, the room being warm, the time *dopo pranzo*, the sofa comfortable, I listened drowsily and indifferently. Gradually, however, my attention was arrested by the straight and simple words, and by degrees they made irresistible appeal to my common-sense.

"And word took word as hand takes hand,
I could hear at last and understand."

I will give, roughly, the upshot of Mr. Aird's lecture:—

"The root-cause of disease is the habitual use of cooked, concentrated, preserved, and prepared foods; boiling, roasting, stewing, frying, changes the chemical components of the food, and destroys the life that is in it. It is, therefore, practically dead food that we eat. Disease is produced by auto-intoxication. It is almost true to say that children are born healthy, or, rather, with the power within them to become healthy; the ailments they develop are usually the result of mistaken treatment, chiefly in food. There are, of course, abnormal births, the result of the wanton breaking of Nature's laws in the past; but, in the vast majority of cases, the new child has its new chance. What can be thought of the wisdom of humanity, which, after centuries of experience, allows its young to die by the thousand?

"The use of milk after infancy, and when mastication is complete, is purely artificial. Nature has wisely placed this most nourishing food in the body of the mother, whether human or animal, so arranging that no intermediary hand, or receptacle, or delay intervenes. To cause the cow to supply milk generally for mankind, after her own calf is weaned, is obviously a perversion of natural law. Milk, being a most thirsty fluid, quickly assimilates any bacteria it may encounter, whether from the hand of the milker or from the receptacles that hold it, or from the various temperatures and atmospheres it has to pass through *en route* to its consumers. There is no fluid so nutritious, so perfect, for the infant child and animal. But in the cow all its inherent qualities are derived from the green food it consumes. If we require this nourishment after infancy, let us get it in the same way, from the living herbs of the earth. . . . To

know that we are able to be healthy and strong without having to impair or destroy life, is a logical condition of living. If we inflict pain on animals, how can we expect to escape pain ourselves? Life is a thing we cannot give, so what justification can we find for taking it away? To teach children to love animals and at the same time to encourage and sometimes, indeed, oblige these same children to eat them, is the result of erroneous thinking, or rather of no thinking at all. . . . In eating the wrong food the body is given labour it was never intended to perform; each organ was meant to mind its own business in its own way, instead of which it is forced to occupy itself with extra work, striving to eliminate the dead matter which is of no use to it. Hence the straining and overworking of these vital organs, producing diseases of the heart, the lungs, the liver, the kidneys, &c. . . . We cannot be in perfect balance because we supply our bodies with artificial food. Often we live in the fear of disease and death because we are out of balance. To regain this perfect balance we must supply our bodies with natural foods in the form in which Nature gives them to us. Live entirely on foods that need no cooking—fruits, vegetables, nuts—until you feel fit, and all discomfort, disfigurement, fatigue, and debility disappear; it is possible then to go back to the old diet—if you like. But the palate becomes a messenger from the body; once free of demoralisation it is transformed into an exceedingly delicate instrument, preferring what the body needs, disliking all that is unwholesome for it, differentiating between vegetables and fruits with the finest nicety. You will no longer be called upon to renounce; the palate will be your guide. . . . The total abstinence from all stimulants, meat, wine, soup, tea, and coffee will at first cause a reaction, and you will probably have to undergo a period of depression and debility. You will lose weight, as all unnecessary fat will disappear, but the muscles will be strengthened and the blood purified. Its circulation, as a natural consequence, will improve. Until you have solved the problem of disease there can be no real peace, no real happiness.

“Perfect balance, physical and mental, means—never feeling tired, never feeling ravenous, always feeling fit and adaptable; ready to do anything, ready to go anywhere, with anybody, at any time, in any weather, sleep anywhere, eat anything, wear anything. Spiritual balance signifies perfect peace and harmony under all conditions, complete independence of material things, a sense of direct relationship with the Creator, trust in life, and fearlessness of death.”

“Power, poise, and peace,” as Dr. Hooker sums it up. Words such as these seemed to find an answer as I listened. “Almost ‘thou persuadest me,’ and I resolved to start on the pilgrimāge by foregoing meat, tea, and coffee. For many years I had been impressed by the terrible amount of seemingly causeless suffering. Why was it that most people were ill at some time or other? Why were those who abjured meat so much more fit and healthy? Often I had wished for the self-command to try it. Partly laziness, partly greediness, partly inconvenience to others as well as myself, and,

above all, the sense of the enormous weight of medical opinion against it, had so far deterred me from making the experiment.

Now I started to make first-hand enquiries among those who had tried this simple remedy, and, after careful investigation, to my immense astonishment, I found the same result in each and all who had given the system a trial. Mr. William Fuller, of Storrington College, Pulborough, is now able to work in term-time seventeen and a-half hours per day, and with no sense of fatigue. He had suffered for eleven years with acute sciatica in both hips. For the first month the pain became worse, and he had to undergo the severe trial of the absolute scepticism of all his family and friends. He had to preside at a table loaded with the food he liked best; daily he was told how terribly ill he looked; but he had promised Mr. Aird to give the system a full trial; that he would touch no drugs, however terrible the pain. In the second month the pain decreased day by day; he lived and lives on tomatoes, oranges, bananas, and apples alone. At the end of the second month all pain was gone, and so great was the "release of energy," that he walked twenty-seven miles without practice and without fatigue. This is nine months ago. His own doctor has examined him throughout, and finds every organ and the whole condition in perfect order.

I might weary my readers if I described each case I have investigated. They are not less striking, and names and addresses would be supplied to anyone who asks for them, so intensely grateful are those sufferers who have obtained relief. One other must be related. She is a servant employed in the nursing home which received me as its first fruitarian patient. She had been in hospital for twelve months, her complaint diagnosed as tuberculosis of the glands. The glands in her neck had been all removed, leaving long gashes, plugs placed in them to keep them open; there was also a sinus between the mouth and one of the wounds. She had been amply fed on the best (so-called) nourishing food, but last November, being told by the doctors that her case was hopeless, she went home to die. Dr. Stenson-Hooker, who happened to be in attendance on her sister, removed the plugs from her wounds, and fed her on fruit juice. In a fortnight all discharge had ceased, the sinus had closed, and the wounds were healthily healing. In six weeks she was well, unutterably thankful and happy, and able to take a situation. Dr. Stenson-Hooker (45, Caithness Road, West Kensington), an extremely delicate man, constantly ill, and weighing thirteen stone, started the non-meat diet fifteen years ago; he dropped to nine stone (his weight ever since); never has he had a day's illness from then until now, and his wife has the same record.

The most aged of Mr. Aird's disciples was eighty-two when he started the diet: after one year's trial he has now cast away both his sticks, his asthma has gone, and he is in fuller enjoyment of work and life than since he was a young man.

This system differs from any other so-called cures and treatments in this crucial point—that there is no money in it. It is in no sense a commercial enterprise; no doctor is needed, no medicines, foods, patent or otherwise, no drugs are used, no expense incurred, no fees have passed. It is so economical that Mr. Aird, his father and his daughter, have no food bills or house-books, for they live entirely on what grows in their own garden.

William Aird, of Scotch descent, was born in Camberwell in 1870. He was educated at Aske's Haberdashers' School, Hatcham, S.E., and entered a rough engineering shop at fifteen on five shillings a week. A year later he passed on into a big electrical business, where he became assistant. In 1887 he invented and patented a darning machine, of which half-a-million were sold. Up to the year 1913 he carried on scientific investigations and research in his laboratory, alongside of his business. He was able to continue this research work at the Royal College of Surgeons, the Natural History Museum at Kensington, &c., &c. It was his own very bad health and the prospect of being a father that started him on his quest. He was keenly alive to his parental responsibility, and in his mother's family there was a very bad consumptive record. In 1914 he bought a cottage and orchard in Sussex,* giving up all his engineering work to devote the whole of his time and energy to the service of man, for it was something in the nature of a discovery that he had made, and this after years of most patient investigation. There were those who had discovered much at various times on the same lines, but none have arrived at so complete a system. By careful watching of all that passes in and out of the body, he believes that infinitely surer data of its condition is provided than all other means generally taken. All his discoveries having been made by experimenting upon himself, he has now reached the perfect balance physically, mentally, and spiritually: he considers himself immune from disease, and will gladly prove it by offering his own body for experiment and inoculation. All his time since he gave up his engineering business has been devoted to nursing, writing, and lecturing, with hardly a moment to spare. Often he works the whole night through; twelve hours' sleep he considers sufficient *for the week*. He can do this with absolutely no sense of fatigue. When the sick come to him for advice, he frequently establishes them in a little shanty in his own garden, often sleeping outside it,

* Avalon, Sompting.

so as to be ready to attend to the needs of the sufferer. He is absolutely without sense of cold, and even though he may get wet through during the night in the open, he never catches cold.

It seems to Mr. Aird nothing short of a miracle, through years of suffering and struggle, through untold battle with prejudice, to have at last reached this condition of perfect health. He is on fire with the passion to reveal to others what he has himself attained. All commercial enterprise is distasteful to him; so long as he has sufficient to support his own life and that of his father and daughter, he is glad to place everything at the disposal of others, giving his experience freely to any and all who have come to him for advice. Nursing homes he regards with considerable suspicion as being usually in the first place money-making concerns, with healing only as a secondary object.

But I had not the courage to start this system by myself in my own home, amid the jeers of friends, and the poignant anxiety and incredulity of family and household. For this reason some of Mr. Aird's followers made arrangements with Mrs. Rees, 1, Fairfax Road, South Hampstead, to receive any patients who wished to try the system fortified by the moral support of others doing the same, without having any choice or chance of other food. (Mrs. Rees would give any information required on receipt of a letter enclosing a stamped envelope.) Mr. Aird lectures at 153, Brompton Road, at 3 o'clock on alternate Thursdays (April 13th and 27th) for the benefit of any who care to listen and learn. It is too soon to speak for myself, but so far there is a great improvement, and all pain in repose has already left me. I must confess that the diet is most repugnant to me, never, unfortunately, having cared for fruit and plain vegetables; but there is no doubt that the fact of a great war and the need for stringent economy act as a mighty incentive in refraining from the food that is most agreeable. For breakfast I eat one banana. For luncheon and dinner a vegetable salad and a little more fruit. Often I find myself, like Captain Scott, or General Greely in Arctic regions, picturing the food I might have, *under other circumstances*.

There are three common fallacies which will always be boldly stated as uncontroverted truths, whenever this diet forms the subject of conversation or correspondence.

1. "One man's meat is another man's poison."

You might as well say that one man's fresh air is another man's poison. The natural food of man and the pure air of heaven are both *in more or less degree* essential to all mankind.

2. "The conformation of our teeth proves man to be a carnivorous animal."

But our teeth are not like those of cats and lions and tigers and

other carnivorous animals, though our molar grinders resemble much more those of the vegetarian horse. Dr. Keith in his latest book* (pages 151 and 190) incidentally gives valuable testimony as to ancient man having the molar teeth seen in herbivorous animals.

3. "Absence of meat must rob us of strength and virility."

I would ask these objectors to read *The Natural Food of Man*, by Hereward Carrington (published by C. W. Daniel, 1912), one of the most exhaustive treatises on the subject. On page 279 they will find the photograph of the strongest man of his day, Lionel Strongford, vegetarian and fruitarian, who could lift with one hand above his head a bar-bell of 312 lbs. (Sandow's maximum being 250 lbs.), and who could bear on his back and shoulders and raise a weight of over 8,000 lbs.; a truly magnificent figure, muscles splendidly developed, and every part of the body perfectly proportioned.

There are three other classes of objections, too complicated to deal with here:—

1. The authority of the ages and the authority of the doctors.
2. The divine origin of pain.
3. Heredity.

It is obvious that these would require several volumes. They really do not hold water, plausible as they may seem.

Moreover, all creatures intended to eschew meat, animal as well as human, have been provided with a more or less lengthy alimentary canal—all meat-eaters with a short one. It speaks volumes for Nature's patience and forbearance that, after generations of disobedience, man is still endowed with the long canal.†

At the Mildura Hospital, Australia, the results of the fruitarian diet‡ must astound any but the most narrow and prejudiced person. The Head Physician tells how, out of 166 cases of typhoid, only two died; out of nine cases of appendicitis, without operation or drug, not one died; in all other cases of illness there is the same record. The almost complete absence of complications is one great advantage of this diet.

And Dr. Josiah Oldfield, the king of fruitarians, though not nearly so exclusive as Mr. Aird, has much the same experience at his hospital§ in Kent. Dealing specially with surgical cases, he relates the immensely greater facility under this treatment; the weakening of shock and of inflammation after operation. *In two thousand operations* treated on the fruitarian principles, he only lost one case in the last ten years. In reply to my question, "How

* *The Antiquity of Man*, by Arthur Keith, M.D., &c., &c., President of the Royal Anthropological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland.

† See *The Natural Food of Man*, page 34.

‡ See *The Fruitarian Diet*, published 153, Brompton Road.

§ The Lady Margaret Hospital at Bromley.

"do the fruitarians prosper in your hospital?"—with an incredulous glance at me—"Why, no fruitarian, barring accidents, ever comes into hospital; all who come are, without exception, meat-eaters."

In Mr. Aird's experience, no "itis" or inflammation endures, unless treated with stimulants, meat essences and jellies, &c. The food of wild or unfettered animals is natural food, food with its life unimpaired, with its germinating principle untouched. Man, alone of all created beings, lives on artificial or cooked food, yet man scientifically is simply the most highly developed of all animals. Our health depends mainly on what we eat, our health being in direct proportion to that part of our food which we eat in its natural state; before us lies the choice of being well or ill. In some form or other, sooner or later, the body will rebel; if we persist in poisoning it, illness will appear; and if we outlive it, will postpone the day of reckoning. It will find some vent by means of which it will get rid of the poison; for instance, in growths, benign or malignant, by removal; in abscess, through discharge; in fever and pain, by hæmorrhage or the action of the skin, Turkish baths, &c.; in indigestion by sickness. Nature and Science are very resourceful, and find many ways of eliminating the poison and giving us a new lease of life. It was an absolutely new light to me to regard illness as an outlet and a safeguard. One instance specially comes back to me. The splendid health of a lady who for fifty years had never spent a whole day in bed. Suddenly and mysteriously she fell ill, seriously ill. Great was the consternation of family and friends and doctors. Where could she have taken the poison? The poison was in her own system. The body had at last rebelled and this illness, while it appeared to endanger, in reality saved her life.

But even if this could be demonstrated on so large a scale and for so long a period as virtually to amount to proof, it remains exceedingly doubtful whether the majority of mankind would consent to practise it. So accustomed are we to having our palates tickled and our senses gratified by every variety of artistically prepared food, so much do we look forward to our meals as social events breaking the monotony of life; we would prefer the chances of pain and sickness and shortened lives, rather than the renunciation of deliciously cooked breakfast and luncheon and dinner; besides which there is undoubtedly a class of persons who literally "enjoy bad health," and there are many who are totally unable to receive a new idea. They are generally over sixty, and, as Mr. Balfour wrote on a historic occasion, "no longer adaptable."

We profess to be greatly shocked with the man-eating pro-

pensities of savages. I do not now refer so much to the cruel killing of many of the animals we eat, but I ask the question: "Is man a 'refined or a gross feeder?' " He actually eats with relish animal organs which, if we once paused to realise their functions in the bodies from which they are taken, such as kidneys—and liver, purposely diseased, we should shun with the uttermost horror and disgust. On our mixed diet we grow fat, and we mistake bulk for strength. To its stimulating properties we ascribe our energy; seasoned foods, fermented drinks, cause our eyes to sparkle and our blood to tingle; we are encouraged by the illusion that it is they that cause us to get the greatest enjoyment, and the best and richest out of life. If only the gouty and the paralytic, the rheumatic, the dyspeptic, the arthritic, the neurotic, and the neuritic would each year live on this diet for a few weeks, it would benefit them infinitely more than all the waters in the world. So infinitesimal is the nourishment in meat and bread, they have to be taken in abnormal quantities. In the natural diet pretty nearly the whole of it is nourishing, the amount consumed is about one-quarter in quantity and one-sixth in cost.

M. Paul Carton,* the distinguished French doctor, has been watching for years the much hoped-for cure of consumption through air and excessive feeding. He has found its ultimate failure, save in the case of very early symptoms. He has discovered the benefit of an opposite *régime*. He writes of the cruelty of over-feeding not being practised in his Sanatorium.† "I am tracing 'my furrow,' he says, 'in a direction opposite to that of the 'majority of my colleagues. I know the inveterate prejudice, the 'deep-rooted errors I have to fight, but where the cause is just and 'of the first importance, if we are faithful, the change will be 'accomplished.' "

Dr. Robert Bell, Half Moon Street, is enduring the same struggle against deeply-rooted prejudice. It is common knowledge that as a cancer specialist for the last forty years,‡ he was so virulently attacked that he was advised to go to law, and, the libel being established, he was awarded £2,000 damages. In spite of the beneficial character of his experiences, as placed before the public in the trial, the Imperial Cancer Research Fund authorities have refused to investigate his cures. The same ignoring plan has been pursued in the case of the late F. W. Forbes Ross, M.D. Edin., who gave his life to the study of *Cancer, Its Genesis and Treatment* (Methuen). No vegetarian or fruitarian doctor, I am told, has ever been examined by this body of men, though their testimony would be invaluable. It

* *Consumption Doomed*. C. W. Daniel.

† At Brévannes.

‡ See *The Cancer Scourge*, by Robert Bell, M.D., published 153, Brompton Road.

is said that there are about ten thousand fruitarians in London only. When one thinks of the twenty-seven thousand doctors in this kingdom, whose profession obliges them to live on disease, one can understand how they are forced to devote the whole of their brains to the cure, not to the prevention of disease. They are such a splendid company, so devoted, so self-sacrificing, so dutiful and untiring in their work, which of us is there who has not experienced one among them as the "beloved physician" and friend? We must long for their conversion to Nature's diet, that we and they might reap the benefit and blessing of perfect health. Except through their own fault no one need be hungry, no one need starve. Our country could grow sufficient fruit and vegetables to support a population, without imports, far greater than its present number, in perfect health.

There are three things fundamentally important in a man's life—the air he breathes, the clothes he wears, and the food he eats: of the three the third is infinitely the most important, as it is vital to his life. Can it be said that the utmost common sense has been brought to bear on any of the three? I have now stated the case to the best of my power, and nothing remains but to make the appeal. Not so much on the score of health, but because of the supreme necessity of drastic economy, do I venture to ask the upper and middle classes (those classes who are the chief consumers of luxuries) to aim, at all events while the war lasts, at a radical change in diet; to halve and halve again the amount that we wastefully eat. It is true that we have to live by probability. "Probable evidence" is the guide of life." How much is really proved of what we accept from medical advice? And here is this notable fact. A number of miscellaneous persons have discovered that they can live, with greater strength and health, on half or a quarter of the food they till lately consumed. Mr. Aird will undertake to keep any working man, in any position in life, in health on about sixpence per day. Let us start by foregoing the early cup of more or less poison most of us drink each morning in bed, and eat fruit only for breakfast. Later on dinner might be dropped, salad and fruit substituted—most satisfying as well as most nourishing. Last of all (and least important) luncheon. Physically, we shall unquestionably be the healthier; mentally, should we not be the happier? The doctors would be free to make munitions or go to the Front, the men cooks could enlist, and the women cooks could nurse or give their services to one of the many industries crying for their help. This appeal is not made to the shining ones of the earth, or to those who walk humbly in their footsteps. It is made to the weak, the self-indulgent, the greedy, the gluttonous, and the selfish by "One of Themselves."

MARY DREW.

HENRY VAUGHAN AND OPTIMISM.

IN troublous times like these there are two precepts in the New Testament which cause perplexity in some minds, secret derision in others, but in a few a profound reverence. They are these. St. Paul says: "In everything always give thanks"; and similar to it is Christ's order: "Be not anxious." Both enjoin upon us an habitual temper; but we are inclined to believe that at certain times in our experience it is advisable to forget such sayings altogether. For instance, we have reason to estimate highly the good side of the German thoroughness. But has not that thoroughness been based for fifty years at least on the very temper which Christ forbids? If the Germans had not been *anxious* about their future, Essen would not be at all the place it is, nor Gallipoli; and our casualty lists would by now have ceased.

But this paper is not concerned with the ethics of anxiety so much as with those of thankfulness; and I propose to consider some passages of a poet who has lately recovered some of the high estimate he ought never to have lost: Henry Vaughan. There is much of interest which might be thought over about his poems as literature; his points of contact with Donne, George Herbert, Wordsworth, and Milton; his debt as a metricist to Herrick; how far Dean Inge's remark is justified that he is occasionally flat, which George Herbert never is; and many other questions which I leave to those who are competent to handle them. For the present let us investigate what Vaughan thought about the ethics of thankfulness in dark days.

We may prepare ourselves for something the reverse of disappointment in one important respect. Vaughan preaches thanksgiving without giving us the impression that he is a *shallow* optimist: one, that is, who can talk cheerfully because he does not know what it is to have the sky heavily overcast. If, as I believe, there is real comfort to be drawn from his lofty and musical strains, it must be because, like the Psalmist and Dostoievsky,* he knows

* Cf. on the latter THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW for August, 1915.

what it is to "go down into hell" and "there also" find God. First, however, we will take some lines that only speak of praise without hinting at the tragedy of life:—

THE BIRD.

"Hither thou com'st: the busy wind all night
 Blew thro' thy lodging, where thy own warm wing
 Thy pillow was. Many a sullen storm—
 For which coarse man seems much the fitter born—
 Rained on thy bed
 And harmless head.
 And now, as fresh and cheerful as the light,
 Thy little heart in early hymns doth sing
 Unto that Providence Whose unseen arm
 Curbed them and clothed thee well and warm. . . ."

So far there is little more than sheer delight in a lovely phenomenon of Nature, the unfailing joyousness of birds, as shown by their readiness to sing early every morning.* In connexion with the beginnings of daylight we next notice:—

THE REVIVAL.

"Unfold! Unfold! Take in His light
 Who makes thy cares more short than night.
 The joys which with His day-star rise
 He deals to all but drowsy eyes;
 And, what the men of this world miss,
 Some drops and dews of future bliss.

 Hark how the winds have changed their note!
 And with warm whispers call thee out;
 The frosts are past, the storms have gone,
 And backward life at last comes on.
 The lofty groves in express joys
 Reply unto the turtle's voice;
 And here, in dust and dirt, O here,
 The lilies of His love appear."

The message of these stanzas is in the last two lines, which strike a deeper note than the others. They take in the fact of the sordidness of life, but from the point of view of recovery. There is all the difference between dust as an emblem of death, and of renewal: and here the secret of Vaughan's optimism is disclosed.

With far more precision the poet explains himself in an elegy: written probably on the death of a young man of twenty years;

* I speak under correction, but do not most of our common birds sing lustily for at least an hour *before* they eat anything? What would happen if human beings all did the same? It should be noticed that like many godly writers Vaughan speaks of the first hour of the day as a time of joy and quickening. But we ordinarily treat the time before breakfast as if we were hardly alive at all. In this fact there is food for reflection.

curiously appropriate to much sorrow now prevailing among many nations :—

“ Yet had our pilgrimage been free
And smooth without a thorn ;
Pleasures had foiled Eternity,
And tares had choked the corn.
Thus by the Cross Salvation runs ;
Affliction is a mother
Whose painful throes yield many sons,
Each fairer than the other.
A silent tear can pierce Thy throne,
When loud joys want a wing ;
And sweeter airs stream from a groan,
Than any arted string.”

At the same time, if a writer is optimist it may be, not because he has a pale idea of suffering—Vaughan clears himself from that reproach—but because he shuts his eyes to the real kernel of the matter, sin. Does our poet understand sin ? If not, his consolations will only reach the outer chambers of our hearts. For instance, there are many millions of sufferers whose pain is due to the destructiveness of war, but there are some who find bewilderment added to grief, because they know that war, for all that there is glorious about it, is yet the offspring of a huge mass of human sin, spread in different amount over all nations. What has the poet to say on this most solemn theme ?

He rises to a great height of boldness in showing what may be called sympathy with his Creator :—

THE ECLIPSE.

“ Whither, O whither didst Thou fly !
When did I grieve Thine holy eye,
When Thou didst mourn to see me lost,
And all Thy care and counsels crost ?
O do not grieve, where'er Thou art,
My grief is an unending smart,
Which doth not only pain, but break
My heart, and makes me blush to speak.
Thy anger I could kiss, and will ;
But, O, Thy grief—Thy grief doth kill.”

So far Vaughan makes it plain that he will not contemplate the grim fact of sin except in the light of the fact of God's love. The bringing of the two facts together invariably produces what we call penitence, and the poet hints here and there at a very wonderful truth : that penitence is the secret of certain great blessings such as joy and hope.

First, as to the reality of the fact of sin :—

“ O God ! I know and do confess
 My sins are great and still prevail :
 Most heinous sins and numberless !
 But Thy compassions cannot fail.” . . .

In the following passage Vaughan labours to show that in this world the truest praise to God is inextricably bound up, and intertwined with, the sorrow caused by sin. The lines, though perhaps over-ingenious, are most melodious :—

“ Since I in storms used most to be
 And seldom yielded flowers,
 How shall I get a wreath for Thee
 From those rude barren hours?
 The softer dressings of the spring,
 Or summer’s latest store,
 I will not for Thy temples bring,
 Which thorns, not roses, wore.

“ But a twined wreath of grief and praise,
 Praise soiled with tears, and tears again
 Shining with joy, like dewy days,
 This day I bring for all Thy pain.
 Thy causeless pain ! and sad as death
 Which sadness breeds in the most vain,
 O not in vain—now beg Thy breath,
 Thy quickening breath, which gladly bears
 Through saddest clouds to that glad place,
 Where cloudless quires sing without tears,
 Sing Thy just praise, and see Thy face.”

Here the very elaboration of the structure of the second stanza testifies to the firmness with which the poet handles his conception. Again, in the quaint description of the stagnancy of the human soul under the figure of a shower exhaled first from a “ drowsy lake,” Vaughan ends with this prayer :—

“ Yet, if as Thou dost melt, and with Thy train
 Of drops make soft the Earth, my eyes could weep
 O’er my hard heart, that’s bound up and asleep ;
 Perhaps at last—
 Some such showers past—
 My God would give a Sun-shine after rain.”

In other words, the tears of penitence are the softening of the hard crust of the human heart : the first stage in the process of offering praise. Still more plainly the two stages are treated as one in the poem called “ The World.” After describing false ideals as shown by the “ doting Lover,” the “ darksome Statesman,” and the “ fearful Miser,” the poet marks the true aspirants after the divine :—

" Yet some who all this while did weep and sing
And sing and weep, soar'd up into the ring." . . .

This "ring" is the circle of Eternity. Weeping and singing blended together is here given as the note of Godliness; the characteristic of the select few who rise above worldly ideals.

Penitence, then, according to Vaughan's teaching, is a source, or anyhow an accompaniment, of the deepest joy. Boldly stated, this is a paradox indeed. Some of us know very little of penitence except that it is a form of sorrow and pain: and we are accustomed to think of joy and sorrow as opposites. Keats, however, agrees with Vaughan in his beautiful roundelay:—

" Come then Sorrow,
Sweetest Sorrow!
Like an own babe I nurse thee on my breast:
I thought to leave thee,
And deceive thee,
But now of all the world I love thee best."

Much else doubtless might be quoted. But we must make sure that the sorrow spoken of is the sorrow for sin; and we may profitably go on to one or two passages in the Bible where the matter is put beyond a doubt.

Ps. 51.—"Against Thee only have I sinned" . . . and soon after: "But lo! Thou requirest truth in the inward parts, and shalt make me to understand wisdom secretly." "Thou shalt make me to hear of joy and gladness, that the bones which Thou hast broken may rejoice." No wonder that this Psalm is *par excellence* the penitential Psalm, because it brings a message of joy and gladness and the understanding of "truth in the inward parts." Moreover, when the diction becomes almost harsh it is in order that the exact truth may be stated, "that the bones which Thou hast broken may rejoice."

In another Psalm, the 77th, there is a striking verse. After describing his utter bewilderment and distress the poet says: "When my spirit is in heaviness I will think upon God . . . I will complain." That is, he brings the thought of God into his problem, but in a complaining way, and so the tone of the poem does not become hopeful for more than a moment. It sinks back again in verse 9; but in the next the crisis of the drama comes: "I said, it is my own infirmity: but I will remember the years of the right hand of the Most High."*

* That is, God's *power* and *everlastingness*: so in our great penitential collect (for Ash Wednesday) we pray to the Almighty and Everlasting: and go on to ask for a new and *contrite* heart, as for something really desirable. It may be that the Hebrew of Ps. 77, 10 is different in tone from the English translation. If so, we owe the thought to our translators instead of to the poet of the original. But is that any reason why it should not be attentively pondered?

From that moment the poet's tone becomes thankful and full of awe.

But perhaps more than all others in the opening of St. John's first letter we find this uplifting fact proclaimed: that in the bringing to bear of the truth of Christ's Incarnation on the problems of life lies the secret of "our joy": this joy is stated just before to be the joy of fellowship; and just after the Apostle insists that the same great truth will convince all true-hearted learners that they have to admit sin in themselves (vv. 3, 8, 10). The words are so packed with deep meaning that I can only refer to them here without attempting to explain them: only recording my conviction that in times of national peril among the many thousands who are longing to help their country, there must be many who might profitably begin by reading anew the First Epistle of St. John.

When we talk of national peril to-day, what do we mean? And how is it connected with national penitence?

The peril is not that we shall be enslaved by the Germans—at least the likelihood of it is dwindling—but that we may be disappointed by an inconclusive peace of a glorious hope. The hope is that if things go really well for the Allies, Great Britain will be enabled to take the lead in a great advancing of the moral banner of mankind. This is no figure of speech. Britons all over the world are in a favoured position for understanding the greatness of their task, and then for undertaking it, and then for fulfilling it. The task is one of a mighty and far-reaching conciliation: of joining together groups of human beings now sundered by conflicting interests or alienated by misunderstanding. It takes no less than five forms—that is, it demands the highest that we can give in five vast departments of human activity, and for each and all the British race is peculiarly endowed. But we may easily fail to see the opportunity.

The five departments are as follows:—(1) Conciliation among the leading nations of the world, that they may think about the interests of humanity, not the separateness of nationalities.* (2) Conciliation of the States of the British Empire in what is called Imperial Federation. (We need to reflect on the greatness of the opportunity missed when we alienated the American States at the end of the eighteenth century.†) (3) Conciliation of groups of Britons now at strife in Labour problems, unable to understand that their interests are not divergent, but identical. (4) Conciliation between sections of Christians who have to learn that isolation of different aspects of truth is ruinous, and that edification means true coalescence of

* Cf. the masterly article in *The Round Table* on "The End of the War."

† *Ibid.*

ideals.* (5) Conciliation among political groups, and radical modification of our party system.

It is obvious that Great Britain, owing to the temperament of our race and to our geographical position and to our history, is exceptionally well qualified to deal with (1), (2), (4), and (5), and that in respect of (3) we suffer from no peculiar disability. (It is well worth remarking that War has made us turn our thoughts directly on to our Labour problems; not only because they hamper the output of munitions—in this, the wayfaring man shall not err—but because the hope of our achieving anything for mankind lies in our grasp of the principle of conciliation quite as much in one department as the other. We begin to see that foreign and home politics are not separate subjects.) Indeed, it is not too much to say that not only now in the War, but after it, everything depends on Great Britain being true to the principles of *Imperium et Libertas* which we, not by our clearness of sight, but by the gift of Heaven, have understood, so far, better than others.

The horror of an inconclusive peace—a kind of *uti possidetis* resting on mutual exhaustion—would be that the barbaric spirit rampant in Germany would continue to drag us all along the miry roads of narrow nationalism, of mistrust, deception, and beggary-neighbour, when all the time we might set our feet on the open hills of confidence and co-operation, so that our ways would be ways of pleasantness and all our paths peace. Till the hideous thing is cast out or bound we cannot begin in any effective hopeful fashion to grapple with the huge but most inspiring task to which we are plainly called. Imagine, then, the change in life's prospect if the different States in our Empire were firmly federated in a bond without bondage; on the principle of the individual development of each, but also of the responsibility of each for the strength and cohesion of the whole! We need to see clearly that if we try to fulfil this vocation of ours to be the model to the world of Federation on principles of Liberty, there is involved the duty of making or keeping ourselves as strong as possible—that is, with a strength which is not “militarism,” but merely the ordered response of each individual to one great need of the community: the manifested need of Imperial service. People have jeered at the breakdown of the maxim, *Si vis pacem para bellum*, and rightly as long as it was taken in the light (or rather darkness) of a selfish nationalism; but it is not impossible now that every young farm-labourer, every shop-assistant, every clerk, shall feel himself and herself, while under training, as part of the greatest organisation for the preservation of peace that has ever been imagined by man.

* A notable work on this subject is *The Church and Religious Unity*, by H. Kelly. (Longmans.)

In 1770 we failed to see the vision, and great was the tragedy. But again—perhaps for the last time—it has dawned upon our eyes.

If it be asked what all this has to do with Henry Vaughan and his Optimism, I would answer, first and most obviously, that we, the component parts of the British Empire, have to learn the beginning of penitence, which is to see, not without deep sorrow, where and why we have missed opportunities in the past, in order that we may seize them now. Less obviously, but quite as truly, everything depends on the spirit of conciliation being widely diffused; but conciliation is greatly helped by a readiness, in groups now separate, to admit that they have failed where they need not. Less obviously still, but far more truly, we have been told that there is joy in Heaven over one sinner that repenteth. What must there be, then, if the repentance were not of individuals, but of a group of nations trying to bind itself together for the realisation of a very great hope?

E. LYTTTELTON.

PARIS AND VERDUN.

WITH their usual acumen in psychology the Boches struck at Verdun to frighten Paris. They are good fighters, they have good heavy guns, they are splendid craftsmen with flame jets and choking gas, they are not good at understanding their foe. They had a military plan, of course, in hurling their best men, under the field glasses of the ancient Haeseler and the only Kronprinz, against one of the strongest positions along the French front. They sacrifice their best men without a qualm; they do not absolutely waste them. They are not stupid soldiers. But they are stupid psychologists. I trust the Parisian popular instinct that said, "This is for us." Paris is learning at last to understand the Boche character, which, in its more amiable aspects, is cunning and ingenuous, thorough and obtuse, crafty and silly. The Parisian character is probably the contrary, and sees things quickly, but does not carry them through. The Boche mind patiently elaborated its conception of France, Paris, the French and the Parisians, and clings to it, and acts up to it stolidly and doggedly, even on the battlefield.

Were there ever better traits of German artless artfulness than these two? At the height of the fierce, well prepared, well-carried out, indeed skilful and gallant German attack in the first days of March, two German *mots d'ordre* went out to the German press, thence to the pro-German press among neutrals, meant finally, of course, to obtain echoings in the press of the Allies. The first was the spreading of the German Emperor's order, saying the attack was now to be made upon his "chief foe." The second is to be found in the sudden buttering up of French courage, French soldierliness, French heroism by the German press: we are doing great things, and the greater because our foe is brave and noble and heroic in defence against our attack. First, the threat with the boast: we strike at the strongest part of the foe who is our chief foe. Then the flattery: he is a brave, wonderful, leonine foe, we never met such a foe—and there had been flattery already in the threat. Frighten, then cajole; make big eyes, then pat on the back; and keep this up while bloody fighting goes on at Douaumont.

The French have a good figure for this: it is all "sewn with "white thread." Any un-German eye sees the thread instantly; apparently the German eye never supposes that any other eye will see it. Do the Boches really imagine they can frighten Paris now or flatter Paris now? Was the Paris that passed through August, 1914, to be cowed in March, 1916? Are the French in a temper to accept German compliments on their courage? The Boches, who will never learn and never understand, are, I am convinced, perfectly sincere. I do not doubt their being quite hurt because what they said about French courage round Verdun has not been taken in good part. How wrongheaded of the French not to appreciate the pretty things said of them in March, 1916, by the *Frankfurter Zeitung*! The Boches, aiming through Verdun their second big blow at Paris, aimed their 17-inch compliments as well, and were honestly disappointed at the result. They had shoals of newspaper correspondents in Paris before the war, who "ran" parts of Paris and, for instance, ruled the foreign Press Gallery in the Chamber of Deputies completely. They are now in neutral countries supplying their press with "Paris Correspondence." They count upon resuming their activities in Paris the moment the war is over, probably with increased prestige. It is they, in the meanwhile, who scold France, threaten France, mourn for France, tell her how plucky she is, and where (*Gott strafe England*) her real interests lie. And they will be really surprised and even hurt when, on coming back to Paris after peace, they find they are not welcome again.

Paris was not frightened and was not flattered. The ex-Paris correspondents of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, the *Kölnische Zeitung*, the *Berliner Tageblatt*, and so on, who lived twenty years in Paris and never knew Paris, will be surprised to hear how Paris did stand up to the blow on Verdun. One might almost say (were it not for the memory of the Chasseurs who have died defending Verdun) that the attack was a welcome healthy tonic for Paris. We were a little drifting into "business and pleasure" as usual, with which London began, and Paris certainly did not begin, the war, and which London has dropped and Paris thought of taking up. After all, the nearest point of the German lines is almost sixty miles from Paris, and Zeppelins, of course, no one bothers about. Paris had almost thought of going on living—"if one may venture to talk of living these days," said the old Parisian. We were, in fact, getting used to the war. "I really "believe" (said an old, quite an old, and generally pessimistic *boulevardier*, who sighs for the war of 1870, because he was of an age then to fight in it) "that I am getting reconciled with this "war, and might almost say I shall miss it when it is over." In

short we, the old and less old, Parisians were settling down. After the tragic days of August, 1914, Paris in February, 1916, thought she was doing her bit by just living, like the man who passed through the French Revolution. What sort of novels would be written after the war? What would the stage be like after the war? Those and other questions, equally unanswerable and idle to answer, came up. "Business as usual," in fact.

Not that Paris was trying any such monstrous thing as to forget the war (with maimed soldiers at every turn in the streets, and the invaders still at Lille), but she was taking some moments of respite, not indeed unearned. They were cut short on February 20th. We were not taken back to those tragic days of September 1st, 1914, and the very pessimist, measuring the distance between then and now, is cheered. But we were brought within measurable distance of them. Verdun is a great name, nothing more as fortresses go in modern warfare than a name, but one the enemy thought worth giving up 100,000 lives for. A position, also, which once held might, amateur strategists surmised, open up again the road to Paris. The amateur strategist, who had been somewhat slumbering on the French front, and had of late exercised his dangerous imagination only in the Balkans, then awoke suddenly to activities much more nearly concerning home. The "*monsieur bien informé*," the person "having access to special sources of information," became at once particularly virulent. He throve for a fortnight. He came into cafés, secrets of strategy bursting out all over his face, and button-holed you with "Now, this is not hearsay; this I *know*. . . ." He pursued one at one's work, he pursued one in one's leisure. He proved his facts with a pencil on your staff map, he knew that the heavy artillery was here and ought to have been there, he knew that this general had been sacked and that one promoted by Joffre. As a matter of fact, six different persons "having access to special sources of information" each informed me, in turn, that General X., near Verdun, had been removed from his command. All the six had got the wrong end of the stick. General Y. was removed from his command. General X., about whom the "best informed circles" in Paris persisted in talking for a fortnight, retained and retains his. The "*monsieur bien informé*" is one of the worst minor evils of the war. Think what it is for the poor modest writer trying to write when he is visited daily by the "*monsieur bien informé*," pouring his information into him, and by the person "who sees things as they are" (no pessimist, of course) coming weeping into his waistcoat.

It is not altogether the fault of the person "having access," &c. In France, as in England, the ruling idea of the men who

fight, or more accurately of the men who plan how the other men shall fight, is that whoever is not military shall sit at home quietly reading novels, and wait until the war is over to find out how it went on. "Pourvu qu'ils tiennent." "Qui ça?" "Les civils," said what will remain as Forain's most famous cartoon. They do, but they cannot actually lie still like lambs. Hence the Paris of the days of the attack on Verdun. The French in the first fortnight of the attack lost 35,000 men *hors de combat* against the German losses of 160,000, both figures being, of course, approximate. These figures were not disclosed. Why not? Civilians must wait while the military make war. Hence the terrors of censorship, and "Anastasie" put Clemenceau (not to mention other lesser ones) away for a week, for having said that the French have no heavy artillery near Verdun, which is ludicrously wrong, as Clemenceau would know if he had been there. Why not let "the wrecker" say it, and then prove him wrong?

I think the "monsieur bien informé" and the quarrels with "Anastasie" proved a healthy temper in Paris during the onslaught on Verdun. They were not after all, they were not at all, the days of August, 1914. Then there were no quarrels with the censorship, there was no time for them, and there was no time at all for persons with exclusive information to go about imparting it in cafés and newspaper offices. Paris does not altogether herself understand even now how confident she is. The people knows that it will win. Not "well informed circles," but the people, that knows what it wants and will have. I think the people of Berlin must feel less sure. The people of Paris knows more and more surely every day what it means to have and will have—victory. The attack on Verdun never shook its trust or resolution an iota. The alarmist, of course, used his chance in the faubourgs as well as on the boulevards. But one had only to talk with the small folk. They often were alarmed—who was not? They had husbands and sons in the Woevre, they had wounded husbands and sons back from Douaumont, who said it was hell there, as it certainly was. They did not like the war, they hoped you (suddenly turned into a "monsieur bien informé") could assure them it would be over this year, they never were for wars at all, they hated this one, and they wanted peace. "Ah, monsieur, when shall we have beaten them, these Boches? They do take a long time beating. This Verdun attack, it may delay us. It shows they still have a stiff kick in them. That is bad. We shall not have them under as soon as we thought." And the café owner, the waiter, the lady behind the desk, the horsedealer who is an *habitué*, the old carter who had just looked in with a consignment of syphons, the munition worker who lunches there

daily, the old gentleman who takes his *chambéry-fraisette* there daily at 12.15, all shook their heads dismally. They were pessimistic. The beating of the Boches might take months more.

Not to beat the Boches was an idea the little café had not had any more than the men at the front have it. I did not go to Verdun the other day with the immense journalist who went thither, and whom the French military police most improperly would not let in. But I was there a few months ago, and was taken over the present field of battle. Verdun is held by an army many of whose men fill every visitor with admiration, respect, and, I may say, love. The Chasseurs, in their dark blue with tam o' shanters, are those I remember best. They are one family, from grizzled colonel to boy of nineteen, encamped joyfully in the woods on the Hauts de Meuse when I saw them. They have just come from a fight, and will go to another to-morrow. A good many men lost their best pal yesterday, and to-morrow many more will go down in their turn. To-day they build rockeries and gardens in the woods, and make marvellous toys and write out inscriptions in pebbles. "Sidi Brahim," their great battle-song, is the favourite. They are big, delightful children. Grey-haired officers, boy-looking soldiers crowd round one, to take snapshots (of that curiosity, the civilian) and to be taken, and bell-like laughter rings out, and every boy talked to chatters delightedly and delightfully about his own particular stunt in the rockery garden of the Chasseurs (the pet show-place for visitors in the Tranchée de Calonne)—and the boy who made that other stunt was killed yesterday (pebbles have just that morning, in what had been his corner of the garden patch, recorded his departure), and this boy will be killed to-morrow. And of those I saw in the Tranchée de Calonne a few months ago, how many live now? "Well, you see," said the colonel, "they have all already given up their lives to start with. That makes it all so much easier, doesn't it?"

"Ça, c'est vrai," chirped in a lieutenant of twenty-two, interrupting his colonel shamelessly, and the colonel turned sharply round and smiled. When they spoke with me, that curious beast a civilian, all crowded round, soldiers and N.C.O.s and subalterns and superior officers, each eager to get his word in, and all were just men—Chasseurs. An officer turned to a private, giving an order: they were pals a second before, both talking to me; the soldier suddenly stiffened to attention, the officer spoke with authority. The next second both were talking easily to me again. This wonderfully flexible adjustment of comradeship and discipline is what makes the French Army. I noted a curious thing. One of my guides, a French Staff officer, bore a famous Hungarian name, that of a family of old Hungarian aristocracy

but long since become French; I made some such remark about comradeship and discipline admiringly to him. "Yes, our system has its advantages—and its drawbacks," and, though ever so little, drew himself up and away from the Chasseurs around us. The Magyar had come out after generations in the Frenchman.

An old dear (I cannot call him otherwise) of a general from Africa, comically ugly, in an extraordinary blue knickerbocker suit, with a knobbly small tree-trunk for a walking-stick; a company's cook frying potatoes with the master finish (I tasted them) under very nasty shellfire; the keen young artillery captain in a curious jersey suit and carpet slippers who showed me with delightful and poignant eagerness all his plans of the Eparges height just opposite us, which is French, and the Camp des Romains height south of it, which is still Boche; the greybeard (1888 contingent) who reported in the Tranchée de Calonne "quelques marmites, mon colonel"; the boy who lay on a stretcher, white except for the reddened bandage on his head, and never murmured, and whom one of those *marmites* had just hit; the other greybeard who, in the few stones left of a village in the Woevre, said to the staff officer, "I like this, being among the boys, it makes me feel twenty again," and who blurted it out so simply that one could not help smiling: these also I remember round Verdun. Faces and tempers jotted down among thousands.

Refugees came from Verdun to a beer tavern in the Faubourg Montmartre, where they were polite about the beer, but missed their own beer of the Meuse. On their flight, after days in cellars ("Our Verdun cellars are superiorly built," they put in with pride) under never-stopping shellfire, a flight on foot, in carts, in open railway trucks in snow and biting cold that killed several little children, they seemed to remember two things: the civilians they left behind in Verdun, three in number—a pastry-cook woman, a horticulturist, and a geologist—who all refused to go; the troops they passed going battlewards all shouting to cheer the civilians up, all singing about the Boches "Passeront pas, passeront pas," to the ancient tune of "Les Lampions," with which Paris theatre-audiences hurry up scene-shifters when the curtain won't rise.

A lieutenant wounded outside Samogneux said in hospital: "The whole place was swept by artillery fire. Every hillock smoked like a volcano. Every second, at every step, shells made new holes in the ground. Whistlings and whinings and rumblings through the air, with a crash each time to end up, never stopped for days and nights. We managed to sleep, too dog-tired to care for shells or noises or dead bodies or scattered bits of dead bodies or wounded men screaming. Every one of us had long since said good-bye to life. The way the men stuck

"it was fine. It really was just 'conquer or die.' We all made a bonfire of our letters and our little personal belongings. By a wounded soldier I sent a postcard to my father and mother, "Probably b—— up. Last love to all.'" The original is "Probablement f——. Dernières amitiés à tous." The lieutenant was wounded, trundled five miles in a wheelbarrow by "two devoted drummers" through the usual rain of shells and through blazing villages, reached hospital, and winds up with "Had the devil's own luck."

While the Lorraine spirit of the Verdunois remains, and while such men as these fight for Verdun, it is idle for the Germans to think of frightening Paris or France by striking at Verdun. "The grandsons before Verdun have shown themselves even greater than their grandsires before Metz," the German papers are good enough to say. This sort of thing also is no good. It exasperates the French more and more; that is a thing the Germans apparently are not yet near understanding. The French will not forgive or forget in this generation or for several to come. German compliments are an added insult, and France even smarts under "Gott strafe England." The Boche, sooner or later, will find out what French whole-hearted hatred means.

LAURENCE JERROLD.

THIRTY YEARS OF GERMAN RULE IN EAST AFRICA.

OF late a certain section of the daily press has, by means of shaded maps, brought forcibly to the notice of the public at home and abroad the extent of European territory temporarily wrested from the Allies by German arms, but no one has shown the reverse side of the medal, which conclusively proves that, in Africa, Germany has lost great and valuable territories.

General Botha's brilliant campaign has brought South-West Africa under the British flag. Togoland has gone the same way, while the German occupants of the Cameroons have been driven into the adjoining Spanish territory. Now all the world is following the carefully planned expedition of British and South African troops which, under the command of General Smuts, has set out to correct the mistake made earlier in the war, in attempting an attack on Tanga with insufficient reinforcements, which ended in withdrawal after severe losses.

Little is known of German East Africa by the British public, so, having been privileged to visit the country a few months before the outbreak of war in order to study its Fibre industry, I deem the present occasion favourable to give a short account touching the development of the country during its thirty years of German rule.

It is doubtful if any district in Africa possesses more beautiful scenery than that section now known as German East Africa. Bordered on the north by our British possession and on the south by Portuguese territory, the German Colony is situated between the Equator and the eleventh parallel south, and covers double the area of Germany itself. From its beautiful but enervating coast, the land rises steadily, in a series of healthy plateaux, to the apex of the continent, Kilimanjaro (19,680 feet). It is interesting to recall that this silent peak, once British, was, when the Colony was formed, brought within the German boundary out of deference to the Kaiser, then Prince William, at the instigation of Dr. Carl Peters. The varied climes of this undulating land produce manifold types of vegetation, and few regions of the earth boast such a plethora of plant and animal life, for the forest is alive with a vast army of furry creatures. The flight of gaily plumaged birds amongst giant trees, the hum of insects and the flutter of myriads of gaudy butterflies of dazzling hue and varied form, impress one with the almost uncanny beauty of the African wilds. Nothing in this sacred

precinct curbs the exuberant joy of untamed bird and beast, ever at play or at work, unconscious of fear, till death-dealing man disturbs the harmony. In this vast primeval forest each hour possesses its own distinctive beauty. Life throbs and pulses day and night in ceaseless activity and in deep passion of love and hate. And behind all man, now, alas! in bitter conflict, slowly shapes the destiny of this noble land for the enjoyment of generations yet unborn.

The development of the country owes a deep debt to the zeal of missionaries, who with indomitable courage and enterprise penetrated the jungle and opened wild regions to civilising influences. Not only German, but British and American missionaries have laboured in friendly co-operation, eight of these missions belonging to Protestants and three to Roman Catholics, and as yet no Kikuyu controversy has jarred the feelings. An interesting experiment is that of the Brueder Gemeinde of Herrnhut, who initiated in Kyimbila an interesting trading scheme which rendered the mission wholly or partially independent of outside financial support.

The influence of British and American missionaries amongst the natives may play an important part, should the Protectorate be annexed to the British Empire, as Germans lack the happy knack of winning the sympathy of natives, and the tendency has been for these to gravitate to British areas, thus denoting an allegiance which should facilitate a change of flag. Seven and a-half million natives inhabit the Protectorate, and about seven thousand Europeans of various nationality, mostly German. The native population is very unevenly distributed; it is comparatively dense in the Urundi and Ruanda States, which contain, respectively, one and a-half and two millions (one hundred and ninety persons to the square mile), but other districts barely count ten inhabitants to the mile, although capable of supporting a denser population than a European country. Some districts are threatened with race suicide, and Government has been trying to tackle this problem. The sparse European population must be vastly augmented if a development is to take place commensurate with the importance of the Colony. As yet its wonderful resources are scarcely touched, and ever greater possibilities are opened to view as prospectors dive deeper into its recesses.

German Colonial life was at a low ebb, and feebly flickered for several years subsequent to the early occupation, but progress was greatly accelerated after the visit, a few years ago, of Prince Heinrich of Prussia.*

* Between 1909 and 1911, some two hundred and sixty plantations, containing 220,000 acres, were sold by Government, which has altogether leased 425 plantations of 575,000 acres.

The various Colonial Institutes called into being by German expansion began to attract good men to the development of the African Protectorate, and useful work was done both at home and abroad. The Deutsche Kolonialgesellschaft, with 43,000 members, the Deutscher Kolonialverein, the Deutsche Landwirtschaftsgesellschaft, and the Hamburgisches Kolonialinstitut were instrumental in awakening a lively interest in Colonial matters, and they encouraged the inception of Colonial Schools to assist in a practical application of science to tropical agriculture. Further, they fostered the study of native languages, paying especial attention to Swahili, a musical vocal language which is the *lingua franca* of the East coast and is spoken by the majority of natives who reside near the sea.

An outstanding example of the benefit of German organisation is to be found in the Biological Agricultural Institute in Amani. For some years it has been under the leadership of Dr. Zimmermann, aided by a botanist, an entomologist, a chemist, and a scientific assistant. The station stands on a glorious site amongst the Usambara Hills, on a summit about 3,000 feet above sea level. It lies some fifty miles by rail from Tanga, the last few miles being traversed by a rough-and-ready, narrow gauge mountain line, with primitive rolling stock and infrequent service of single waggon trains. Its climate is peculiarly well suited for experimental research, the monsoon bringing a fairly regular annual rainfall of sixty to seventy inches. Amani has contributed so largely, not only to the success of German East Africa, but to the general service of science, that it is worthy of special mention. The buildings comprise laboratory, museum, herbarium, library, and accommodation for the staff and guests. Nothing could be more beautiful than its surroundings. For hours, threading one's way through devious paths, innumerable botanical specimens may be seen, a veritable paradise for students of tropical agriculture. Coffee, kapok, sisal, quinine, pepper, sugar-cane, vanilla, tea, wattle, hevea and ceara rubber, cocoa, and camphor grow to perfection. Here and there nurseries are established, and in one I found an unique display of dahlias and other European flowers in full bloom. The primary object of this station is to advise settlers as to the suitability of soil and climate for certain plants, to procure seeds or plantlets for the improvement of the stock, to investigate insect pests and give advice as to their destruction, to experiment in rearing of plants—in brief, to solve any knotty problems which may puzzle planters. Valuable work has been done in this Experimental Station, and its benefits have not been confined to German planters. I must cordially acknowledge the kindly courtesy extended to me during my stay in Amani.

Amongst many products tried in the Protectorate, the fibre-producing sisal (*Agave sisalana*), so largely used for rope making and reaper twine, may be deemed the most successful. Originating in Mexico, sisal was introduced into Africa in 1893. Three bales were exported in 1898 and seven tons in 1900, after which the progress in exports was uninterrupted, reaching the value of over half a million pounds sterling in 1913.* The Germans have proved the merit of this white, lustrous, strong fibre by adopting it for the use of the Imperial Navy, where it has for some years ousted Manilla hemp.

It is not possible to gauge what effect the neglect, due to hostilities having withdrawn European control from the plantations, may have had on the fibre industry, since every white man has been claimed for military service. Consumers are curious to know if the production is going to waste, but no news has been received from the Colony since the destruction by British cruisers of the *K nigsberg* which, after a successful marauding career, finally took refuge in a creek in German East Africa.

In addition to various important joint stock companies, there are in the Colony some five hundred private plantations mostly owned by individual Germans, but with a good sprinkling of Boers, Greeks, and a few Russians. These cultivate cotton, rubber, ground nuts, coffee, maize, pepper, &c., or rear live stock. Coffee is indigenous and, though subject to disease, is very profitable, if the difficulty experienced in ensuring adequate labour for the picking of the berries can be overcome, since it is essential, in order to obtain the best flavour, that the crop be secured within a few days of the maturity of the fruit. There are few more beautiful sights than a coffee plantation in this picturesque hill country, when the bright red berry is ripe for picking. The crop is not yet important, and a value of £95,000 only was exported in 1912, but the Colony bids fair to become as important a producer as Brazil, and the quality will be better than that of San Paolo.

Cotton has been tried as a catch crop, between rows of young sisal, but growers now prefer separate cultivation, and are aiming at the production of a quality little, if any, inferior to Egyptian. Some 35,000 acres were devoted to cotton in 1912, when the exports were worth £100,000. There are vast possibilities for this fibre in wide tracts of black cotton soil, in a congenial climate. Good

* The most important producer of sisal fibre is the Deutsche Ostafrikanische-gesellschaft, known as the D.O.A.G., with a capital of ten million marks (£500,000 sterling), owning many estates up and down the country. Nine other companies each have a capital of over a million marks (£50,000). Forty-seven plantations are valued at thirty-eight million marks (£1,935,000). Of these, twenty-one cultivate sisal alone, or alongside other crops. The shares before the war stood well above par, one company as high as 355 for a 100 mark share, others at anything from 130 to 200. They are almost entirely owned in Germany.

results are obtained from Kapok (*Eriodendron anfractuosum*), a tree cotton, little known, producing a vegetable down which is used for filling pillows, lifebuoys, &c., being very resistant to the action of water. At present its cultivation is almost exclusively confined to Java and India, but East Africa should suit it equally well, and the crop is highly profitable.

It is significant of British sea-power that, while the rubber now growing in German East Africa is going to waste, it would, if transported to Germany, sell at thirty-four marks a pound. This is only one example, though a good one, of the pinch which is becoming intolerable in Germany and will eventually end the war. While sisal cultivation, under healthy normal influences, steadily progressed, the rubber industry of German East Africa, goaded into feverish activity by the boom of 1910, rose to great prominence about that time. Settlers were attracted to the country by tales of fabulous profits, and they extensively planted rubber, especially in the Tanga and Bagamoya districts, also in the neighbourhood of Lindi. A few men realised their holdings at handsome profits, the estates eventually passing through devious channels into the possession of London Joint Stock Companies. The rise of rubber to twelve shillings per pound, the flotation of countless companies in many tropical countries, the wild gamble in shares and produce, and the inevitable reaction are too recent history to need reminder.

There were before the war 80,000 acres of rubber, seven plantations of the nominal capital of £945,000 being registered in London. These produce "Ceara" rubber from *Manihot Glaziovii*, one of the *Euphorbiaceæ*, a tree which yields a smaller quantity of poorer quality than *Hevea brasiliensis*, the so-called Para variety of the Amazon. As the latter can now be produced in the Straits Settlement and in Ceylon at less than one shilling per pound, while Ceara in German East Africa costs two shillings, and realises a lower price, the production of Ceara has recently become unremunerative. The inflated value of the estates, the increasing cost of production and scarcity of labour have given the industry a serious set-back, from which, in view of all the circumstances, it is unlikely to recover unless some new application of Ceara rubber to the arts should lead to an unexpected and substantial rise in price. The exports from the Colony were in 1912 valued at £421,000, an increase of £182,000 over those of the previous year. Presumably the tapping is not now being done, but the trees will not harm by remaining untended.

The Coconut, sometimes called the Consol of the East, thrives along the coast, and for a certain distance inland. It is estimated that there are 700,000 trees, and these can suffer little damage. Requiring little skill to plant, a minimum of attention, and less

African communication between the Indian Ocean and the Atlantic. A series of such undertakings, though they make less appeal to the imagination than the vaunted Cape to Cairo railway, are a greater commercial asset to Africa, since they open up the interior and permit the exploitation of vast tracts of land, at present too remote to warrant cultivation. Millions of natives are thus encouraged to prepare produce for the European markets, and the tribes acquire more settled habits, and by enlarging the area of arable land the recurrence of famine in their provinces is prevented.

From Tanga a short picturesque railway runs inland through a beautiful region, the far-famed fertile province of Usambara. The line terminates at Moshi,* near the foot of Kilimanjaro, tapping a rich agricultural district, as the best plantations border it. It focuses at Tanga a substantial export trade. It was intended to continue the construction of this line as far as Mwanza on Lake Victoria Nyanza, a scheme which would have introduced a lively competition with the British Uganda line, and would have benefited those settlers who reside some distance from the coast and who are handicapped by such heavy transport charges, that they are precluded from extending the cultivation of low-priced products such as maize and wattle bark. The line would open to tourists a most attractive circuit, starting at Mombasa, through the big game country, past Nairobi to Kisumu, the terminus of the Uganda line at the lake, then by steamer to Mwanza, thence through Moshi for a visit to Kilimanjaro, and returning to pick up the steamer again at Tanga. While Tanga is the centre for the export of sisal and rubber, Dar-es-Salaam takes the bulk of the imports. Cotton piece-goods, machinery, and rice are the chief items.

With imports valued at thirteen millions and exports at about seven millions, the excess of the former during the years 1905 to 1912 was about six millions sterling, an average of over £800,000 per annum, clearly indicating the liberality of German expenditure, and proving that the expenditure has not yet borne fruit.† Togoland being the only German Colony which paid its way, such excess may be due either to costly administration or to

* Moshi has just been occupied by General Smuts' troops.

† The following table shows the import and export values over eight years:—

	Imports.	Exports.
1905	£882,700	£497,500
1906	1,257,600	549,750
1907	1,190,000	625,000
1908	1,289,000	543,700
1909	1,697,100	656,000
1910	1,932,900	1,040,300
1911	2,294,600	1,121,900
1912	2,515,400	1,570,900
	<u>£13,059,300</u>	<u>£6,605,050</u>

military outlay, as we now clearly recognise that German preparation for war was not confined to European territory.

The Government of the Colony was on more ample lines than that of our adjacent Protectorate. Dr. Schnee, the Governor, was supported by some sixty officials at headquarters, in addition to a Commissioner and Secretary.* Each of the twenty-four districts had its own staff of officials, and a Legislative Council to assist in looking after the interests of the Protectorate. Its function was advisory, and though it contained both official and unofficial members under the presidency of the Governor or his nominee, it had no legislative authority. The unofficial members were elected until the end of 1914. What may since have happened one cannot possibly tell, as the Colony is entirely cut off from communication with the outside world.

There are courts of justice in Dar-es-Salaam, Tanga, Tabora, Mwanza, and Moshi, and a competent staff of surveyors and civil engineers for railway construction. Two important agricultural experimental stations, one of them Amani already described; three experimental cotton Government farms, and one fruit station have undoubtedly amply justified expenditure.

It is impossible within the limit of an article to do justice to the many lines of development started by the Germans in their East African Protectorate, but enough has been written to show the possibilities of this rich land. There is undoubtedly an abundance of mineral wealth, of which only mica has been so far worked on a very meagre scale. Gold has been found in paying quantities, but it was never seriously mined. There is every possibility of radium being found in considerable quantity and of exceptional purity in Morogoro, towards the South. Coal has also recently been discovered to the east of Lake Nyasa, not far from the British boundary.

Let no man question that in German East Africa there lies an Eldorado capable of vast possibilities, with many climates from torrid to temperate, awaiting the hand of willing and capable pioneers to turn to right account. The Protectorate has made a good start, and it is hazarding little to predict that it is destined to play a conspicuous part in the annals of history. Our children may live to see it become a busy scene of human activities and a perennial source of supply of valuable vegetable and mineral products for use in populous northern regions.

ALFRED WIGGLESWORTH.

* In contrast to British East Africa, there were in the German Protectorate in 1912 some sixty-six officers and forty-five Army doctors, troops both native and European, well equipped with machine-guns and other munitions of war.

SHAKESPEAR IN ITALY.

DURING the seventeenth century the state of religion and politics in England resulted in an almost complete severance of her relations with Italy. Travellers from the peninsula, once so numerous, became rare, and English literature was quite unknown. Shakespear, as we should expect, was not even a name. Apostolo Zeno, a man of vast learning, could write a music-drama, *Ambleto*, based upon Saxo Grammaticus, without having heard of *Hamlet*. But the cosmopolitanism which characterised the eighteenth century soon aroused curiosity about England. Antonio Conti, who was in this country between 1715 and 1718, is the first Italian to mention Shakespear. Driven to "Kinsington" by asthma, he met there the Duchess of Buckinghamshire, who showed him her husband's plays, *Cæsar* and *Brutus*, which are only "Sasper's" divided into two. "Sasper is the Corneille of the English, only much more original than Corneille, though, like him, he is full of great ideas and sentiments. I shall only mention his *Cæsar*, whom he makes die in the third act. The rest of the tragedy is taken up with Mark Antony's speech to the people, then with the wars and the deaths of Brutus and *Cæsar*. Could there be a more flagrant violation of the unities?" Very different is the tone of Paolo Rolli, who spent many years in England as teacher of Italian to the Royal Family. In the *Life of Milton* prefixed to his translation of *Paradise Lost*, for which he was put in the *Dunciad* by Pope, he says that "Shakespear raised the English theatre to unsurpassed heights of sublimity by his tragedies." He knows that *Othello* is derived from Giraldi Cintio, and in a reply to Voltaire's *Essay on Epic Poetry* he refers to *Henry IV.* and *Richard II.*, and points out that Voltaire is unacquainted with the *Tempest* or *Macbeth*, "which is to my taste the best English tragedy."

But isolated allusions by Italians who had been in England made little impression at home, where French influence was supreme at this time; and when a Frenchman of sufficient authority to command attention was forthcoming to rediscover England for the Continent, his weight was thrown into Conti's scale rather than into Rolli's. Voltaire's well-known criticisms of Shakespear in

the *Lettres Philosophiques* became the text upon which the majority of Italian writers based their opinions to the end of the century and beyond. Quadrio, for instance, whose *Della Stiroia e della Ragione di Ogni Poesia* is the first Italian work on literature to mention Shakespear, merely translates Voltaire. Carlo Denina shows some originality in going to the *Essay on Epic Poetry* for his more favourable comments. But Cesarotti compares Shakespear to the Colossus of Nebuchadnezzar, while Napoli-Signorelli considers that he shows no more knowledge of the rules of probability than the Chinese, since he crowds the events of thirty years into a single tragedy. He admits, however, that our plays have a fire and life that make the French seem to languish beside them like a delicate rose-colour beside a strong purple.

But a change came over Italy after the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748. Gallomania brought with it Anglomania as an antidote. Most of the English writers of the day found translators or imitators, though Milton was the only one of our early poets to receive his full meed of glory. More important for our present subject was the craze for the melancholy poetry of Gray and Young and for Cesarotti's blank-verse rendering of Ossian, which was being read everywhere in the peninsula by the end of the century, and helped to prepare the way for an appreciation of Shakespear. Though Voltaire's view is still the orthodox one, we begin to find more favourable judgments to set against it. A prose translation of *Julius Cæsar* was even published at Siena in 1756. The translator, Dr. Domenico Valentini, could never learn English owing to his natural impatience, but the play was explained to him by some English friends. The version is not distinguished, but it is pretty accurate. Considerable pains have been taken to reproduce the jokes in the first scene, which were omitted altogether by the French translator, La Place. The Preface, obviously inspired by these patriotic Englishmen, maintains that an unprejudiced reader will admit that Shakespear's great qualities far outweigh his faults. A reviewer of the day, however, found the number of the characters bad enough; but what was he to say of a savage who allows Cæsar to be murdered *coram populo*?

In 1754 everyone in Venice was reading the French translation of the *Spectator*, and Goldoni turned the craze to account in his comedy of *Il Filosofo Inglese*, where "Sachespar" is mentioned, as well as in the *Malcontenti*, which is dedicated to John Murray, the English resident in Venice. Though ignorant of English, he tells Murray, he has tried to profit by translations of our best plays; and he proceeds to some rather vague eulogies of "Sachespir." But he seems to have felt that he had gone too far, and the dedication was never reprinted. In the play itself we find a silly

imitator of "Sachespir," who combines tragedy with comedy, but the casual references require no more knowledge of Shakespear than could have been picked up in conversation. More genuine enthusiasm is to be found in the comments of lesser known men like Biccherà, or Calzabigi, or Borsa.

But Shakespear's ablest Italian advocate before the Romantic movement was Johnson's friend, Giuseppe Baretti. In his *Frusta Letteraria*, the little paper which made an epoch in Italian criticism, he roundly declared that Shakespear alone, both in tragedy and comedy, was "a match for all the Corneilles, all the Racines, all "the Molières of the Gauls," a transcendent poet "whose genius "soars beyond the reach of art." Johnson, we may remark, had recently sent him his edition of Shakespear. His *Discours sur Shakespear et sur Monsieur de Voltaire* (1777) is a vigorous attack on Voltaire's strictures, far abler than Mrs. Montagu's essay, though it failed to attract the attention it deserved, partly because Baretti's position could not compare with that of the Female Mæcenas of Hill Street, and partly because it was above the average intelligence of the day. Baretti, however, had lived so long in England as to describe himself as a kind of demi-Englishman. But this was not the case with Alessandro Verri, who, after spending a few months in London, returned a more confirmed Anglomaniac than ever. By 1769 he was translating *Hamlet*, and his brother is enthusiastic over his version of "To be "or not to be." At his death he left behind him complete prose translations of *Hamlet* and *Othello*, the first in Italian. The *Tomba di Shakespear* (1779) of Lorenzo Pignotti is another interesting vindication, though the author is clearly indebted to Mrs. Montagu's Essay which she had sent him. The poet is carried to Westminster Abbey, where Shakespear's ghost appears, laurel-crowned, between weeping Melpomene and winged Fancy, who touches Pignotti with her wand and shows him various scenes from Shakespear's plays, interspersed with quotations. Apollo enters upon a car with Garrick and the chief English poets. Shakespear is presented with Mrs. Montagu's "golden book," which has vindicated him against Envy's poisoned fang, a happy use being made of Voltaire's comparison of the poet to a tree in an English park which would die if cut to the formal taste of a French garden.

Undiluted Shakespear was, of course, impossible on the Italian stage at this time, but in 1774 Gritti's translation of Ducis's strange *Hamlet* was produced with great success at Venice and rapidly became popular. Yet Gritti begins his Preface by comparing it to the *Convitato di Pietra*, the old Commedia dell'Arte from which Da Ponte took the libretto for *Don Giovanni*,

"one of the most monstrous, but most popular of stage plays." The poet Monti also tells us that he had shed tears over *Romeo and Juliet* by 1779, and this rapidly became the play of plays for Italy. Madame de Stael says that in Italian it seemed to be restored to its mother tongue. Several versions of it reduced to the requirements of the rules rapidly appeared, and it was equally popular in opera. *Othello*, mangled in the same way, was hardly less popular, since it is the most Italian of the other tragedies. Moreover, between 1797 and 1800, prose versions of *Othello*, *Macbeth*, and *Coriolanus* were published by Giustina Renier-Michieli, a popular leader of Venetian society. They are translations of Le Tourneur, the French translator, rather than of Shakespear, and in no way distinguished, but they won her considerable fame in her day. Indeed, the younger generation was slowly learning to understand Shakespear; and in Vincenzo Monti, the most representative poet of the Napoleonic period, he found a warm admirer and imitator. The ghost in his tragedy of *Aristodemo* is obviously Shakespearean, and here, as in Monti's two other tragedies, there are frequent verbal echoes from *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *Henry VIII.*, *Julius Cæsar*, and other plays, while Opimio's speech over Emiliano's body in *Caio Gracco* owes everything to *Julius Cæsar*. But in construction Monti's plays are altogether classical. Italy had so long been sighing for a great tragic poet to provide her with the one crown she lacked that his appearance in the rigid reactionary Vittorio Alfieri was undoubtedly a severe check to the growth of Shakespear's fame. Alfieri himself was so far from being unacquainted with Shakespear that he was afraid of falling under his spell. "The greater the enthusiasm with which that writer inspired me, though I was well aware of his faults, the more determined was I to give up reading him," to say nothing of the fact that he was obliged to read him in French. Yet Shakespear was one of the twenty-four poets whose names adorned the silver collar with which he rewarded himself for learning Greek in his old age.

But during the Napoleonic epoch Anglophobia had superseded the earlier Anglomania, and was eagerly fostered by those in authority. Monti, as always, reflected the prevailing fashion, but his refined taste, reinforced by his friendship for Madame de Stael, preserved his enthusiasm for Shakespear intact. Frequent imitations can be found in his poems. Like most of his contemporaries, however, he owed all his knowledge of Shakespear to Le Tourneur, the importance of whose translation for Italy can hardly be exaggerated. Though Ugo Foscolo was, like Monti, classical in sympathy, he mentions Shakespear as a poet to be studied, and the hero of his *Giacopo Ortis* classes him with Homer

and Dante. But in the introduction to his translation of the *Sentimental Journey* Foscolo compares Shakespear to a forest fire, "which makes a fine display at night but gives out only smoke "by day." When he wrote this, however, he was learning English while serving as an officer in Napoleon's army of invasion for England, near Boulogne, and his views were rapidly being modified, though he was never a convert to Romanticism. "Who "does not see the faults and extravagances of Dante and "Shakespear?" he asks in a letter of 1809. "Yet who does not "feel his mind ennobled by reading those sublime authors?" Meanwhile, a volume of *Saggi di Eloquenza estratti dal Teatro di Shakespear*, which the author admits to be mere retranslations of Le Tourneur, appeared in Milan in 1811, and in the same year the first of Michele Leoni's translation of Shakespear, *Julius Cæsar*, was published there. The essay prefixed to the third edition of his *Arminio* (1812) by Ippolito Findemonte, is a notable sign of the times. The play was originally published in 1797, and the speech over Baldero's body is obviously imitated from *Julius Cæsar*, but in the Prologue he blames Shakespear, whom he calls Nature's "sublime child," for his want of art. Now, however, he must plead guilty to the unpardonable crime of observing the unities. And he proceeds to deplore the spread of the spirit of licence even to the theatre, and to attack Shakespear as the arch-culprit. The growth of Shakespear's fame is also proved by the fact that adherents of the classical school are ready to show us how his plays should have been written. Giuseppe Lugnani is the author of a *Macbeth* and Francesco Benedetti of a *Richard III.*, which duly begin at the culminating point of the story, and are strictly in accordance with the rules. Needless to say, they are both quite worthless. But the Romantic movement was close at hand, and when its leaders founded the *Conciliatore* in 1818, Aristotle's canons were in their eyes fetters to be thrown off as eagerly as Austrian rule itself. Naturally they were familiar with Shakespear, or at least with Le Tourneur, and adopted him almost as their gonfalon. "Do you remember the effect the reading of Shakespear "and Schiller had upon us," wrote Silvio Pellico, the principal editor of the *Conciliatore*, to his brother at the end of 1815, "how "the horizon widened before us!"

But the story of Shakespear in Italy in the nineteenth century centres round Alessandro Manzoni as surely as it centred round Voltaire in the eighteenth. Shakespear and Virgil are the greatest poets. "Anyone who wants to write poetry must read "Shakespear," said he once in the Countess Maffei's drawing-room. "How he understands all our feelings!" Elsewhere he is "great and unique poet" and "superhuman genius." Manzoni

made his profession of faith in a letter to Claude Fauriel about his tragedy of *Carmagnola*, the action of which lasts six years. While fully realising that Shakespear's own methods were indispensable for him, Manzoni did not himself adopt them in their entirety, like Schiller. The comic element is excluded from his two tragedies, and though the unities are not respected, his plays do not differ much from the classical model in construction. But Manzoni's debt to Shakespear went far deeper than the numerous verbal echoes that can be pointed out. Soliloquies, obviously modelled on those of Shakespear, are common in his plays, and he has even caught some of his tricks of style, such as his fondness for gnomic sentences. In fact, he has steeped himself in Le Tourneur's translation. Nor did his Shakespear studies cease with his tragedies. In his famous novel, the *Promessi Sposi*, he refers to "Banco's" ghost, and in Chapter VII. we read "between the first mention of 'a dreadful thing and the acting of it (said a barbarian not without 'ability) the interim is like a hideous dream, full of phantasms 'and terror.'" The first English translator took the remark literally, and wrote to Manzoni about it. He replied that he felt like the man in the comedy (*i.e.*, *Figaro*), who enjoyed being beaten by his wife, since it was a proof of her love, "in seeing you so 'angry with me in defence of my Shakespear; for, though I do 'not understand a word of English and only know him 'translations, I am so enthusiastic an admirer that it almost gives 'me pain to find others claiming to admire him more than myself." And he goes on to express his indignation at Voltaire.

Moreover, between 1819 and 1822 the final edition of Michele Leoni's translation of Shakespear, with Schlegel's Introduction and copious notes, as well as versions of Johnson's Essay and Rowes's Life, began to appear. It included *The Tempest*, *King John*, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Othello*, *Macbeth*, *Julius Cæsar*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Richard III.*, and *Hamlet*, both prose and poetry being done into verse. These were revisions of Leoni's earlier translations, but there were also new prose renderings of *King Lear*, *Richard II.*, and the two parts of *Henry IV.* The version is not very satisfactory, but was valuable in its day; and it appeared at a fitting moment, for by this time the battle was already won. Critics might approve of Shakespear's methods or not, but thanks to the efforts of the Romantics, they all recognised him as one of the world's great poets. Even the classical *Biblioteca Italiana* devotes a long article to Leoni's translation, the reviewer declaring that to try such a poet by the rules would be like trying a republican by the laws of a monarchy. The article is highly laudatory, much of the criticism being derived from Johnson's Essay. The last serious attempt to defend the crumbling ruins of

the old view was made by Count Pagani-Cesa in his *Sovra il Teatro Tragico Italiano* (1825). All Voltaire's criticisms are served up again and the author observes that, since the People rule England, they must have a place in the English theatre, but this is not the case elsewhere. The chief interest of this book, however, lies in the answers it called forth. The *Biblioteca Italiana* is as scathing as the romantic *Antologia*, which makes it a pretext for proclaiming its adherence to the new school in three elaborate articles (1826), and points out the absurdity of seeking to exclude the people from tragedy on the ground that they have no share in the Government after the French Revolution. Then, in 1830, Mazzini's well-known articles, "Del Dramma Storico" and "Della Fatalità considerata come Elemento Drammatico" were published by the *Antologia*. After this it is hardly necessary further to investigate critical opinion in Italy.

When we turn to the playwrights, we find that Manzoni has definitely fixed a standard, and that his followers generally remain on the safe side of the line he has drawn. Shakespear was, in any case, too well known for them to be able to borrow from him quite so openly as before. We do not propose to tabulate here the meagre results of a journey through the dreary deserts of the minor tragedies of the period in search of traces of his influence. G. B. de Cristoforis did, indeed, introduce a crude comic element into his "Sergianni Caracciolo," but it was not successful and found no imitators.

But though his greatness was by this time universally recognised, Shakespear had not yet won a place upon the Italian stage. The political condition of the country and the fact that its best energies were absorbed in accomplishing Italian unity may partially account for this delay. Gustavo Modena, who is generally admitted to have been the greatest Italian actor of the nineteenth century, and who counted Salvini and Rossi among his pupils, made an attempt at Turin with *Othello*, apparently in the 'forties. The rehearsals were carried on amid the gloomiest forebodings. When the curtain went up and Roderigo was heard to shout "What ho! Brabantio! Signor Brabantio, ho!" the audience began to whisper. What was it? A tragedy or a farce? And when at last Brabantio appeared on the balcony half asleep, from whispering they began to laugh and titter. They had read "Tragedy" on the playbill, and thought they must be listening to a comedy of Goldoni or Gozzi. A regular uproar ensued, and the curtain had to be lowered for good and all. Modena himself, however, was always an admirer of Shakespear, and was fond of quoting Hamlet's advice to the players.

Meanwhile a complete prose translation of Shakespear by Carlo

Rusconi had appeared at Padua in 1838. It is far more accurate than Leoni's, and Rusconi's version of *Hamlet* is still generally used in Italy. But Giulio Carcano's has now deservedly become the standard translation. He published some renderings of *King Lear* as early as 1839, and between 1875 and 1882 the final complete edition was published, in twelve volumes, two years before the author's death. A loyal disciple of Manzoni, Carcano has admirably adopted his master's blank verse to his purpose. In the more poetical and rhetorical passages especially, it often has a really Shakespearean ring.

Alamanno Morelli was the next actor to enter the field, and though his performance of *Hamlet* in an adaptation of Rusconi's version at Padua in 1850 failed to please, it was not a hopeless fiasco. But to Ernesto Rossi belongs the credit of first playing Shakespear successfully in Italy. He was satisfied with Rusconi's *Hamlet*, but considered that *Othello* ought to be in verse, and therefore persuaded Carcano, whose earlier versions he had read, to translate it for him. In 1855 he was with Ristori in Paris, where he saw the Wallack company perform Shakespear; and by this time he had even learnt enough English to follow the performances with the help of Rusconi. He also paid a flying visit to London to see Charles Kean, Edmund's son; in *Richard III.*, and was well received by the English actor, who gave him acting editions of *Hamlet*, *Richard III.*, and other plays of Shakespear. Then in the spring of 1856 he produced *Othello* in Turin. It was a real success, and was repeated several times. A fortnight later his performance of *Hamlet* was equally well received. As an actor Rossi did not appeal to Anglo-Saxon tastes, though he was long considered the best *Hamlet* in Italy. But he was intellectual and a genuine Shakespear enthusiast, as is proved by his translation of *Julius Cæsar* and his studies of various Shakespear characters in his *Memoirs* and elsewhere. In 1858 he played *Macbeth* in Venice and *King Lear* in Turin, *Coriolanus*, *Shylock*, and *Romeo* being his other Shakespear parts.

Meanwhile Salvini had begun to study Shakespear. Though a greater actor than Rossi, he was less intellectual. In his early days he had preferred Voltaire to Shakespear, and even in 1853 Shakespear had struck him as so strange that he had thought of abandoning him altogether. However, he persevered and, doubtless emboldened by Rossi's success, appeared as *Othello* at Vicenza in June, 1856, and then at Venice, where he received an ovation. But even *Othello*, which was perhaps Salvini's greatest part, was not at first really popular, much less the other plays, though they rapidly grew upon the Italian public. Ristori first played *Lady Macbeth* in London in 1857.

In 1858 *Shakespeare*, a five-act play by L. Gualtieri, was published in Milan and was popular in its day. Rossi played it, for one. We are present at the first performance of *Romeo and Juliet* at the "Blakfriars" Theatre, where Shakespeare proves his authorship of the play which poverty has forced him to sell to the foolish Lord Makensie, by acting Romeo brilliantly at the last moment when Burbage is too drunk to do so. Elizabeth takes a fancy to him because he is so like Essex, but he offends her and is condemned to death. He is at work upon *Hamlet*, and in the Tower recites "To be or not to be." Throughout the play he speaks in a bombastic, epigrammatic style, which is apparently supposed to recall Hamlet. When his fellow-actors come to bid him farewell, he gives them Hamlet's advice to the players. Then Elizabeth enters and announces that she has merely provided Shakespeare with a comedy or drama. It is inferior to his own, but perhaps it is as well that, so far from everyone being killed, as in one of his tragedies, there will not be a single death. This play must have helped to create an atmosphere favourable to Shakespeare among the theatre-going public.

Thus by 1860 Shakespeare was well launched on the Italian stage, and, thanks to the great actors of the period, his best tragedies soon became known throughout the peninsula. Shakespeare has never, of course, held the same position in any Latin country that he holds in Germany; but in Italy, which cannot boast a great national classical drama of her own, he is more often acted than in France. The standard of acting is high there, and since Salvini's triumphs it is as much the ambition of every would-be tragic actor to play Hamlet and Othello as it is for his English brother to play Hamlet and Macbeth. Shylock and Othello, Hamlet and Petruchio have been among the famous actor Novelli's best parts. The great tragedies, including *Lear*, are regularly performed even in the cheap popular theatres. A new rendering of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* was most successfully produced in Rome in 1910, being played to crowded houses no less than twenty-two times. Numerous translations of single plays have been published, while Signor Diego Angeli, the author of the excellent version of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* mentioned above, is steadily completing an entirely new translation of Shakespeare. Italy and England were never more closely akin than during the "spacious days," nor has anyone painted the fire and passion of the quick, hot Italian blood so successfully as Shakespeare; and it would indeed be strange if he lost his hold upon the hearts of a people which he has drawn to the life in *Othello* and *Romeo and Juliet* now that

"A Roman and a British ensign wave
Friendly together."

LACY COLLISON-MORLEY.

SCIENCE AND THE NAVY.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE SCIENTIFIC AND ENGINEERING PROGRESS OF THE PAST HALF-CENTURY UPON NAVAL DESIGN AND TACTICS.

THE value and importance of naval power has been emphasised again and again during the eighteen months that have elapsed since the present devastating conflict commenced, and there are few who would now deny that it is the fleets of the Allies that have saved the situation on the Western Front and have preserved Paris, Calais, and London from the fate of Brussels, Antwerp, and Louvain. The teachings of history on this subject, as expounded in the writings of Mahan and Colomb, have been confirmed and strengthened by the events of the past year. Admiral Colomb has pointed out, however, in his able articles that the revolution in the constructive arts which has characterised the progress of the latter half of the nineteenth century, and the universal adoption of mechanical contrivances both for ship propulsion and for many minor services, has raised mere *matériel* into a place of supreme importance in estimating sea-power.

The contrast between the ships of the line of Nelson's day and the modern "Dreadnought" type is enormous, and is only exceeded by that between the types of vessels which act as the "eyes" of the fleet, namely, the frigates of the earlier time and the battle-cruisers and destroyers of our own day.

The purpose of the writer in this article is to point out the directions in which the scientific progress of the past half-century has affected the design and speed of naval vessels, and has led to important modifications in naval strategy and tactics. The subject can be dealt with most satisfactorily by considering the advances under the four following heads: (1) Steam-power; (2) Explosives; (3) Electricity; (4) Liquid Fuel.

STEAM-POWER.

In the year 1784 James Watt invented and patented the double-acting steam-engine, and in 1818 the Americans built a sea-going vessel which crossed the Atlantic twice by steam-power and inaugurated the enormous development that has since occurred in the steam-driven mercantile marine. In 1839 the first ocean liner, *The Great Britain*, was planned and laid down, but her maiden voyage across the Atlantic was not undertaken until December, 1844—the pause in her construction being the result of changes

in her design necessitated by the substitution of screw-propellers for paddle-wheels. It was not until twenty-five years after the first sea-going steamer, the *Savannah*, had crossed the Atlantic, however, that the *Penelope*, a frigate of forty-six guns, was cut in two, lengthened amidships, and provided with paddle-wheels and engines of 650-h.p.

The *Penelope* proved the advantages of steam-power, and one year later, namely, in 1844, the first naval boat specially designed and built for propulsion by steam, a frigate named the *Dauntless*, was constructed. It was not until after the Crimean War, however, that steam was recognised as anything but an auxiliary to the sails of the war-ship, and only within the last thirty years have naval vessels ceased to carry masts and sails for propelling purposes. The masts still seen on war-vessels are designed merely for the wires of the Marconi installation and for observation and look-out purposes.

The next step in advance was the use of turbine-engines in place of the old type of reciprocating engine, based on Watt's early work and design. The chief advantages of the rotary or turbine type of engine are: that the weight and strain on the engine-bed and the steam consumption for a given power are greatly reduced, while the rate of revolution of the engine is infinitely higher. The new type of engine has therefore proved specially suited for marine work, and the perfecting of Parson's parallel flow steam-turbine in 1884, and its application to marine propulsion during the last two decades, has resulted in the engine power and speed of modern warships being enormously increased, without greatly extending the space or weight devoted to engines and boilers. A modern battle-cruiser such as the *Lion* or *Queen Elizabeth*, with a displacement of 25,000 tons, turbine engines of 75,000-h.p., and a speed of twenty-eight knots, would have seemed an incredible triumph of the marine engineer's art even twenty-five years ago.

The old three-decker ships of the line of Nelson's day rarely exceeded a speed of eight knots, and the fast frigates of that time could only sail at twelve or fourteen knots under the most favourable conditions of wind and weather. At times they were unable to proceed in the direction desired, owing to contrary winds; while occasionally they would lie becalmed for days together waiting for a breeze.

The immense change that has resulted in the strategy and tactics of naval warfare from the increased speed of the modern battleship is strikingly shown by the contrast of the nine weary months which Nelson spent in chasing Villeneuve after he had come out from Toulon and in bringing the French and Spanish fleets to a fair fight off Cape Trafalgar on October 21st, 1805, and the four weeks

which sufficed to catch and destroy the German Pacific Ocean Squadron in the most notable sea-fight of the present war, namely, the Falkland Islands fight of December 8th, 1914. The following details of that achievement are instructive. During the first week of November, Lord Fisher, who had only just accepted office as First Lord of the Admiralty, heard of the disaster that had occurred on November 1st to the ships of our Pacific Ocean Squadron off the coast of Chili, and the public learned with dismay of the sinking of the flagship, the *Good Hope*, and of the *Monmouth*, overwhelmed by the superior gun-power and speed of the enemies' ships. On Wednesday, November 11th, the fast battle-cruisers the *Invincible* and the *Inflexible* slipped away from England and commenced their long voyage of 8,000 miles to strengthen the Southern Atlantic Squadron of our Fleet, and, if possible, to intercept and engage the enemies' ships, which, it was surmised, would come round Cape Horn and commence raiding operations in the Atlantic Ocean. The plan so ably conceived by Lord Fisher and the Admiralty Staff worked out with almost mathematical exactitude. The two fast cruisers arrived at Port Stanley, in the Falkland Islands, where they were joined by the other ships of the Atlantic Squadron, on Monday, December 7th. On Tuesday, December 8th, the German Pacific Ocean Squadron made their appearance off the port, and before sunset on that same day the *Gneisenau*, the *Scharnhorst*, the *Nurnberg*, and the *Leipzig* lay at the bottom of the Atlantic, and the sinking of the *Good Hope* and the *Monmouth* five weeks earlier had been amply avenged. The *Dresden*, the only ship which escaped destruction in this decisive action, was compelled to seek refuge in a neutral port, and was interned for the period of the war.

The precision and the completeness of this interception and destruction of the German Pacific Ocean Squadron could not have been exceeded if the ships had been on rails and had been running to scheduled times on the great ocean routes of the world. The whole dramatic episode of the Falkland Islands fight forms, in fact, a most striking example of the speed and efficiency with which naval plans can now be carried out, thanks to steam-power and the Parson's steam turbine.

One other notable change that has occurred recently in connection with power generation demands notice, and that is the use of oil for steam-raising purposes. The advantages of liquid fuel in place of coal are many and various, and only a few of these can be enumerated. The chief advantages are that liquid fuel is much more easily stored and is more quickly handled than solid fuel, and that the dirty operation of "coaling" is entirely dispensed with. The storage tanks for the oil can also be placed in any part of the vessel and need not be in close proximity to the boilers. Weight

for weight, oil is a better heating agent than the best Welsh coal, the calorific values being in the ratio of 3 to 2—therefore a much greater distance can be steamed with the same weight of fuel. Finally, fires can be more easily forced when using oil, and sudden bursts of high speed are therefore made possible. For this reason practically all modern naval vessels carry oil as an auxiliary heating agent, and use it as and when required under the ordinary steam boilers; while certain high-speed vessels of the *Queen Elizabeth* class are equipped entirely for burning oil fuel, and use no solid coal at all. The lack of sufficient supplies and the consequent high price of liquid fuel alone prevent its more general adoption for marine work.

EXPLOSIVES.

Black gunpowder was invented by Roger Bacon in the thirteenth century, and with the invention the development of naval gunnery may be said to have commenced. Up to this time naval battles had been merely a repetition of land warfare on board ship; cross-bows and javelins were the chief weapons of attack, and the boarding operation, with hand-to-hand fighting was always regarded as a necessary feature of the capture or sinking of an enemy vessel. The earliest naval guns were short howitzers, made of brass or bronze, mounted on the high poops of the ships, the explosive force of the charge of black gunpowder being employed simply to throw rough blocks of stone on to the ships of the enemy. The range of these weapons was naturally short, and the damage effected small. Spherical stone balls represented the next step in advance, and it was not until the middle of the eighteenth century that solid iron balls were used in naval fights. The preliminary heating of these so that they might set on fire the enemies' ships was a still later development. The position therefore in 1805 at the Battle of Trafalgar was that the guns were all short, squat muzzle-loaders, with an effective range of about 1,000 yards, and solid iron balls were used as ammunition. The English could fire a round per minute—the French required three minutes for the same operation—and many authorities consider that the victories gained by the English sailors at that date were due chiefly to their superior gunnery.

After Trafalgar, there was a long pause in naval construction, and the developments that have occurred during the last twenty-five years far transcend in magnitude and importance those that occurred in the early and middle years of the nineteenth century. The great increase in the gun-power of modern battleships dates, in fact, from the discovery and applications of smokeless powders and high explosives about the year 1884. Nobel and Abel were

the two chemists chiefly responsible for the developments in our own country, the former by investigating the properties of tri-nitro-cellulose and nitro-glycerine and by discovering a safe method of their manufacture; the latter, by working out the details of the application of the discovery to the production of an explosive suitable for large guns, now known as "Cordite." "Cordite" is composed of nitro-glycerine, nitro-cellulose, and a mineral jelly. When ignited it gives out great power, not too suddenly, and the gases produced therefore exert a uniform pressure of about nineteen tons per square inch in the chamber of the gun. No solid residue remains after its combustion.

The use of "cordite" and of "rifled" guns increased to a marvellous extent the range and accuracy of naval gun-fire, until, by gradual increase in the size and calibre of the guns, it has become possible to throw shells containing half-a-ton of high explosives a distance of ten to twelve miles and to obtain a high proportion of direct hits on a target at a distance of six miles. The shells were charged at first with "lyddite" (tri-nitro-phenol), and produced a shattering effect when they burst. Recently the T.N.T. (tri-nitro-toluol and tetra-nitro-toluol) explosives have come into favour for charging shells, since these nitro-derivatives of toluol do not corrode the metal canister to the same extent as "lyddite" and other picric acid explosives.

The increase in the range of gun-fire due to the introduction of rifled guns and the terrible effects produced by the detonation of high explosive shells naturally led to attempts to increase the resisting power of the ships' structure to gun-fire. The first iron ship built for the English Navy was constructed at Blackwall in 1843, but the use of iron was not regarded with favour, and in an official report dated 1849 it was complained that "shot of every description in passing through iron make such holes that the material is improper for the bottom of ships." However, the experience gained during the Crimean War proved this opinion to be incorrect, and the French constructed some armoured floating batteries, which proved very successful in silencing shore batteries during the siege of Sebastopol and may be considered the forerunners of the "monitors" of our own day. Since that year each step forward in the range and penetrative power of the gun has been met by a corresponding increase in the resistance of the armour carried by the ship for the defence of its vital parts, this increase in resistance being obtained either by employing a thicker belt of armour or by improving the hardness and toughness of the armour-plates by special heat treatment during their manufacture. There are limits, no doubt, beyond which it is impossible to increase the thickness of the armour or its hardness, and with the appearance

of the 13·5-inch and 15-inch guns on modern battleships and battle-cruisers, safety for the attacked ship lies only in superior speed or in superior gun-power. The ease and rapidity with which the two German cruisers *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau*, both comparatively new ships of 11,000 tons displacement, and both heavily armoured, were disposed of in the Falkland Islands fight shows with what terribly destructive effect the modern gun can be employed, especially when the ship using it is superior to its opponent in speed as well as in gun-power. Whether any new type of armour will be evolved to meet the new conditions in naval warfare remains for the future to disclose, and to indulge in prophecy is unwise. At the present moment the big gun is supreme both on land and sea, and no defence has been found possible against the devastating effects of modern high explosives when thrown in half-ton masses through a distance of many miles upon land fortifications or against ships at sea.

The use of these same high explosives in mines and torpedoes is another development, the detailed discussion of which cannot be undertaken in this article. It is of interest to note, however, that during the present war the number and tonnage of German naval vessels destroyed by gun-fire has exceeded the number and tonnage of British naval vessels destroyed by torpedoes and mines, and Lord Fisher, who was responsible for the combination of big guns and high speed in many of the recent additions to the British Fleet, may find support for his policy in this comforting fact. That German mines and torpedoes have claimed a heavy toll of the British mercantile marine and fishing fleets is undoubtedly true; but this only emphasises the validity of the above inference, that the possession of high speed and heavy guns is of more importance than armour in modern naval warfare.

ELECTRICITY.

The use of electricity on board ships dates from the year 1880, the convenience, cleanliness, and brilliance of the new illuminant, as compared with the old oil lamps which had been employed up to this date, bringing the new method rapidly into favour. Its use in the Navy dates from the middle years of the same decade. During the thirty years that have elapsed since the dynamo first appeared on board naval vessels some most remarkable developments have occurred in electrical science, and these discoveries have led to the machine for generating electricity being regarded as the most important thing on board a ship and to means being provided for keeping it in operation, even when the ship is in a sinking condition and the main engines are stopped for lack of steam to keep them moving. In the early nineties, a comparatively unknown

German Professor of Physics at Bonn University named Herz discovered that a rapid succession of electric sparks when passed through the air set up vibrations in the ether, which were named "Herzian" waves, after their discoverer. Further study of these ether waves proved that when generated by sufficiently powerful sparking apparatus they could be transmitted immense distances over land and sea, and could be made the means of electric communication without wires. The ether waves, therefore, have become of enormous importance in connection with the development of the various systems of wireless telegraphy, and the Marconi system—the most widely extended of these—has been adopted by the British Naval Authorities. Every battleship, cruiser, destroyer, and submarine that leaves our ports to-day is equipped with the Marconi apparatus.

Although electricity is used also for lighting and heating purposes, for searchlights, for telephones and bells, and for operating certain machines for the development of mechanical power on board these ships, its use for "wireless" communication is more important than any of these, and has produced the greatest effect upon naval strategy and tactics. In Nelson's day communication between the admirals in command of the fleets at sea and the Admiralty officials in London could only be carried on by written despatches, sent by the fast frigates of the fleet to Plymouth, and thence by mounted messengers to London. The method was slow, and weeks, or in some cases months, would elapse before details of a naval engagement were received at home. Even after the invention of the electric telegraph and the laying of the submarine cables that now link up the various continents of the world, communication between the Admiralty and the scattered ships of the Southern Atlantic or Pacific Squadron demanded considerable time, for the Admiral of the Fleet or captain of a ship was obliged to call at some port where a cabling station existed before he could get into communication with headquarters in Whitehall. To-day, as a result of the discovery of the Herzian waves and of their practical application by Marconi and other inventors to the needs of the Navy, the most remote corners of the oceans of the world have been brought within one or two hours of London, and the knowledge that the Admiralty now possesses concerning the position and needs of the scattered ships and squadrons of our fleets at sea would have seemed marvellous and incredible to the sailors of the last generation. Information relating to the activities of the enemy ships can also be disseminated by "wireless" far and wide, and the destruction of the notorious German raider, the *Emden*, off Cocos Island on November 10th, 1914, was due to the last "wireless" message which the operators

of the Marconi Station on that island were able to transmit before their apparatus was destroyed by a landing party from the cruiser.

The advantages of wireless telegraphy are, of course, not all on the side of the superior naval Power in the present war, and the use made of it by the enemy submarines for decoying unsuspecting merchant ships into their vicinity, and by the Military Headquarters and Wolff Agency in Berlin for keeping up communications with the outside world, are well-known examples of the German use of wireless. This new means of communication, however, has helped the British Naval Authorities very materially in their task of clearing the enemies' ships from the main trade routes, and it is important to remember that in no previous great war has such a complete clearance of the enemies' war vessels and mercantile marine from the seas of the world been effected.

One other little-known application of electricity on board ships may be noticed briefly before passing from the subject, namely, its use for receiving submarine signals in foggy weather. Sound will travel a much greater distance and also more quickly under water than through air, owing to the greater density of the former medium. This scientific fact has been made use of in developing a system of submarine signalling which is very widely employed. The majority of the principal lightships and light-houses on the main-trade routes of the world are now equipped with the necessary apparatus for sounding, in foggy weather, a heavy metal bell under water. The sound-waves sent out by these bells can be picked up by microphones immersed in small water-tanks placed against the plates inside the bow of the vessel, and thus the approach to a river or to a dangerous shoal can be foretold, even when dense fog has blotted out all the usual landmarks and lights.

LIQUID FUEL AND THE INTERNAL COMBUSTION ENGINE.

It is a curious fact that the two new branches of the naval service which have been created during the early years of the twentieth century have both resulted from the same advance in engineering science, namely, the generation of mechanical power from liquid fuel without the intervention of a boiler. Otto and the other French and German engineers who worked out the theoretical and practical details of the internal-combustion engine in the early eighties little thought at the time that the work upon which they were engaged would lead to such far-reaching developments. The gas-engine, however, paved the way for the petrol-motor and the oil-engine, and the means of obtaining very high powers from small and light engines which were thus put into engineers' hands produced, first, the motor-car and the revolution in our methods of road transport; secondly, the ocean-going submarine boat; and, finally, the flying machine and man's mastery of the problems of flight.

The submersible boat, it is true; had been experimented with in America and in France before the oil-motor was perfected; but in its earliest form it was a mere harbour defence boat which could be submerged, and the absence of any reserve of propelling power beyond that contained in its electric storage batteries; and the lack of a periscope, rendered these early submarines of little value for naval purposes. The development of the petrol-motor and of engines of the Diesel type, using heavy oils as their source of power, enabled the designers and constructors of submarine boats to increase the size and radius of action of these under-water craft and also to equip them with electric generators, which were used for charging the storage cells when the boat was resting on the surface of the water and the main engines were not required for propulsion. This was a most important step in advance, since it enabled the submarine to become independent of a shore electricity generating station for charging its storage batteries, and also greatly increased the submarine's ability to stay away from its supply base for long periods of time.

The first submarine built for the British Navy was launched in 1901, and was a copy of the American Holland boat. Its displacement was only 120 tons, and it was of little value save for experimental purposes. Each year that has passed, however, since that date has witnessed some important improvements in the design and construction of the submarine; and progress in recent years has been so rapid that the boats of the latest type, in size and efficiency, bear the same relation to the Holland boat that the latest *Invincible* bears to the older ship of the same name—added to our Fleet in 1872. Submarine boats with a displacement of 800 to 1,000 tons, with engines of 1,500 to 2,000 h.p., a surface speed of fifteen to twenty knots, and a radius of action of 3,000 miles, were being constructed even in 1912. The offensive armament of these boats included four torpedo-tubes and deck-guns which could be housed before submersion. Of the progress made since 1912 no details can be published, but one may rest assured that the British designers and constructors of submarines have not been standing still, and that the experience gained in the present war has been utilised to the full. The completely equipped submarine boat, in its later developments, in fact, is one of the most wonderful creations of the naval constructor's art, for practically every branch of science has been called to the aid of the marine engineer in its design, and all the notable discoveries of the twentieth century have been utilised in the machinery and apparatus with which it is crammed.

Turning now to consider the birth and development of the other new branch of the naval service which is so closely associated with that of the submarine, namely, the Naval Air Corps, it is difficult to

realise that less than ten years have elapsed since Santos Dumont essayed his first flight in France, and that it is only eight years since Henry Farman won the Archdeacon-Deutsch prize of £2,000 by covering without alighting a triangular course of one kilometre. Progress has been rapid in the domain of aviation and of human flight since that year. As regards engine-power and speed, the development of the flying machine has followed that of the submarine. Each year larger and stronger machines have been built, capable of carrying heavier engines, and therefore of developing higher speeds, while space and lifting power have been provided for carrying machine-guns and two or more of a crew. Progress in this direction is not yet exhausted, and still larger, more powerfully engined, and more heavily armed machines will certainly make their appearance as time passes on. The problems of stability under all conditions of flight are being rapidly solved, the possession of ample structural strength and adequate engine-power being the chief factors in their solution. The early aeroplanes were lacking in this respect, and many accidents and failures were due to these shortcomings.

The provision of floats to aeroplanes in place of wheels, so that they may rise from and alight on water, is a natural development of the land type of flying-machine, whereby it is rendered more useful for naval work, and in 1912 the Royal Naval Air Service was formed to take charge of and develop this new arm of the Navy.

It would be unwise to discuss in this article the developments that have occurred since 1912, but it is certain British designers and constructors of aeroplanes have not lagged behind their German rivals in the production of machines fit for scouting and reconnaissance work under the customary sea-conditions of wind and weather.

CONCLUSION.

This account of the changes that have been brought about in naval design and tactics as a result of the scientific and engineering progress of the past half-century may be regarded by some as proof that *matériel* is now more important than *personnel*, and that the fighting spirit of the men behind the guns counts relatively for less than one hundred years ago. Whether this view be correct or not, it is reassuring to note that the spirit of the officers and men is as high to-day as in 1805, and one may safely believe that both in *matériel* and *personnel* the British Navy is well equipped for the task imposed upon it of keeping the seas of the world open for our commerce and for the free distribution of those supplies of men, raw materials, and munitions, upon which our final success in the present war depends.

JOHN B. C. KERSHAW.

THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON: A PERSONAL SKETCH.

[The present writer is indebted to Mr. W. M. Rossetti and Messrs. T. C. and E. C. Jack, for permission to quote from some unpublished letters of D. G. Rossetti, Swinburne, and Watts-Dunton; and to Mr. Thomas Hake for some of the *memorabilia* mentioned in the following sketch.]

IN recalling the personalities of Theodore Watts-Dunton and Algernon Swinburne, two little tricks of manner especially impress the memory. In the case of Watts-Dunton it was the quick, intimate wave of the arm with which he made you welcome; whilst in Swinburne's case it was the sudden fierce toss of the head, that signalled agreement with or dissent from some chance remark let drop in conversation. Trivial points, maybe, yet none the less they symbolised the men. In that jerk of the head, the whole of Swinburne's lyrical passion, his extravagance of mood, his ecstatic enjoyment of life, seemed to flash into being; while the sensitive friendliness, and tactful courtesy of Watts-Dunton, were suggested by that simple, favourite gesture.

These two men, widely dissimilar in temperament and character, were, as everyone knows, the closest of friends and companions for upwards of twenty-five years. Much has been written about Swinburne; and his figure—thanks especially to the brilliant pen of Mr. Edmund Gosse among others—has been vividly actualised for posterity. Some sides of his character and genius still, perhaps, demand a fuller treatment than has yet been accorded them. But, generally speaking, the personality of the man is pretty well known.

The same cannot be said of his housemate at The Pines. Watts-Dunton, as author of *Aylwin* and *The Coming of Love*, is of course familiar enough to the present generation; and his work as a literary critic* is beginning to be adequately appreciated outside a limited circle. But of the man himself little is known to the public at large, save that he was the intimate friend of three very

* Thanks to two very interesting volumes of *Selected Essays*, now being issued by Mr. Herbert Jenkins, though these necessarily represent only some of the gleanings.

different men of genius—Rossetti, Borrow, and Swinburne—and was looked upon for many years as the man best qualified to act as their biographers. Perhaps the following slight sketch may roughly serve as an attempt to visualise one of the most important figures among the later Victorian writers.

Small in stature and slight in physique, he was well proportioned, with finely shaped hands and feet, and a splendid brow. In his younger days he had magnificent dark brown eyes, that glittered brilliantly whenever he was excited. But an infirmity of vision grew upon him in later years, and dimmed their lustre. Yet certain characteristics withstood all the encroachments of time; and the resonant voice and wonderful ebullience of spirits followed him down to the very end. His speaking voice was unusually pleasing, and though with his vibrant temperament it soon became loudly emphatic, in converse it was never high and discordant, as so frequently happens with excitable people. In quoting prose or verse, the voice took on a rhythmic chant—far less sing-song, however, than that of Swinburne—and with sensitive skill brought out the special prosodic points on which he wished to dwell. His memory, for verse especially, was excellent; some writers—like Chaucer, Shakespeare, Keats, and Coleridge—he seemed able to quote indefinitely; and when you mentioned a favourite poem or novel of his, he would give a long-drawn *A-h-h* of appreciation.

In converse with him one was struck by his gift of lucid exposition and dramatic presentment. Indeed these gifts, especially his dramatic faculty, sometimes gave the impression to those imperfectly acquainted with him, of a more intimate knowledge of his subject than he actually possessed. He was not among the men whose powers of expression do ill-justice to their intellectual powers; and remarkable as these were in Watts-Dunton's case, it cannot be said that he was free from Macaulay's weakness, of pontifical omniscience. Yet he was an excellent listener, eagerly interested in fresh points of view, however tenacious of his own theories, and, especially when dealing with English poetry, rich in suggestive ideas.

He was a born *raconteur*, as Rossetti was never tired of reiterating, and his talent for inventing endless plots for novels—some of a thrilling character—might have made him a serious rival of Wilkie Collins, had he turned his talent for sensation more largely to account. A friend still living can vividly recall how Watts-Dunton once recounted De Quincey's narrative of the Williams murders to a circle of young literary aspirants, who had not at that time dipped very deeply into the works of the author of *Confessions of an Opium Eater*, with such detail and dramatic force that it seemed as though he must have committed to memory

every page—a feat he once confessed he was sometimes in the habit of accomplishing.

On the whole, the most striking feature about his intellectual life was the intense curiosity he showed in every phase of human affairs; in a word, the breadth and range of his interests and studies marked him out as a brilliant *causeur* rather than a profound student in any particular direction. If, as must be admitted, he dispersed his energies over too wide an area, he certainly achieved an enormous output of work for many years. This fact was chiefly due to his splendid nervous energy that was no less remarkable than his mentality. For many years he continued to furnish the *Athenæum* regularly with articles on volumes of poetry by Tennyson, Swinburne, Morris, and a host of other leading poets and novelists and writers of biography, and also contributed his own sonnets from time to time—a fertility that often puzzled his friends: for he not only gave entire days to intercourse with Rossetti, and many an hour to Swinburne, but he was to be met at this period both at literary receptions and at fashionable “crushes.” The fact of his being an early riser was the true secret of his power of production. No matter where he chanced to be, whether at home at The Pines with Swinburne, at Kelmscott with Morris, at Cheyne Walk, at Bognor, or at Herne Bay with Rossetti, at Aldworth or Farringford with Tennyson, or a guest at the Whistler “Break-fasts”—the day’s work was regarded as an affair of the first importance. In this he closely resembled Browning.

Indeed, it would be hard to exaggerate the enormous intellectual activity of the man, even if the effect of his activity was to some extent negated by too wide a dispersal of interests and by a constitutional unwillingness to allow much of the work actually accomplished to be published. This unwillingness was due to two things: a highly nervous* artistic conscience, and a super-sensitiveness to Press criticism (he rarely resented even the frankest criticism of his friends in conversation); while both these factors, when probed, will be found to arise from the basic sentimentality of his temperament. The key-note to Watts-Dunton’s temperament lay in his acute sensibility. It was held in check and often modified by his keen critical intellect; but it was, after all reservations have been made, the controlling influence in his life. It was this sentimentality that bound him securely to the Victorian era—clearly as he discerned its limitations. Both its weaknesses and merits are shown not only in Watts-Dunton’s literary outlook but in his social life and personal friendships.

* “Highly nervous” seems to me a more accurate phrase than “fastidious” in Watts-Dunton’s case.

As regards his literary outlook, a hypersensitive conscience and a self-esteem fully as sensitive combined together throughout his long life to produce a curious and unsatisfactory vacillation. And he treated most publishers as *Hamlet* did his father's ghost, with spirited promises and perpetual peradventures.

In his social life the sensibility gave rise to a restlessness that rarely permitted him to indulge in what William Morris once called the "static" mood. Here are a few extracts from some of his letters to his sister:—

"You say there is an article on Tibet in one of the papers, but you have not sent it. Please do so; I particularly want to see it. . . . If any books come for me I should like to know."

Two days later he writes:—

"I particularly want last Saturday's *Athenæum*. It contains an article of mine on Etheredge; I am doing one on Congreve and want to refer to it. There are at least four copies of the *Athenæum* in the drawing-room. . . . You might send me the St. Ives paper on Saturday with the others."

And then, almost before there was time to reply to this letter, another would be dispatched—another urgent appeal for books—more books or journals. Finally, he grows desperate:—

"I cannot understand about the book on Hungary. I particularly kept it on hand in the drawing-room until the last week or two, but I must, when Ellen Terry called, have hurriedly removed it into the front room. I may have laid it on the floor or on the long table, or beneath it, or even have put it into the big book-case. I want it so badly at this moment that I really think I shall have to run home to look it up."

These brief extracts may give some conception of Watts-Dunton's intellectual irritability—in other words, the acute sensibility of the sentimental temperament, as it affected his mentality.

How is this sensibility reflected in his friendships? Putting aside for a moment the tender solicitude that proved the one gleam of light in the dark days of Rossetti, and the wise counsel and sympathy that revolutionised Swinburne's life, case after case may be quoted where he interested himself in the struggles of unknown correspondents, many of whom he never even saw. Let one case suffice. A young fellow, occupying a modest post in a business firm, wrote to Watts-Dunton about his literary aspirations. Watts-Dunton replied with a letter of kindly and valuable advice. The young man wrote again later on, asking if Watts-Dunton would read a novel he had written. He was told to send it, and finding it had promise, Watts-Dunton gave the writer an introduction to

a firm of publishers. The novel was accepted and proved an encouraging success. His correspondent never asked to see him, and, in fact, never did see him, yet without Watts-Dunton's advice and encouragement and help, he might never have got his opportunity of "making good."

To interest oneself in the work of men like Rossetti, Borrow, and Swinburne, even to the detriment of one's own interests, may be explained on grounds other than those of disinterested friendship; but to interest oneself in the work of the literary Tom, Dick, and Harry, as Watts-Dunton did right down to the very last days of his life, does argue a sympathetic nature of no common kind. Acute sensibility, let me repeat, was essentially the key-note of his temperament. It might express itself in delicately subtle criticism, or take the form of a fit of sulks at a fancied slight; it might be exhibited in a peculiarly gracious courtesy towards some chance acquaintance, or lead him off some work he was doing into a byeway that had caught his fancy. In short, the forms were protean, but the inspiration was one and the same. In emphasising this point, do not forget that there was a highly practical side to Watts-Dunton's nature. It is impossible to read the record of his life without realising that along with a sentimentalism that carried him often to quixotic extents, there was a shrewd practicality intermingled. But this, so far from negating the sentimentalism, in reality confirms it. Dickens affords an interesting parallel in this respect. Although adequately equipped for service in the literary arena, he never trusted to that arena for working his way in a worldly sense; and indeed preferred to secure what independence he could as a lawyer. He never looked upon his literary work as other than "sport" at any period of his life.

Clear-headed, cautious, tactful, he had most of the qualities that make a successful solicitor; and having, fortunately, gained a footing among people famous in art and letters, it naturally followed that they sought his legal advice; and the diplomatic skill which he showed in dealing with these matters, soon won for him a considerable *clientèle*. Watts-Dunton took an important part in the winding up of the famous "Morris, Marshall & Faulkner" firm; Madox Brown was for years one of his principal clients, and both Rossetti and Swinburne soon discovered the professional skill of this new friend.

While it cannot be denied that the friendship with Rossetti and Swinburne brought much that was intellectually and æsthetically stimulating into Watts-Dunton's life, it is well not to forget the other side of the picture. Watts-Dunton's frank criticism of Rossetti's poetry, no less than his personal services as legal adviser, to which reference has been made, were of real and lasting service

to the poet-painter in the last few stricken years of his life. From the outset Watts-Dunton's friendship filled a place of its own in Rossetti's heart, and towards the end his craving for Watts-Dunton's presence was pathetic in its insistence. Writing in May, 1880, he says:—

"My dear Watts,—I daresay you mean to look in soon. What say you to Wednesday? It is always a boon to me when you can come on the evenings I name. If two friends come together, then an evening the more is left unprovided. I now find so many evenings lonely that I am getting to feel the evil of it. If you like to bring me the Chatterton work I will see to it. I have written a Coleridge sonnet. I do not feel my power of work flag if things were in every way a little livelier.—Yours affectionately,
D. G. ROSSETTI."

Again—

"Come as early as you can to-morrow, like a good fellow."

Again—

"Most welcome you will be as soon as ever you can come."

Again—

"I have no particular reason for writing, but feel inclined to do so and say how glad I shall be when you can come this way."

And again, at a later date—

"I was much disappointed to miss the *welcome sight of you* this evening. I hope you are not ill. Can you fix Wednesday next. I dare say you will not do so unless a certainty."

Swinburne differed from Watts-Dunton in many literary estimates. But whereas in the case of others the divergence of taste would lead to thunderous anathemas, with Watts-Dunton the anathema is no more than a gentle chiding. For instance, Swinburne writes:—

"Your account of Morris gives me at once joy and apprehension. Let him build—and burn—as many halls or homesteads, after the pattern of *Burnt Njal's* as he pleases, but . . . withhold him from more metrification *à la* Piers Plowman. I always foresaw that he would come to reject Chaucer at last as a modern. It is my belief that you encourage all this dashed and blank Volsungery, which will end by eating up the splendid genius it has already overgrown and incrusting with Iceland moss."

The most striking testimony to the influence of Watts-Dunton upon Swinburne lies less in the quality of the verse written by Swinburne during their long companionship than in the quality of the correspondence. Watts-Dunton's influence upon Rossetti was

intellectual, artistic, and ethical. The influence upon Swinburne was almost wholly ethical. If nowhere in his later poetry he touches the "first fine careless rapture" of *Poems and Ballads* and *Songs before Sunrise*, every fair-minded critic will admit that his later work is marked by a sweeter sanity. And this sweeter sanity is even more noticeable in his correspondence. Those who have read his voluminous correspondence with Rossetti, and his still more voluminous correspondence with Watts-Dunton, will have realised the remarkable change of tone. The mocking, and too Rabelaisian letter-writer of earlier years, gives place to a correspondent, who, with plenty of sardonic humour, takes a far broader and more genial view of human life. Especially is this seen in his treatment of Biblical subjects (once almost entirely satirical), and his increasing interest in Nature.

For instance:—

"I am reading the New Testament in a superb black-letter copy of Edward VI.'s version, collating it chapter by chapter with the authorised text, which hitherto I found (more often than not) inferior in direct force and sometimes in lucidity. The older version is magnificent English; certainly, I think, better on the whole than ours. And I never saw quite such beautiful printing in my life—a blind baby might read it aloud at sight. The title-page is gone, and one leaf of preface slightly damaged, but the sacred text is (providentially) uninjured. The marginal commentary is very edifying, democratic, and Calvinistic (as perhaps you may be aware if ever your studies have lain in this truly blessed and improving direction). There are also large wood-cuts, greatly calculated to add to the terror and bewilderment of a student of the Apocalypse. What a strange mixture that book is of real individual imagination or passion with unconscious imitation or echo of older and more thoroughly inspired poets. I must say it seems to me quite as often like Blake as like Isaiah."

Then, in October, 1882, Swinburne again writes to Watts-Dunton from his mother's house in Wiltshire:—

"My last poem is just the length to which I usually (as in *Hertha* and the *Hymn of Man*) confine myself—200 lines, 25 stanzas of 8. I have done nothing since, but have twice read through, for the first time conscientiously, with great care and studious collation of texts, the whole of St. Paul's epistles—a part of Holy Writ in which I never before had made myself a thorough proficient. His immediate personal influence I think I now thoroughly understand, but am still perplexed by the survival and transmission of it in such a degree as to overshadow not only that of the other Apostles, but that of Christ Himself. I have jotted down a note or two on what seem to me Paul's most distinctive characteristics as a thinker, a writer, and a man, on which I should like to have your opinion. Although my own previous views as to the religion of which he was the real founder

(as surely as Columbus was the discoverer of the continent which takes its name from Amerigo) and Christ merely the godfather, are, on the whole, confirmed by this study, it will have to be allowed, I flatter myself that only prejudiced ignorance—for of deliberate lying insolence I take no account—can or will ever accuse me of ignorant prejudice on the subject. (I fear this last sentence is rather Pauline in structure, but the long-tailed entangled style of the Apostle is as catching as the mannerism of Browning or Carlyle to an unwary student.)”

And, in another letter, is exemplified his boyish delight in storms:—

“This comes to assure you that we are not blown away, and to express a hope that you are not. Of course, I could no more have kept within doors yesterday than I could have flown, but I never was out (I think) in quite such a storm of wind, which is saying something. I went a good long way across country in the wind’s teeth, but on the return was the difficulty; I was twice blown off my legs from behind (once nearly caught up and whirled off the ground), going right before the wind, and had to make headway by dodging and skulking under hedges. It was delicious—the wind blew in continuous fits or a fitful continuity, as if it was trying (in Hugo’s phrase) to dislunge itself—(*L’aiglon s’époumone et l’autan se harasse*. What a verse that is!)—harder and more viciously at every fresh gust. It was really rather nervous work passing under the trees, for quite considerable ones were split and dislimbed. But in the open it fully realised my idea of heaven.”

Here is one among many acknowledgments by Swinburne of Watts-Dunton’s helpful kindness, showing his peculiar efficiency as the “nurse of genius.” While at Leigh House, Wilts, he writes:—

“I want all the occupation I can get, having hitherto been unable to do a single satisfactory stroke of work, and having nothing else to fill up the solitary hours with. I really believe the stimulus of your criticism and encouragement has come to be—in the all but inspired language of the Church Catechism—‘generally necessary to salvation,’ if not to creation in my case; for if I do write a few lines I am immediately impelled to scratch them out. . . .”

Watts-Dunton, although he lived so long into the new era, was always at heart a Victorian in his sympathies and general outlook. At the same time, it is true that he was interested in the thought of to-day; in its experimental forms of art, and its note of challenge to the elder generation. No working journalist had a keener sense of to-day’s literary fashions than he. No fresh writer of note escaped his observation; none of the stupendous developments in journalism passed him unnoticed. But it must not be inferred from these facts that he had discarded, even partially, the mid-

Victorianism in which he was bred. True, he was often anxious—pathetically so if the visitor was a young man—to acclaim the triumphs of the new *régime*, and to shake his head over the “prunes” and “prisms” of the age gone by. But when once he descended from generalities to particulars, it could be easily seen where his real sympathies lay. He would declaim against the Victorian conception of the “Dolly” woman, yet Ibsen to him was anathema, whether as a social force or an artistic influence. He would sigh over the lifeless conventionality of the Victorian drama; none the less, Shaw to him was little more than a mountebank, and Granville Barker a freak; and despite his admiration for the cleverness of certain leading contemporary poets and prosemen, they proved, on the whole, when you came to press him, antagonistic to his sympathies. He would rather re-read *Hard Cash* than essay a new Arnold Bennett. He was happier with Anthony Trollope than with H. G. Wells. Yet he admired both writers.

Questions of “fate, free-will, foreknowledge absolute,” did not greatly preoccupy him, however at times they may have weighed upon his spirit. He was by temperament of a sanguine and cheerful disposition, intensely possessed of the intrinsic worth of life, as these few words of his convincingly show:—

“While there is youth in the world this life, with all its tears, is good—good in itself, and for itself; whatever there may be to follow it. Come what will, it is sweet to have lived; sweet to have enjoyed for a little while the perennial freshness of Nature.”

ARTHUR COMPTON-RICKETT.

THE CAUSATION OF THE EUROPEAN WAR AND THE BREAKDOWN OF THE OLD STATECRAFT.

THE old Europe is in flames to-day. Its Great Powers are locked in deadly conflict. Its people suffer, bleed, and die in their millions. Its Treasuries see bankruptcy staring them in the face. Its Cabinets and Parliaments look on, with a kind of hypnotic stare, at the downfall of their policies, the ruin of their credit, the judgment upon their work. It is the close of a chapter of European history that we are witnessing. Whether the next chapter will be any better depends upon our ability to read the signs of the times and to understand the meaning of our own actions.

All that is most intelligent and fruitful in human life, all right conduct and good government, spring from an understanding of the relation of causes to effects. The man or nation that makes a success of life remembers that the fruit grows after its kind, and does not expect to gather grapes from thorns, or figs from thistles. It is true that we constantly delude ourselves as to the real significance and origin of our conduct, our policy. We assign a cause to it outside our own area of responsibility, and generally one whose dimensions are totally unable to bear its weight or explain its existence adequately. This lack of a proper sense of causation is especially to be noticed in popular patriotism, in the judgment of peoples upon national and international calamity; in the current political explanations of great wars.

Suppose that an intelligent Martian were to visit Europe to-day and examine witnesses of different nationalities as to the origin of the present war. He would find actively at work both the self-delusions which have been mentioned. In the first place, he would find that the great majority assigned its origin outside their own nationality. To the Englishman it was the fault of Berlin. To the German it was the fault of London. To the Austrian it was the fault of Russia, and to the Russian of Austria; and so forth. In the second place, he would find a tendency in the popular mind to concentrate and personalise this purely nationalist judgment in a scapegoat of the nationality most anti-

pathetic to his own. Thus the German singles out Sir Edward Grey for the extreme venom of his hatred, and the Briton summarises his detestation of German militarism in the person of the Kaiser. It may be said with certainty that our Martian would be at first confused and confounded by these explanations, which contradict one another and cancel each other out, and then convinced that even the sum of them all was not sufficient to explain the ruin and misery he found on every side, the millions of slain and wounded, the devastated provinces and towns, the heaving breath, the fevered struggle, the organised rage, of the great majority of the people of Europe. If the Kaiser were to disappear from the scene to-morrow, another—and perhaps a worse one—would take his place. The causation of the European War lies deeper than in the original sin of a single nation; or the malice, vanity, ambition, or diabolical scheming of a single man. The popular explanation is nearly always the wrong one, because it is too simple, too shallow, inadequate to account for all the facts.

In trying to explain the causation of the European War, it is obviously not enough to describe the Germans as a nation of devils, and their Emperor as incarnate Satan. The Kaiser, alas! is a typical and representative figure, and therein lies his only importance. His power resides in a system of which he is the head, in a tradition with which his people have been inoculated, in a generation of education and suggestion which has moulded the German mind and temper and made it what it is. It is the whole plague-ship of militarism, and not merely the figure-head, that we wish to destroy. Can we not try to get down deeper to an explanation more adequate, less partisan, more in accord with what we believe the judgment of history will be?

The present war marks the breakdown of European statecraft, the failure of the old diplomacy, the bankruptcy and suicide of the armed peace. The "Balance of Power"* has, of course, lost its balance, and tumbled into ruins. The governing classes of Europe, which for thirty years have based their policy on the pagan maxim, *Si vis pacem para bellum*, have got, with a vengeance, the war for which they "prepared," if not the peace which they "wished." The seed which has been well planted and watered has germinated, and the fruit has grown after its kind. Those politicians and journalists who have been foremost in support of the old diplomacy, are now foremost in announcing its failure, and

* The principle of the Balance of Power (defended again by *The Times* with great vigour in an article of December 5th, 1914) is a crude device only acceptable when naked force is the only engine of statecraft. It is a policy of opportunism proper only to a state of international relations in which pure Machiavellianism rules, and implies a constant shifting of friendships and antagonisms, and a maximum of unrest, chicanery, and intrigue in foreign affairs.

howling for a scapegoat. They are angry because, forsooth, they have not got grapes from their thorns, or figs from their thistles. European civilisation is perishing from the wounds inflicted by its own instruments of "protection" and "defence." It is being strangled in the meshes of its own diplomacy. The theory of the "nation in arms" has only resulted in multiplying the horror and cost of war a thousandfold. The whole confession-of-faith of our trusted rulers, the whole body of doctrine of European officialdom, has proved to be a fatal delirium.

The real condemnation of Germany is, first, that she has been the most thorough-going and consistent example of this effete and discredited statecraft, and then that she deliberately fired the train which others, as well as herself, had helped to lay. Prussianism and militarist ideals are not the monopoly of Germany. Not to speak of other countries, they are to be found in considerable measure in the columns of our *Times*, *Morning Post*, *Daily Mail*, and *National Review*, which have a not uninfluential constituency. We have a Prussian caste in our English politics, between whom and the German professors, publicists, and Junkers there is not much to choose. But they are only a relatively small (though noisy) minority in England, and they have against them a solid conviction of individual right and tradition of personal liberty in the masses of the people. In Germany, on the other hand, the Prussians have succeeded in making themselves all-powerful, and in reducing the whole population to a state of docile submission. In short, Prussianism is established in the German Empire, whereas in the British Empire it only appears as an occasional disorder or aberration.

Now it is Prussianism which this war has revealed as the blight upon all the highest hopes and deepest reverences of our age. All the great Powers of Europe have been parties to the laying of the train which exploded with such disastrous results at the beginning of August, 1914. Their vast armaments, as many foresaw, have endangered, instead of safeguarding, European peace. Their alliances and *ententes*, instead of easing the situation, have ranged the powerful nations into two great rival camps, promoted, instead of diminishing, jealousy and fear, and extended the area and destructiveness of the conflict. In the Balkans the whole folly and failure of our ante-war diplomacy and statecraft lies revealed, by general confession, in all its naked futility. The little Balkan States, trembling with fear, itching with greed and ambition, convinced that between the great Powers there is nothing to choose for selfishness and brutality, have thrown away all scruples, torn from their hearts all memories of past benefits or wrongs, and frankly put themselves up to auction by the highest

bidder, waiting coldly, as a clever writer has put it, to "rush to the succour of the victor." The world is shocked by the treason of Bulgaria, and the subterfuges and calculations of Greece. But the Great Powers, which have used the Balkan States as pawns in their game of statecraft for so many years, have small reason either for surprise or complaint.

Is the result of this analysis, then, that all the Great Powers are equally responsible for the causation of the European War? No; to say that would be to ignore the whole chapter of incidents which preceded its outbreak. The causation of the war was two-fold, immediate and ultimate. It seems to me as clear as daylight—and I believe it seems so to the great majority of neutrals as well—that the prime responsibility for the outbreak of the war must be laid at the door of the Prussian Kaiser and his Government. It was they who forced the slaying of the Austrian Archduke by a Serbian assassin into an issue of European importance. It was they who refused all offers of conciliation, mediation, and arbitration; and drawing their well-sharpened sword from its scabbard, thrust aside the force of argument and made appeal to the argument of force. It was they who violated Belgian neutrality, and thus directly drew England into the great conflict. Their preliminary victories, their obvious readiness for the fight, these things are their condemnation, in the eyes of clear-sighted witnesses.

No general considerations can remove from Germany the stigma of this awful crime against humanity, this frightful assault against the comity of nations. She could have averted the war; but she chose deliberately to precipitate it. More than this, she has revealed in her conduct of military operations and in her treatment of civilians a ruthless cruelty, a shameless audacity of brutishness, which has shocked and horrified the whole world. Her Kaiser and governing classes, with characteristic German thoroughness and lack of humour, have become devotees of a new and infernal religion. Egoism and brute-force have been deified in the home of the Protestant Reformation—the land of Luther and Goethe and Schiller—and "Now thank we all our God" has paled its ineffectual fires before "God punish England" and the Hymn of Hate. You who have laughed lightly when militarism has been condemned by workers for peace in many lands, look well upon the picture presented by Germany in 1914-15! Germany is the supreme embodiment and expression of militarist doctrine and ideals. And a more loathsome mass of festering corruption, a more pitiful exhibition of perverted humanity, could not be found if the lid were taken off from Hell.

Is this enough to say, though, about the causation of the Great War? Supposing Germany and the German people to be blotted

from the map of Europe, is anyone bold enough to say that a similar catastrophe might not occur again if the old political conditions were continued? I believe there is no honest thinker who would venture to make such an assertion. Long before Germany threw down the gage of battle, had not innumerable students of European politics prophesied that the Great Powers, with their insensate rivalries in preparation for war, with their lack of constructive statesmanship, and the blind traditionalism of their diplomacy, were steering straight for Niagara? During the whole adult lifetime of the present writer a black and menacing cloud has been gathering over the European States, threatening at any moment to burst. Have England, and Russia, and France, and Italy no guilt to acknowledge, no blame to share for this portent, as well as Germany and Austria? The question has only to be asked for us to see that we must look for the ultimate causation of the war to something beyond the militarist mania of Germany, namely, to the general trend of international policy during the past generation, in which we all had a share, and for which we must all accept some measure of responsibility.

The present European War is the climax and resultant of a long period of unexampled international strain, unrest, and expectation. No close student of recent European history was really surprised at its outbreak, and the most common remark about it—"Armageddon at last"—revealed the general recognition of its imminence. The policy of the armed peace and the balance of power has in it no elements for the maintenance of any but a temporary and unstable equilibrium. At a certain state of tension the least incident may prove to be the flash-point, and "the guns go off by themselves." Fear can never for long be a safe foundation for pacification; and the armed peace has really been the armed fear.

Only as we recognise these fundamental truths shall we get at the underlying significance for mankind of the present catastrophe, and be able in the future to take measures to prevent its recurrence. To have avoided the war it was necessary that constructive statesmanship, having for its aim the increase of goodwill among nations and the development of an adequate machinery of pacification, should have at least kept pace with the ordinary preventive statecraft of armaments and diplomatic alliances. But the very reverse of this has been true of Europe during the past generation. Everywhere the race of armaments has attained an increasing momentum; and with it national pride, jealousy, and fear have swollen until they exploded. The expenditure of money, skill, and effort by the makers of war has left that of the peace-makers far behind—indeed, dwarfed it into relative insignificance. The

Galilean, alas, has not conquered in the Europe of the last forty years!

Is it not possible, however, that from the cross upon which we have crucified the Saviour anew, we may yet wrest for Him victory out of this defeat? Can we not, as soon as the guns of this present murderous conflict shall have been stilled, immediately set to work to strengthen the forces and agencies that make for peace in our European politics, and weaken those that make for war? When we try to reckon up the immeasurable tale of agony and misery that the people of Europe are suffering at this time, we feel a tide of indignation rising up against the potentates, statesmen, diplomatists, and warriors that have led them into this pit of ruin. But then we remember that the governing classes only enjoy their power by virtue of the ignorance, or indifference, or sympathy of the governed, and we perceive that there can be no short cut, no royal road, to the reformation of European statecraft, but that only by a growth of understanding in the masses of the people of the causation of war and peace can the desired improvement be brought to pass. Can we not, after the holocaust which is being offered on the altar of the old statecraft, brace ourselves to see and confess the truth about these things, and begin a new way of international life? Or shall we be content, when we have beaten Germany, to go on in the old way, which has already brought such suffering upon Europe as it has never known in the lifetime of the oldest amongst us?

There will be many who, exhausted by the strain of the present conflict, weary of the whole topic of war, will be too depleted of hope and fresh vitality to engage themselves in these necessary tasks of reflection and construction. But civilisation is at the cross roads. We must make up our minds which path we mean to tread. In addition to the lessons which the Great War has made plain to even the moderate intelligence, cannot we get some help and inspiration from what, in one direction, two strong young nations of the New World have been able to achieve?

Between the Dominion of Canada and the United States of America there stretches a land and water frontier of some 3,800 miles. Not a hostile shot has been fired across this frontier for more than a hundred years. No forts or standing armies are to be found along it. There are no great fleets of warships on its inland seas. By a happy and providential arrangement come to, in 1817 (the Rush-Bagot Agreement) the then-known waterways were disarmed, and this principle has, in the course of the century, been extended in its application to the whole vast frontier stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and its implications of mutual goodwill and trust have governed the entire relations of these two

great peoples. Look upon this picture, and then upon the frontiers between France and Germany, or Germany and Russia, or Austria and Italy, or the Balkan States, and you will realise the example and challenge which the New World offers to the Old.

It is true that the New World started, in a sense, where we left off; that Canada and America are democracies; that they have not the old dynastic ambitions and rivalries to deal with that mar our prospects of European peace. If this be so, would it not be simpler and cheaper for us to settle accounts with our dynasts, to strengthen the democratic elements in our national Governments, rather than to plunge periodically, as it has been our habit, into an orgy of self-destruction? At all events, the record of American and Canadian relations affords a startling contrast to the familiar European conditions, and offers some ground for hope that a way out of the labyrinth exists, if the peoples of Europe choose to find it.

It may be that the mighty struggle which is now raging—although it may appear paradoxical to find the Autocrat of all the Russias on the side of the liberators—may reveal itself to be the birth-throes of a real democratic temper amidst the old European monarchies—even in Germany itself, hag-ridden by its drill-sergeants and their monarch by divine-right. It is too soon, as yet, to speak of this with certainty; but it would not be surprising if the Emperors of Germany and Austria, the Kings of Bulgaria and Greece, were called to a sharp account by their peoples, before the end.

I am not without hope that the sorrow and suffering of these *dies iræ* may prove sufficient atonement for the follies and crimes of the old statecraft of Europe; that the survivors from the battlefield will cry "Never again!" to the mandarins who shall seek to lead us afresh along the old false paths; and that the time will come when we shall perceive the Great European War to have been the funeral-pyre of the old order—a terrifying but majestic removal of the things that are shaken.

Would that in Germany some glimmering of the dawn of a new and better day would manifest itself! We cannot if we would, and we would not if we could, blot the German people from the map of Europe. When the last shot has been fired, some fifty or sixty millions of them will remain; and the world will be better and happier if we can live with them in peace instead of anger. We will fight until we conquer them, because we believe that our cause is just, and that they are the victims of an intolerable oppression which threatens the liberties of Europe and of the whole world, and that this monster can only be overthrown by the destruction of its power and prestige by force of arms. But we will not hate

the people. The day is coming when they will be redeemed from the yoke of the militarist, when the creed of Force which they have been taught to repeat will become so loathsome to them that they will not let it pass their lips.

Our English historian Green taught us that "for the fatherland "of the English race we must look far away from England itself"—to the Teuton lands and marshes about the mouths of the Weser and Elbe. When this tumult is over, we shall remember that we were intended to be brethren, comrades. And this dream will come true, if, pondering with aching hearts the meaning and causation of this present war, we resolve to have done with the errors of the past, and to commence the rebuilding of Europe in accordance with the ripest judgment, the soundest deductive faculty, the most courageous constructive statesmanship, that society can summon to achieve its redemption.

Let us leave our idols—race, "Kultur," Imperialism, the right of might, peace by fear, the balance of power, and the rest—and begin the serious study of ways and means for the extension to a United States of Europe of at least such a measure of pacification as each constituent State has already accomplished within its own national borders. A breed of true European statesmen, inspired by a vision grander than that of the old provincial patriotism, and filled with a noble pity and love of man, is the most profound need of our age.

H. S. PERRIS.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT.

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TO WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE :
THE TERCENTENARY.

To you this Britain, heir of endless fame,
Was all in all : to you, who crowned our race
-With the eternal laurel and the grace
Of sempiternal music, Freedom's name
Was one with ours : to you, who saw the flame
Of Freedom smite the Armada to her place,
We turn to-day that thy thrice-radiant face
May praise us still, since we are still the same.

To-day the foes of Freedom once more rear
Their envious heads beyond the inviolate sea:
Once more your Britain to her uttermost land
Is fully garbed for war, since not less dear
To us than to your age shall Freedom be:
And in our midst yourself unseen shall stand.

J. E. G. DE MONTMORENCY.

AN ARMY ON THE MARCH.

THE Commonplace is hedged in with the romantic and the bizarre as well as with mystical unseen forces that represent reality. An ordinary life goes on for years, threading the pathways of the Commonplace, and then some apparently little thing happens, and all the wonders of a hitherto unrecognised world blaze into view: one little step to the left or to the right, and the wayfarer is out of this common earth in the midst of the realities

that seem unreal by sheer contrast with the routine of life. This step into the unknown, into the wonderful land of unimagined things, is, happily, part of the universal experience of mankind. There is probably no man or woman who cannot vividly recall such plunges into the realms of faëry. It is moments, or shall we say eternities, such as these that the poets and lyrists of human love, that the mystic singers and recorders of Divine love endeavour to express in words as laden with inexpressible emotion as the bee is with honey. When we read the raptures of Augustine, Dante, Vaughan, or the haunting love-songs of succeeding ages, we suddenly are conscious of the mystic land, though we do not really enter it. Personal experience alone can bring us there; that movement to the right or to the left which is in reality the outbursting of the true soul from its dull sheath, the coming of the immortal butterfly whose gleaming wings were fashioned in the seemingly unromantic half-lights of the Commonplace. This is why the Commonplace, "the daily round, the common task," is really so sacred. It is the soul's tiring room where we are made ready for immortal adventures when the day is done. But in life's daytime, in the very midst of the common task, we have experimental flights, as it were, that give the soul strength to bear the sunlight which shines beyond the walls of time.

With some such thoughts in mind a wayfarer this springtime revisited a road long since described in these pages, the Never-Ending Road.* At all times of the year a wonderful road, it has in the spring a quality peculiarly its own. From the ruins of the ancient abbey it runs through wood and fell, by stream and mere, windingly to the sea, a busy road in mediæval days, with visitors from overseas and with all the commerce of the vast abbey lands. It is a busy road again, and has been for a year and a-half or more. The hum of war haunts this so-long-silent shining thread of earth which brings together the mysteries of the woods and the mysteries of the seas, winding as it does through what seem to the wanderer illimitable spaces from the very heart and sanctuary of the forest, past white shining waters to the little seaport, itself perennially asleep, which is as good a link with Europe and the outer world as any other. At least so the Middle Ages thought; for from this little port there set out on many a war soldiers of fortune as well as soldiers of the King. Off this little port in the olden time there often lay scores of little ships of forty and fifty tons burthen called up by the King from the ports of his kingdom to carry his liegemen, their horses, their harness, their implements of war, the pikemen, the archers, the harquebusiers, the squires, the knights, with all the accoutrements, provisions, and goods that equipped a

* *Literary Supplement*, September, 1913.

mediæval army, out to some foreign land. England's frontiers have always been European, or far out at sea. It has rarely been her practice to sulk behind her cliffs. Whenever she has done so disaster has followed. Our true frontiers have always been the enemy's front line by sea or land, and to sea we have gone to seek it with a dauntless heart. So in mediæval days this little port, this endless road, served equally with more famous ports in the service of the King. Roman legions have trodden this road; Alfred's men in the days of victory thronged down it; Danish and Norman tongues and priest's Latin have sounded along it; and haunted it is with endless memories, this never-ending road, never-ending in time as in space. Two years ago it was dreaming of all its memories, and the wayfarer saw strange sights, such as the vision of the warlike Cistercian monks, which were in effect the outward signs of the dreams that the road was dreaming. Two years ago! What centuries away it seems! That spring came like any other spring, with no warning in its floods and winds and greenery and flowers. The road still harped upon the past, nor seemed to heed the awful autumn when the new leaves would fall. The tender green came peering up through the black, burnt-looking heather, the heather whose imperial purple had outshone the pomp of kings. There are few green buds more full of hope than these. The bracken came bursting up in white knobs among the dead, dusty brown of last year's wealth of gold. The oak shook down that spring its crop of crumpled, brown-yellow leaves which had bowered the browner apples and had sheltered the little yellow leaves of its new youth. The elm showered down its purpling blossom on the wet avenues. The silver birch slipped on its dainty greenery with a nod and a whisper to the wind. Only the pines seemed to know something as they murmured without ceasing: and their murmur sped on to join the murmur of the sea and the moaning of other lands.

Yet there were foreshadowings of the coming war: so at least the dwellers on the road said; the old man making sticks, peeling and bending them, near the eastern wood; the old woman knitting by the western wood; the old herb-gatherer, the woodcutter, and the charcoal-burner. What their evidence is worth it is hard to say; but in the records of history there are strange stories of shadows of coming events thrown on the screen of time. Arteveldt saw the battle in which he, unwounded, was to die, and of such records there are a multitude. So, perhaps, there may be something in the evidence which declares that mediæval armies were winding through these woods, along this road, all the spring and summer two years ago. The thought is one that in a fashion inspires the heart; the thought that, forestalling our great necessity, the fearless English armies

of former centuries have taken the road again—marching and marching and marching to victory; but also warning this generation that she has on her shoulders the burden of a supreme and perfect duty, the burden, the glorious burden, of maintaining the ancient cause of freedom and honour. In an instant the Commonplace has passed away; the mind sees the twin sisters, Freedom and Honour, calling up from their own places the men who fought and died for England centuries ago. The spirits come winging-in, as it were, to form once more the armies which sought this port in their march to immortality; the heart or mind or spirit feels the gathering of the men that we thought dead: the bowmen and cross-bowmen, the pikemen and the halberdiers, the knights and squires, hearing the call afar off of those twin sisters, Freedom and Honour. It is all imagination, perhaps, but it is the Commonplace that has given birth to it; the sense of national necessity, of patriotism, of loyalty. It is more than a dream, even if the assertions of the charcoal-burner and the rest are put aside; that they have seen those armies on the march; have heard the words of command in strange dialects or tongues; have seen the mediæval army winding through the deserted forest in seemingly endless fashion led, so the old knitter declared, by a great knight in Black Armour. Was it Arthur, or Alfred, or Harry, or haply the Black Prince himself, or none of these; perhaps a soldier of fortune only; perhaps, despite unsolicited evidence and probably, no one at all? And that was two years ago.

To-day, the Never-Ending Road has come once more to life. Never so much life before perhaps has hummed along it and around it. The ghosts of the past must smile (if smile they may) at this return to the old order; nay, they must camp and march with these new men, unsuspected but very near, these men who are the latest sons of those warriors of long ago. Surely the forest teems with armies; here are they camped, and as the April twilight falls away the twinkling of innumerable fires embosses the purple dusk. All day long the carts and cars are rolling down the ancient road. Where once there were hours of silence and mystery, now there are but rare moments when the road is clear and the eye can grasp the long-winding wonderful distances broken only by steady bird flights, when the ear can heed the haunting cry of the plover as it watches its nest in the open pastures. It is a world of action to-day. The road is taking to itself new memories. For centuries will it talk to itself and dream and haply figure forth this year of grace when a new world was born. But all the while the old forest lovers stayed at their posts: and the maker of sticks is now a servant of the armies of the King. He has charge of the lights at the gate on the road that leads into the eastern wood. He has a fire of his own, a sentry-

box of his own, and there he stays from sunset to sunrise all alone : "me and God, and the patrol." His thoughts are much on this point. The lights at the gate to the other wood are in charge of the charcoal-burner. His meditations are perhaps less egoistic, and he dwells continually on the armies he had seen on the road before the war.

One evening, sitting with the charcoal-burner at his post, the wayfarer, himself on duty of another kind, had an experience perhaps not less wonderful than that claimed by the old forest-lover himself. It was a lovely April evening, quiet and still, broken only by sounds from the far-off camp in the forest. The ferryman at the great pond which breaks the road where the long sea marsh creeps up into the plain had prophesied at midday that there would be a sea-fog that night, and the charcoal-burner had agreed. "But however can you tell?" said the wayfarer. "Why, 'it must be,'" said the ferryman, "with this great April sun and 'this here water.' In reason it stands that there will be a fog, a 'low fog, perhaps seven feet high, moving inland to break herself 'on the forest trees.'" And it was so. The heavens were clear and full of wonderful stars of almost supernatural brightness; but the sun set in a bank of mist, and presently the mist rolled in from the sea and steamed up from the marsh lands, and coming in with quiet purpose presently lay in surging wreaths along the road. Slowly the twilight faded, and the growing moon, with a twilight of her own, shone on the swirling mist. Presently a sound broke the quiet night; the far-off sound of many hooves hammering out a sort of melody in the forest aisles. The watchers were seated some thirty yards back from the road, and from that place of vantage they heard and partly saw one of the strangest of events—the passing of an army. The advance guard of cavalry that they had heard came nearer and nearer with an almost rattling sound like the pouring out of stones down a steep rocky place, and suddenly it was passing. Glimpses of heads of men and heads of horses shone through the mist, and in a few moments it was gone, and then followed the heavy roll of artillery waggons, swiftly, sullenly, pouring through the night. Every now and again there was a stop and a resumption of movement. The breathing of horses, the cracking of whips, the muffled voices of drivers, became part of the scene. The place was alive with men and horses and all the weapons of war; and little though there was to see, yet the mind's eye grasped it all, this march of an army to the sea and the things beyond the sea. And at last the waggons had all gone by, and then came the regular sound of marching men; thousands seemed to pass, and through the mist the heart felt in the regular pulsation of the march, the splendour of the manhood of England. The ships

were waiting in the harbour for this army; the old, old scene was re-enacted indeed. England was giving up her life and her manhood once more, and never with more nobility than now. The men were passing out of the dear island set like a jewel in the sea, and the perfect music of their marching came up out of the mist with a message of splendid hope. And yet the mystery of it all! It was the Commonplace that had moulded these men, the years of peace that had, despite all criticism, formed the character of the nation; and now, in a sudden, they are deep-set in the mystery of things, outward bound on the Quest that cannot fail.

"My son is marching there," "and mine," "and mine." And the army, chanting on its way, passed out of the silver mist, and the echoes of its passing became part of the record of the Never-Ending Road.

J. E. G. DE M.

REVIEWS.

THE FUTURE OF EUROPE.*

Mr. J. A. Murray Macdonald's little volume, entitled *European International Relations*, after dwelling on the general condemnation of Germany (as responsible not only for this war, but also for the growth of armaments) among neutrals as well as by those she has attacked; after pointing out that the German people are politically backward and are, in fact, worshippers of war, unable to distinguish between Right and Power, denies the validity of any comparison between Rome and Germany. Rome never flouted the public law of Europe; instead, she created it. Her history is the record of the evolution of the law of right. In the case of England it is also true that the greatness of the Empire is measured by the fact that her history is "the history of an internal struggle for freedom." But "as to Prussia, it is her own case that her greatness and influence depend on the strength of the army, by which they are backed." Germany, declares Mr. Murray Macdonald, began the war

"in pursuit of aims and ambitions of her own. Her first act in it was to make a breach in those international engagements upon which the community of Europe, such as it is, actually rested. She has carried it on, both by land and by sea, with a total disregard of those usages and conventions by which the civilised world had sought to mitigate the horrors and miseries that must, in any circumstances, accompany a state of war. By her conduct she has made a schism between herself and the whole world, more complete

* *European International Relations*, by J. A. Murray Macdonald, M.P. (T. Fisher Unwin, price 2s. 6d. net.)

than has ever been made by any people in the recorded history of mankind. It would be wrong, however, to attribute this simply to what she has done. Other countries have, in past times, done things of the same kind without incurring the same universal reprobation. It is not Germany's ambitions, nor her policy of 'frightfulness' that are new in the history of the world, but the universality of the condemnation they have evoked. It is as if this war had awakened in the people of the world a new conscience about the sanctity of that public law and those public engagements by which nations have been feebly and uncertainly seeking to realise and cement their common aims and interests as members of the great human family."

In that direction lies hope. The victory of Germany would have meant the loss of freedom in Europe. The defeat of Germany will mean the securing of freedom and the recognition of the binding character of international engagements. Germany has to be taught this. But all nations have also to learn that the freedom of nations means the interdependence of nations. Wars are inevitable if international engagements are weaker than "the alleged necessities of the age" of any nation. Nations are free members of a Commonwealth in the same way that individuals are, or should be, free members of a Commonwealth: is this a true proposition, and if so, does not the freedom of the individual and of the nation in their respective commonwealths spring from the same source and depend on the same sanctions?

Mr. Murray Macdonald discusses this proposition in the light of history. To the Hobbes and Bentham School the State was "simply an embodiment of force," and this was inevitable if the individual person existed independently of the State. In a fine passage, full of close but almost passionate argument as to the expansive and creative capacity of man's personality, Mr. Murray Macdonald shows that man is a member of a community which enables him to realise himself, but that this goal is not only his goal, but that of each member of the community, and is expressed in the life of the community by the religion of the community. "The Christian religion consecrates the life of the individual as "no other religion has ever done, or has ever attempted to do," but it appeals to him as a member of a society. Thus alone "can "we give a rational account of the distinctive character of European "civilisation," of modern society at its best, of the modern State in its noblest idealism. Each State, in the light of its religion, has to realise its own personality in the same way that the individual has to realise his personality. This is the point, we think, that Mr. Murray Macdonald would make. The point seems to us not only a sound one, but a new one; and it throws a flood of light on the evolution of European history since the days of Charlemagne, since indeed the break-up of the Western Empire.

Mr. Murray Macdonald goes on to point out that there is "a real community of life between" the various European nationalities. The fact that those nations are independent politically one of another is, in a sense, true; but it is not an independence of an irresponsible character; it is the independence of the same nature as that of a free man in any one of these free nations. The freedom of the man is not dangerous to his neighbour. That freedom is the life of the community, and it might be the life of the community of nations. But nations act at present as if the freedom of each is a danger to the others. We may say here that the action of Germany since 1864 has proved that at present freedom may be a danger to all. A free lunatic or free criminal is always a danger. Wolff's great dream of a European Republic, of which each nation was a free member has always been rendered impossible by the action of some demoralised Power. But there is no reason why that should always be the case. The time will come when international law will really be the Civil Law of such a Republic. Mr. Murray Macdonald sees clearly that the existence of the principle of the balance of power has not been merely a sign of a divided Europe. These shiftings of power "took place in order to safeguard the "peaceful development of the life of the nations as a whole." To-day the Allies are again redressing the balance of power. After the war Mr. Murray Macdonald looks for a re-statement of International Law, with a Tribunal recognised by all States, and the decisions of which are to be enforced by a new manifestation of the balance of power—"A permanent league of States, bound "together to sanction and support, with all their power, the "judgments of a European tribunal acting as the interpreter of a "European law." We agree that along those lines progress must come. It is the natural line. Custom foreruns law, courts forerun lawgivers, procedure is older than substantive law. If the balance of power is carried to its logical conclusion, we need fear no repetition of the great Germanic crime. But meantime our business is to conquer the criminal. We hope that this admirable book will be widely read. It is one of the few constructive books which so far have appeared that will survive the war.

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THE CONSTITUTION OF GERMANY.*

M. Joseph Barthélemy, the eminent French jurist and constitutional thinker, has produced a work of great significance

* *Les Institutions politiques de l'Allemagne Contemporaine* [Bibliothèque d'histoire contemporaine], par Joseph Barthélemy, Professeur agrégé à la faculté de Droit de Paris, Professeur à l'Ecole libre des Sciences politiques. (Librairie Félix Alcan, Paris. Prix 3fr. 50.)

on the political structure of Germany, and it is one that those who are speculating as to the future of the combination of independent States constructed by Bismarck would do well to study. The book is not merely a logical exposition of the German constitution. It goes behind the forms of things. When M. Barthélemy, towards the end of his long but brilliantly written work, declares that "le plus grave des obstacles à l'établissement de la liberté politique en Allemagne, c'est que les Allemands n'aiment pas la liberté," the reader feels how dark the future is.

"Le peuple allemand est persuadé que c'est à sa dynastie qu'il doit son organisation, son existence comme nation, ses richesses actuelles et celles qu'il espère conquérir; il est hypnotisé par sa dynastie, et on a pu affirmer, sans apparence d'absurdité, que la suppression du suffrage universel lui-même serait un motif insuffisant pour susciter en Allemagne un mouvement de révolution."

If Germany is thus a product of Cæsarism, what will happen when Cæsarism fails and leaves the hapless Empire naked to its enemies? Disillusion on such a scale must produce terrible results. The political unreality of the Prussian constitution is only one aspect of the dominance of the King of Prussia. That constitution is a truncated version of the Belgian constitution; every liberal tendency is eliminated and every constitutional safeguard is capable of the easiest evasion. But the constitution of the Empire is an even more obvious farce. The five-and-twenty States are dominated by Prussia possessing, as it does, almost two-thirds of the population of the Empire. Prussia dominates the constitution of the Empire, and that constitution has reserved to itself control of all substantial internal and external affairs.

"La confédération allemande est une confédération de monarchies. C'est aussi une confédération fondée par des monarques. Le roi de Prusse tient sa couronne de Dieu. L'Empereur d'Allemagne tient la sienne des princes. Le peuple n'y est pour rien. . . . L'Empire allemand est le pays des apparentes contradictions; l'Empire a été fondé par les princes et cela permet d'opposer la volonté des princes à celles des peuples; mais il y a aussi le Reichstag, qui a pour objet d'opposer l'unité du peuple allemand au particularisme des princes . . . il s'appuie tour à tour sur le peuple contre les princes, sur les princes contre le peuple."

The Empire is a federated State based upon the notion of inequality. It is not a freely formed federation of free nations. "Il est issu de la violence; il est né par le fer et par le feu." The Prussian hegemony alone holds the Empire together. In the Reichstag Prussia has 236 deputies out of 397; in the Bundesrat, the Council of Princes, Prussia controls twenty-one out of sixty-

one vote, and fourteen votes is sufficient for an absolute veto on any action. Moreover, in that section of the Bundesrat which represents the ancient Imperial Diet, Prussia possesses a majority vote. Thus, from the legislative point of view, Prussia absolutely controls the constitution. Prussia also controls the executive. It is true that the constitutional sovereignty of the Empire is vested in the Princes assembled in the Bundesrat, but the King of Prussia, as German Emperor, nominates the Chancellor, who is not only always a Prussian, but almost always the Preussischer Ministerpräsident. The Chancellor, after the Emperor, is the controller of Imperial affairs. There is no parliamentary or constitutional head to the army. This control is retained by the Emperor, though some not very real privileges in the way of the local control of troops are accorded to Saxony, Wurtemberg, and Bavaria. The Secretaries of State are not really Ministers of State at all, as such persons are understood in constitutional countries; they are simply high officials absolutely subordinate to the Chancellor. The Empire is thus merely an enlarged Prussia, a "Preuszendeutschland," to use the phrase of the Pan-Germanists. In the Empire Prussia alone preserves its national character, and that character is in the last degree illiberal: "Son roi est un roi de droit divin; sa Chambre des seigneurs est le refuge des junkers; sa Chambre des députés est élue par un mode de suffrage ploutocratique; elle a la législation et les mœurs les plus antilibérales de toute l'Allemagne."

Happily, however, the seeds of disintegration exist. Federated Germany will, one must believe, break the fetters clamped on a whole group of free nations by Prussia, and, in the irony of things, it looks as if Prussia will prove the blacksmith who will strike the fetters off. "Cinq millions d'électeurs prussiens au Reichstag réclament l'égalité du suffrage pour la Prusse; et la Prusse continue à être dominée par une minorité." It is such antagonisms that are the real hope of the future. The German people are learning politics in the school of adversity. It may well be that this very war is dynastic, a desperate attempt by the Hohenzollerns to stave off the evil day when the German people will awaken to a knowledge of political good and evil. However that may be, the antagonism just referred to persists: "C'est une contradiction politique qui vient s'ajouter à toutes les contradictions allemandes, et notamment à celle d'un grand pays industriel gouverné par des hobereaux militaristes, d'un chef mystique qui sait surveiller ses placements." As recently as March, 1914, the most intense bitterness arose between Prussia and Bavaria on the question of Prussian military manoeuvres in Bavaria. The Prussian General von Krecht declared publicly: "C'est quand les Prussiens arrivent

"que les Bava-rois ont du courage." Certainly all the elements of dissolution of the present confederation exist, and the course of the war has not been such as to strengthen the position in the Germanic brotherhood of "le gros frère prussien." But M. Barthélemy does not believe that the defeat of Germany will involve the overthrow of the Prussian hegemony. Indeed, he thinks it may have the reverse effect. Germans generally worship the Empire:—

"Ce patriotisme ne sera pas ébranlé par la défaite prochaine, car l'âme d'une nation est faite de souvenirs de deuils aussi bien que de souvenirs de gloire. Et il sera encore peut-être plus étroitement cimenté par la solidarité dans tous les crimes qui ont souillé cette guerre d'agression."

It may be so. It is practically impossible to argue from the French or the English peoples to the German peoples. It is impossible to prophesy how the German masses will act under defeat. We know pretty well how France or England or America would act. But these are free peoples. The German peoples have abdicated their liberty. They have elevated the State into a non-moral Supreme Being, to which every man owes unquestioning obedience. That State is controlled by Prussia, and (as Mirabeau long since declared) the national industry of Prussia is war. Germany lacks a true democracy, a sincere constitutionalism, a Parliamentary régime, and has a peculiar liberty of her own. M. Barthélemy establishes these four propositions. He tells us with serene irony:—

"On peut respirer en Allemagne sans la permission d'un sergent de ville; les Allemands ne sont pas intégralement soumis et caporalisés, privés des libertés les plus élémentaires, suant pour enrichir exclusivement propriétaires fonciers ou capitalistes. Mais il y a entre la liberté allemande et la liberté véritable des peuples occidentaux l'abîme qui sépare la civilisation de la 'Kultur.'"

Yet it is difficult to see, if the Allies gain the goal described and reiterated by Mr. Asquith, how Prussia can retain her hegemony.

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WILLIAM MAITLAND STRUTT.*

William Maitland Strutt, the younger son of Lord Rayleigh, was born on July 20th, 1886, and died on November 22nd, 1912. He was thus at his death only a month or two older than was Keats when he died in December, 1821. The comparison is almost inevitable, for in the two men we see almost the same standard of concentrated ability at the same early age, and both passed on to

* *The Reminiscences of a Musical Amateur, and an Essay on Musical Taste*, by the Hon. William Maitland Strutt. Edited by his Mother. Messrs. Macmillan (price 4s. 6d. net).

other fields of adventure at an age when most men are only beginning to realise the significance of life. Keats's life was devoted to creative work though his critical faculty, his power of appreciating beauty, was perhaps as great an aspect of his powers. Strutt's life was devoted to critical work in the very special realm of music, though one might have expected that his mind would have given us some creative results. Lady Rayleigh, in her restrained notice of his really amazing reminiscences, gives us no hint as to this, but had he lived we may choose to believe that he would have turned from pure criticism to invention. Son of a father more than notable in the world of pure mathematical thought, he also inherited great musical talent, and he possessed as he grew up unique opportunities for hearing the best music. Educated at Eton, he was sent, on leaving school, first to Berlin and then to Paris, where he revelled, as he subsequently revelled in London, in musical performances of every sort and kind. This volume for the most part consists of his diary or record of his musical experiences thrown into literary form during his last illness in 1911. These Reminiscences—

“End abruptly with the account of the first performance in London of ‘Samson et Dalila,’ in April, 1909, and there is little doubt that he intended to continue them. The opinions put forward are, of course, not those of a matured judgment—on the contrary, although strongly held and sometimes violently expressed, they were in process of a development of what he himself was fully conscious. They were, however, his own, to a degree rare in one so young, and to his friends he will live again as they read the lines so instinct with his personality. I hope that there may be other readers, lovers of music like himself, for whom these pages may have an interest beyond the personal one—the interest attaching to the independent views of an eager and acute young mind—on a subject which absorbed, perhaps, more than any other, both intellect and emotion.”

Lady Rayleigh, in this passage, considerably underrates the intrinsic value of these pages. When the reader has discounted some of the delightful ebullitions of high spirits and the clean-cut Eton prose style with its harmless and amusing pose of rather elderly cynicism, the Reminiscences contain that sound common-sense which, combined with adequate knowledge and idealism, makes for true criticism. Mr. S. Langford, in his Introduction, says truly that the book is “of a kind or type so rare that among English books it may be said to stand alone.” Mr. Langford rightly compares Strutt to Keats, “who died equally early, but “whose mind seemed already to himself like a teeming harvest, ripe “for the garnering,” and expresses wonder as to the acute critical faculty displayed:—

"Older readers may, indeed, wonder by what art of divination the writer pounces with such security on his choice hours of Wagner and pronounces every bar of 'Tristan and Isolde' impeccable, while he speaks of the poverty of the 'Flower Maiden' music in 'Parsifal' or dismisses the 'Wald Weber' music from 'Siegfried' as poorer than other things of its kind, and Siegmund's 'Spring Song' as cheap ballad music. Even when we allow a little for their familiarity of expression, such judgments are arresting in their confidence. Not less challenging to accepted opinion are the broad lines of demarcation formed between the characteristic qualities of Beethoven and those of Brahms, and the abundant share of originality and modernity of spirit attributed to the last composer. Other signs of power are the immediate acceptance of Strauss, the tolerant breadth of view by which his realistic imitations are defended and the limitations of the beautiful in music are acknowledged, and the easy transition to an appreciation of the modern French School. Yet, with all this readiness of appreciation, the book contains neither admiration nor tolerance of any composer likely to be established as at all secondary or commonplace. . . . He demands the power of spontaneity and warmth with simplicity and directness."

Some of his frank criticisms are worth noting. He condemns almost passionately the Oratorio form, and declares that of Elgar's "large sacred works," *The Dream of Gerontius* "is the only one that shows signs of a healthy vitality." Strutt's powers, of course, grew. It took him some time to appreciate that Beethoven is "a very great genius," and to the last he did not hesitate to declare that Beethoven failed to carry out the "great conception" of the *Ninth Symphony*. His account of Berlin is extraordinarily entertaining, and the criticism is delightfully frank in respect to the people, the acting, the singing, and the performers. Miss Geraldine Farrar shone amid a "galaxy of ugliness." The description of Leoncavallo's opera to "celebrate the very beginnings of Prussian greatness" is delicious. It is described as an example of the Kaiser's "craving for monuments" which "not infrequently led him into appalling errors of taste." The hissing by "a considerable section of the audience" of Elgar's *In the South* was "a display of childishness" which "would be quite impossible in this country, as would be the attitude of mind which rejects a work of art because of political differences with the country from which it comes." But Strutt goes on to show his honest critical mind by adding "the hissers were without the approval of the body of the audience." The comments on Liszt as a composer are full of value. Though his "invention" was obsessed "by his technical facility," he had "a real creative impulse." The account of Nikisch as a conductor is notable. He brings out, we are told, with unique value the emotional energy of Tschaikowsky and the intellectual energy of Brahms. His criticism

of Melba is valuable, for it shows how important, in his view, is the intellectual appreciation of music. Again the appreciation of Wassili Safonoff as a conductor, unique for his vigour and his delicacy, is significant. Indeed, all these appreciations enable the reader to formulate something like laws of sound musical criticism. The essay on *Taste in Music*, with which the volume ends, is full of good things, but is necessarily inconclusive, though the denunciation of sham and humbug in relation to music should have lasting value. If there are any other remains of this very remarkable critic they should be collected and carefully edited. There must, indeed, be many letters from one so obviously lovable and the possessor of so many friends. With him music was a realm apart; a world as real as those in which the mathematician and the poet dwell. The outward sounds were but the outworks of it. Of him as of every true lover of music it might be written:—

“ Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes play on;
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endeared,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone.”

The æsthetic aspects of life represent realities that transcend time and space, and, we may well believe, are not abolished by what we call death.

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A POET OF THE SOUTHERN CROSS.*

We are not surprised that the Australian critics have gone into raptures over Mr. C. J. Dennis, and declare that he “is not only “an Australian poet: he is a poet.” His new book, “The Songs of a Sentimental Bloke,” is extraordinarily good not only as a poem which in its quaint and often difficult and often very ugly Sydney dialect—a composition of all the dialects of the Anglo-Saxon world—touches with unhesitating truth the very depths of human nature, but also is a story: the story of a larrikin who meets and marries a very human angel, and is by her won for humanity and incidentally for Australia. It is claimed that this is “the book for the trenches,” and the claim is true. The story is pure sentiment, but, none the less, is absolutely true to human nature. We see the larrikin at the opening bored to death with his rather degraded and very lazy life, a life entirely at odds with his real nature and his fine manhood, but one that has been forced

* *The Songs of a Sentimental Bloke*, by C. J. Dennis, author of *Backblock Ballads and other Verses*. With Cover Design and Decorations by Hal Gye and Foreword by Henry Lawson. (Sydney: Angus & Robertson Ltd. London: Oxford University Press, price 3s. 6d.)

on him, a boy who had never known either a mother's love or any home. Disillusioned, he feels with the coming of spring a yearning for something better than his sordid life, and then almost by chance finds Doreen, surely an Irish girl and certainly one of the charming girls of verse fiction. His wooing is the story of the gradual development of his character and, indeed, of hers. The realism of it all is wonderful. It is pure sentiment, we repeat, but it is, all the same, pulsating with life; and if the reader shudders at the dialect (with a glossary to rub it home like an edition of Burns), he has to remember that it is a dialect used by some of the most virile people on earth who have laid down their lives by the thousand for the ideals of England. The twain go to see *Romeo and Juliet* together, and for the first time in history that play is described, with marvellous vigour, in the dialect of Sydney. Shakespeare would not have shuddered, for Bill and Doreen knew exactly what the poet meant. The first tea at "Mar's" house is almost too human; the account of the wedding entirely delightful and pathetic; Bill's relapse as salutary as it was certain; and then we have the exodus to the farm—Browning might have conceived the idea, as, indeed, he did in another fashion in a very different poem—with the wonderful new life on which the most masterful baby enters:—

“ But when the moon comes creepin’ o’er the hill,
 An’ when the mopoke calls along the creek,
 I takes me cup o’ joy an’ drinks me fill,
 An’ arsts meself wot better could I seek.

An’ ev’ry song I ’ear the thrushes sing
 That everlastin’ message seems to bring;
 An’ ev’ry wind that whispers in the trees
 Gives me the tip there ain’t no joys like these :

Livin’ an’ lovin’; wand’rin’ on yer way;
 Reapin’ the ’arvest of a kind deed done;
 An’ watchin’, in the sundown of yer day,
 Yerself again, grown nobler in yer son.”

The Idyll of Sydney Town and of the Australian Counties, if we may use the term, is notable for its grasp of human nature, for its pure idealism, for its belief in the capacity of every man to rise, and for its hopeful and helpful philosophy. We shall hear more of Mr. Dennis, and though we have no word to say against the use of dialect, which in this book grows less virulent as Bill improves, yet we hope one day to hear him strike the Miltonic Lyre and draw forth great music from the well of English pure and undefiled.

J. E. G. DE M.

WHEATON'S INTERNATIONAL LAW.*

A new edition at the present time, when international law is undergoing the process of new birth, of Wheaton's famous work, first issued simultaneously in Philadelphia and London in 1836, is to be welcomed, and Dr. Coleman Phillipson, with his great experience and fine knowledge of the history of international law and of the inter-relation of private with public international law is the best of all editors. Indeed, the fifth English edition is so considerably re-written that Dr. Phillipson may with some reason claim to be a co-author with the celebrated American Ambassador and jurist whose name it bears. This vast volume of between nine hundred and a thousand pages falls into four parts. In the first the Editor deals with the "definition, sources, and subjects" of international law," and this section includes a very important chapter on "Nations and Sovereign States," in which is discussed the juridical nature of States such as Greece, Belgium, Egypt, Cuba, the Papacy, the German Confederation, the United States of America, the Swiss Confederation. It is extraordinarily important at the present time to keep clearly in mind the various forms of sovereignty in operation to-day, and Dr. Phillipson has lost a great opportunity in not contrasting the evolution and nature of the British Empire and Dominions with, let us say, the German Confederation. A Briton, wherever he is, is of British nationality, but his domicile may be of the most various kinds within the confines of the Empire. The extraordinary elasticity of the British Empire is probably, next to the national character of which it is a product, the chief strength of this world-wide Confederation. The provisions of the British Nationality and Status of Aliens Act, 1914, should have been incorporated in the text.

The second part of the book deals with the "absolute international rights of States," rights, that is, of self-preservation such as Belgium is now exercising against Germany, "rights of civil" and criminal legislation" (a chapter in which private international law is related to the larger theme, a process also to be traced in the chapter on national character and domicile), and national proprietary rights. The third and fourth parts deal at length with the international rights of States in their pacific and hostile relations respectively. Dr. Phillipson devotes four hundred pages to the problems of belligerency, and though this is justified by the present state of the world, it is a terrible comment on the slow

* *Wheaton's Elements of International Law*. Fifth English Edition, revised throughout, considerably enlarged, and re-written by Coleman Phillipson, M.A., LL.D., Litt.D. of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. With an Introduction by the Rt. Hon Sir Frederick Pollock, Bt., D.C.L., LL.D. Messrs. Stevens & Sons, Ltd. (price 35s.).

growth of international solidarity. However, the present war is being waged by Belgium and her Allies to secure this solidarity. We are glad to notice that Dr. Phillipson does not condemn the practice of pacific blockade. It is indeed now accepted as a legal process by nearly every writer of distinction, as well as the whole of the great European Powers. The rules and rights of both maritime and land warfare are here discussed at length, and the discussion is a dreadful exposure in effect of the German disregard for all laws and all engagements. The chapter on neutrality and the rights of war in the case of neutrals is of great importance at the present time. We should have thought that Lord Stowell fully approved of the doctrine of continuous voyage in its application to contraband, but Dr. Phillipson regards this as a product of the American Civil War. The application of the doctrine to blockade was, of course, a product of that war, and was acquiesced in by the British Government, which is now itself applying, and rightly applying, the same rule. If the practice of blockade is a real practice, it must be capable of enforcement. Under modern conditions blockade would be absolutely nugatory unless the doctrine of continuous transport were part of it. The section on blockade is useful. Dr. Phillipson adopts the definition sanctioned by the British Memorandum of 1909: "An act of war carried out "by the warships of a belligerent, detailed to prevent access to or "departure from a defined part of the enemy's coast." The definition is hardly adequate, since the detention of neutral ships going to neutral ports for the purpose of evading the blockade is not an "act of war." It is in effect pacific blockade. The volume, which closes with a few pages on treaties of peace, has the great advantage of an introduction by Sir Frederick Pollock, who comments on the amazing attitude of Germany to international law: "Germany has rights in virtue of a paramount mission to "Prussianise the world. Germany's allies have rights because "they are her allies. Neutrals have just what Germany chooses "to allow them, and enemies have none." He adds:—

"On reflection, it seems that, when great Powers commit themselves to principles of anarchic tyranny, that is the very reason why those who still believe in the rule of law should reassert and republish their faith as the most dignified form of protest, and in the long run not the least effectual. Law does not cease to exist merely because it is broken, or even because, for a time, it may be broken on a large scale; neither does the escape of some criminals abolish penal justice. No country is so well ordered that offences are not frequently committed, or that wilful and concerted resistance to the law never occurs. Concerning the law of nations, the wonder is not that it should be broken, but that, down to the present war, it should have been fairly well observed by most nations and ostensibly respected by all, in spite of lacking any

defined sanction. What is new and shocking in the present situation is the open defiance of public law, the shameless assertion of mere arbitrary power under the sophistical pretence that the State, having no earthly superior, is subject to no moral rules."

Sir Frederick looks for "reaction in favour of law and order" and "a better settlement for the future." To secure this we must consider the principles formulated long ago.

SHORTER REVIEWS.

Lieut.-Colonel J. A. Wyllie has done good work in translating from the Portuguese and publishing an account of the work of the Portuguese Medical Mission dealing with sleeping sickness in the island of Principe. The account is published under the title "Sleeping Sickness: A Record of Four Years' War Against it in Principe, Portuguese West Africa" (Messrs. Baillière, Tindall & Cox, Henrietta Street, W.C., price 7s. 6d. net). This uninhabited island was discovered in 1473, and peopled with slaves in 1495. The disease was first detected as a growing evil on the West Coast in 1754 by a British naval surgeon, J. Atkins. From 1803 to 1864 it was noted in various places on the coast and in the Congo. But it did not pass Stanley Pool into the interior till 1887. The slave traffic spread the disease, and slaves carried it to the islands of San Thomé and Principe. Increased Portuguese slave traffic in 1877 greatly accentuated the disease in these islands, and as the traffic continued its scourge grew more terrible. Almost all of 600 slaves imported into the islands died at the rate of ten a day. This was in 1894. In 1901 the first Portuguese medical mission visited the island, when the mortality from sleeping sickness was one-fifth of the total death-rate. (The annual average mortality between 1902 and 1913 from this disease has been 210, or 5·6 of the whole population—one-third of the total deaths.) Principe in every twenty years lost lives in excess of its total population at any one time. In 1907-11 it was found that one-fifth of the population were infected. During that period nine-tenths of the population were imported slaves—we use the word as the real equivalent of the five years' contract *servicaes*—it was among these that the epidemic raged, the poor creatures brought on deceptive pretences from the mainland to produce cocoa for the English market. The authors of this book look at the loss that fell on the proprietors in the death of these poor imported creatures, who formed "the chief element in the wealth of the island." It cost £20 to carry the slave there, and his maintenance cost annually £18 over and above his unnamed wage. His *minimum* productive value was £20, so that on this basis it would take ten years of work to clear off the initial cost. The authors are very sorry for the planters, but we should like to know why for years natives from the coast were poured into this death trap? The "incessant loss of life" was shameful, and every grain of cocoa that came from Principe was responsible for the loss. The island would have been abandoned had it not been for this shameful traffic. However, out of evil came at any rate the good work of these Portuguese doctors; such an examination of the conditions that foster the disease as may in the long run react on the disease on the mainland, and so make the sorrows of the cocoa-slaves a source of helpful-

ness for those from whom they sprang on the West Coast. To-day the island is healthy once more, and the labourers have three-year contracts, and the children are repatriated with their parents. So that apparently the awful evils of the last century are coming to an end. The disease was carried from subject to subject by an insect—the *Glossina palpalis*. Dutton, Castellani, and Bruce established this. The lairs of the *Glossina* on the island have been rooted out, and it is claimed that the *Glossina* is extinct on the island. The hosts of the blood-sucker (such as the pig) have been destroyed in great numbers, and the whole sanitary conditions of the island transformed. We hope that the *Glossina* will not return. The island seems itself to be a willing host, and we commend to the attention of the planters the rules for the preservation of immunity laid down by these careful Portuguese specialists.

* * *

An anonymous writer has issued an interesting monograph entitled "The Identification of the Writer of the Anonymous Letter to Lord Mounteagle in 1605" (Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall & Co., price 4s. 6d. net), the letter that warned Lord Mounteagle not to attend the opening of Parliament on November 5th, 1605. The authorship was deliberately suppressed by the Government, but the letter survives, and this unknown author claims to have identified the handwriting. The letter in question (which lies at the Museum of the Record Office) is reproduced, and also four specimens of the handwriting of William Vavasour (two from the Laud MSS. in the Bodleian, and two from the Domestic State papers of almost exactly the same date). These facsimiles are detached from the book for the purpose of comparison. Vavasour was a serving-man in the Tresham family, of Rushton, in Northamptonshire. Francis Tresham succeeded to the estates on September 11th, 1605, and was at once induced by his cousin, Robert Catesby, to join (October 14th) the conspirators in the Gunpowder Plot. When Tresham realised the extent of the plot he dissented, and insisted that the husbands of his sisters, Lord Mounteagle and Lord Stourton, should be warned, but Catesby would promise nothing. On October 26th Lord Mounteagle, while at Tresham's house at Hoxton, was handed a letter by "an unknown man of a reasonable tall personage." Mounteagle tells his secretary, Thomas Ward, of the letter, and himself at once takes it to Lord Salisbury at Whitehall. Ward tells the other conspirators of the letter, who at once charge Tresham with it. He denies it, but urges them all to flee to France, and gives them money for the purpose. The others fly after the arrest of Guy Fawkes, but Tresham remains behind and is arrested and taken to the Tower, though allowed (a unique privilege) to be attended by his wife and his servant, William Vavasour. He is ill at the time, and, in fact, dies on December 23rd, 1605, after dictating a letter to Vavasour retracting his statement as to Father Garnett. Vavasour, though in fact he wrote this letter, denied, in writing, that he did so, and *his denial* is in an identical hand with the famous letter to Mounteagle. The identification of the hands is made clear, and Vavasour confessed later that he wrote Tresham's last letter. The mystery of the case is why Tresham and Vavasour were not only let off by the Government but a baronetcy was actually conferred on Tresham's brother. It is obvious that Vavasour was the writer and Tresham the sender of the letter; but it would almost seem as if these two were really the agents of the Government who secured details of the plot and exposed the conspiracy. On no other ground can we explain

why Vavasour was not brought to trial. It is a curious story, and throws a not very pleasant light on a not too pleasant aspect of the age.

* * *

It was a happy and courageous idea of the editor of the Home University Library to devote four volumes to the development of political thought in England from Bacon to the present day. The third volume of the series deals with the Utilitarians ("The Utilitarians from Bentham to J. S. Mill." By Dr. W. L. Davidson. Williams & Norgate, 1s.), and Dr. Davidson does full justice to his fascinating theme. While admirable works by Leslie Stephen and M. Halévy supply the need of advanced students the present volume gives, for the first time, a brief, clear summary, at trifling cost, of the life, writings, and influence of Bentham and the two Mills; and the closing chapter offers a rapid survey of the activities of Grote, Austin, and Bain. The object of the series is to sketch and analyse political thought; but Dr. Davidson rightly devotes a good deal of his space to the philosophical system out of which the political teaching grew. The legislator's task was to carry out what the psychologist and the moralist pronounced desirable. Utilitarianism, declares our author, represents interest in the welfare of mankind, wedded to practical efforts to ameliorate the conditions of human life on rational principles. Attacking the traditionalism of the English State on the one hand and the abstractions of the French Revolution on the other, Bentham set up Utility, or the greatest happiness of the greatest number, as the guiding principle in the life and duty of the State. The term may sometimes have been interpreted too narrowly; but that is the fault of the interpreter. Utilitarianism, declares Dr. Davidson, is intensely human and intensely practical. Few men have been responsible for the removal of more abuses than Bentham, and no modern thinker has been more passionately devoted to the welfare of humanity than the younger Mill. This little book should prove a stimulus not only to thought but to action.

* * *

Mr. Alfred Ernest Knight, in his volume entitled "Lyra Christi: "Being Metrical Musings on the Life of Our Lord" (Messrs. Morgan & Scott, Ltd., price 3s. 6d. net), has given us something unusual of its kind and possessing real claims to critical attention. The poem falls into the following books or parts: "The Son," "The Babe," "The Anointed," "The Tempted," "The Servant," "The Transfigured," "The Crucified," "The Risen One," and in each we have an aspect of the life, the manhood and the divinity of Christ set forth. In the structure of the verse we see (and it is a growing influence to-day) the influence of Browning, though nothing that represents mere formal influence. This is especially seen in the opening book. The second book opens with some fine lines:—

"Strong Rome exults. Her iron heel has crushed
Into a restive thralldom half mankind.
Hushed is the fruit of War; and termless Peace
Written in blood, has left the nations dumb.
The victress elsewhere new glory seeks,
And finds it in her shame: her empty heart,
To luxury drawn, becomes the sink of lust."

This is the historical view also adopted by Matthew Arnold. We are rather tempted to dispute it. Roman women won their freedom about this date; the Roman power of equitable government was in rapid process of formation; the peace of the world was due to Rome. It is

dangerous to judge of Rome by a small section of its society. Rome was ripe for the Christian Message, and this could not have been the case if she was rotten to the core. We cannot, however, pursue the story told in detail. The picture of the Baptist is finely shown :—

“ In the long service-roll of God’s elect
No goodlier name had yet been written down;
Of woman-born no greater yet appeared.
A lion-hearted, solitary man,
That knew the mind of Heaven, and also knew
The heavenly intuition, man’s no less;
Nor ever feared to speak the thing he knew.

The story of the Crucifixion is told with power, with meticulous exactness of scholarship, and with living realism. The volume is a distinct addition to English religious poetry, and comes in timely fashion for Lent and Easter.

* * *

Perhaps one of the best mechanical exercises for Lent is the study of a first-class cookery book, since it results (except for the very highest or inmost circle of *gourmets*, whose enjoyment consists in the conception of delicacies rather than the gross reality) in the maximum of temptation with the minimum of actual danger. Miss Edith Siepen’s green-bound volume, entitled “Continental Cookery for the English Table” (Messrs. Stanley Paul, price 2s. 6d. net), is a book of this type. The gentle art of English cookery died with the Middle Ages. Up to the Reformation we were the best cooks in Europe. The art of spices was ours; English confectionery rivalled in sugar the stately Gothic masterpieces in stone; the innumerable fishes of our inland waters and the narrow seas were served in endless profusion in a hundred ways. The austerities of an age when Lent was real for the whole population were modified by the arts of cookery, while other periods were glorified by such a “profusion of comestibles” as aroused the envy of an entire continent. But the skill of our culinary artists departed with the glamour of the Middle Ages, and the Continent that derived from England and Ireland so many branches of scholarship and art added to them our lost art of cookery. The Continent eked out its lack of comestibles with an ever-increasing power of presenting the minimum of food with the maximum of attractiveness, and to-day, when at last the English housewife is faced by dear food and by the urgent and national need of strict carefulness, Miss Siepen comes forward with a long catalogue of the devices that on the Continent make meals attractive, while they remain inexpensive. It must, however, be admitted that Miss Siepen gives us soups, such as venison soup, that are hardly to be considered. We prefer to commend rye bread soup, semolina soup, lentil soup, milk vegetable soup, and (for Sundays) lentil soup with meat dumplings. The sauces we pass by with a sigh, while just commending tartar sauce as an admirable condiment for cold meat. In the dishes of fish, we must draw attention to the cases of fish stewed in beer. This, unknown now in England, must have had a British origin. The innumerable methods of preparing meat, poultry, and game, the recipes for made dishes (such, to be simple, as farmer’s pie and farmer’s supper dish) are attractive in the extreme, while the rules for the preparation of vegetables, sweet dishes, cakes, preserves, and other nameless things would tempt a dying anchorite to eat.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The article on "Some Curious Cymro-Celtic Place-Names" (reprinted from *The Yorkshire Archaeological Journal*, vol. xxiii.), by the Rev. W. Kerr-Smith, is likely to be of so much value to local antiquarians that we desire here to draw attention to it. Mr. Kerr-Smith fully realises the frequent danger of resting historical conclusions on place-names; plausible derivations have threatened to bring the whole study of place-names as a valuable method of historical research into disrepute. But the method, if conducted with care and real learning, is of immense value, and the treatment in this paper of "place-names" partly or wholly compounded of Cymro-Celtic vocables," is a case in point. Such place-names occur all over England, and, in certain cases, can be definitely associated with the obscure history of the last struggle between the Bronze and Iron Age peoples that took place in the century before the coming of the Romans. The first instance dealt with by Mr. Kerr-Smith is the prefix "*cat*," which in modern Welsh appears in many combinations in the form "*cad*" (war), words such as *cadben*, a general; *cader*, a fortress, and so forth. The older Cymric form is *cat*. Nennius uses this form repeatedly. Now, Mr. Kerr-Smith gives us five instances of the place-name *Cat Babbleton* in widely-separated parts of Yorkshire, and all associated with the scenes of battles long ago. The place-name, it is suggested, is really in each case *Cat Pabel Dun*, "the fort of the war pavilion." The word *cat* exists in many other counties. An interesting case is *Catford*, in Kent, which, taken in connection with a whole series of other local place-names, certainly means "the battle of the ford." The next word dealt with is "*maiden*": Maiden-castle, Maiden-wood, Maiden-bower are all common. The word, we are told, is *ma-y-Dun*, "the place of the fort." There is what is probably a curious instance of a conversion of the term in Greenwich Park: Queen Elizabeth's Bower is most probably the Maiden Bower, an earthwork on which Roman remains have been found.

* * *

The publication (B. H. Blackwell, Oxford, price 3s. 6d. net) of an English prose translation of the first book of "*The Argonautica*" of Valerius Flaccus, by Mr. H. G. Blomfield, is an event both of interest and importance. This first book was translated by Thomas Noble into English verse in 1808 ("*Blackheath and Other Poems*"), and of the poet and this poem Mr. Blomfield speaks in terms of real enthusiasm. But Noble stands alone, and Flaccus remains with Statius the most untranslated of high-rank poets. Noble places Flaccus very high in the rank of poets, and indeed declares that he frequently surpasses Virgil, and that his seventh book is itself unsurpassable. Gaius Valerius Flaccus—we omit the remaining names (Setinus Balbus) as due to a scribe's error in adding the name of an editor—was born about 50 A.D. He began his poem about 70 or 71 A.D. and worked at it until his death, twenty years later, 91-2 A.D. It was unfinished, and the final polish had not been given. Seven and a-half books only were written when he died. "He was a real poet, and, moreover, he had something to say; he is, with few exceptions, remarkably free from the frigid affectations and conceits of the Silver Age—alike from the sententiousness of Lucan, the preciousity and mere verbal dexterity of Statius, the rant and bombast of Seneca, and the almost incredible dulness of Silius Italicus; at his best, he is perhaps not greatly inferior even to

"Virgil himself." Quintillian writes of him: "Multum in Valerio Flacco nuper amisimus." Such an author is worthy of close attention, and we are glad to know that Mr. Blomfield proposes to edit the whole eight books: "an introduction, revised text, translation, commentary, bibliography, and index." Mr. Blomfield has done what he has already done in the intervals of leisure afforded to the Indian Civil Service. No doubt a great piece of work like this is a comfort to have in hand in the midst of other work that is often lonely, however congenial it may be. We may say, that the translation seems full of life and movement, and will no doubt attract the attention of many scholars at home and abroad.

* * *

"The Personal Life of Josiah Wedgwood" (Macmillan, 1915), commenced by his great-grand-daughter, has been revised and edited by Professor Herford, who has added a charming memoir of his friend. The late Miss Julia Wedgwood desired to make the life of her ancestor more familiar, and to put on record family memories of the far-off days of her youth. Failing health, due to her great age, prevented the accomplishment of her task, and, at her request, Professor Herford undertook to complete it. Their joint labours have produced the best biography of a man of real importance in the history of art, industry, and science. The genial potter stands in the midst of a wide circle of distinguished friends—Erasmus Darwin, Edgeworth, Priestley, Boulton, Watt. His interests were numerous and his sympathies Liberal. Two chapters, indeed, are devoted to his politics. His artistic career is traced in detail, and special attention is paid to his two masterpieces, the dinner-service ordered by Catherine the Great, and the Portland Vase. Through the story of business and citizenship, science and art, runs the golden thread of a happy family life. We do not look to the eighteenth century for the heights and depths of the soul; but Wedgwood is as good a representative of its solid worth as we could wish to find.

* * *

Mr. John Oxenham, in "All's Well!" (Messrs. Methuen, price 1s. net), has given us what he calls "Some helpful verse for those dark days of war." Some of these verses should be very helpful, such as "To you who have lost":—

"I know! I know!—
The ceaseless ache, the emptiness, the woe,—
The pang of loss,—
The strength that sinks beneath so sore a cross.
—*Heedless and careless, still the world wags on,*
And leaves me broken . . . Oh, my son! my son!"

Yet—think of this!—
Yea, rather think on this!—
He died as few men get the chance to die,—
Fighting to save a world's morality.
He died the noblest death a man may die,
Fighting for God, and Right, and Liberty;—
And such a death is Immortality."

We wish we could quote more; we are sure that the writing of such poems is helpful war-work.

* * *

Mr. K. J. Saunders, the Literary Secretary of the Y.M.C.A. of India, Burmah, and Ceylon, has, under the title "The Heart of Buddhism" (Humphrey Milford, price 1s. 6d. net), translated and edited an

anthology of Buddhist verse. "The whole structure of Buddhism is reared up on that intuition of Gautama, which is known as his "Enlightenment." With this fact in view, Mr. Saunders gives us sketches of Buddhist hymns—"the heart of a religion is best seen in "its hymns"—and shows us "the expression of a true and deep "experience." We think that these snatches of song will be read with pleasure and instruction:—

"Big with rain is the stormy sky;
The crested peacock calls his mate;
The earth gleams fresh with greenery;
A fitting time to meditate."

* * *

Professor C. S. Terry, of the University of Aberdeen, has done very useful work in compiling at this time "A Short History of Europe, from "the Desolation of the Holy Roman Empire to the Outbreak of the "German War, 1806-1914" (Messrs. George Routledge, price 6s. net). A book of this type, dealing in careful detail with the history of the nineteenth century in the comparatively brief compass of 535 pages (the type is rather small but quite clear), is invaluable at the present time, and should be on the shelves of every private home library, however small. English people must study history if they are to be in a position to meet the future after the war. The terms of peace, when they come to be dictated by the Allies, will depend, in a considerable measure, on public opinion, and that opinion can only be formed by a dispassionate study of history. We must thank Professor Terry for having found a name for the war! He calls it "The German War." The name will last.

* * *

We must note without delay the publication by *The Athenæum* (Bream's Buildings, E.C.), at the request of the Council of the Library Association of that portion of the forthcoming annual Subject Index to Periodicals which deals with the "European War: Its Economic, "Political, and Military History." Other classes are also published separately, but this has a peculiar interest at the present time, and comprises an immense number of articles dealing with the war, and selected from a great range of publications on both sides of the Atlantic. We have tested it in various ways, and found it to be careful and therefore of abundant use not only to the historian but to the student of international psychology. A most terrible view of Germany seems to pervade every type of periodical.

* * *

Mr. Edward W. Gregory, in his "Furniture Collector: an Introduction to the Study of English Styles of the Seventeenth and "Eighteenth Centuries" (Herbert Jenkins, price 5s. net), has produced an extraordinary, useful guide to the styles and dates; and, we may add, the "traps" of old furniture, and the numerous typical illustrations from actual examples in collections will help the amateur. Of course, all styles glide more or less into each other. But there is one great dividing line that gives us the period before and after the introduction of power-driven machinery. "The old carving suggests leisured consideration." The "school" of a piece depends on *locus*. A style survives in a rural district long after it has passed from the town. The chapters on the Elizabethan and Commonwealth periods are of peculiar interest. The Inns of Court furniture are good instances of those periods. The contrast between Heppelwhite and Sheraton is excellently done. The book is an ideal present to a real collector.

COMMERCIAL SUPREMACY AFTER THE WAR.

IN spite of a continuance of violent episodes, the war is becoming almost tedious. Like a rain-soaked country, the public mind can only absorb impressions up to the point of saturation, and although the hurricane continues, the sense of its fury diminishes. We are turning aside to discuss with interest those trade conditions which may immediately follow the war; but, although we are able to command sufficient mental detachment so to do, the violent antagonism which exists colours the discussion. We are assuming that our present temperament will continue, even when peace is signed, the fields are again cultivated, and the charred cities rebuilt. We take too much for granted that our enemies will be at our throats commercially, and that the war, which will have ceased only in a military sense, will be still carried on in every neutral market of the world. It is suggested that the Allied countries will propose to form their own trade groups, and to boycott Central Europe for ever. Beneath this policy lies the tacit assumption that we are going to make peace upon terms which will leave us in the same position as before; that we shall have to rebuild the commercial edifice with the trade relations to one another which existed before the war. It does not, apparently, occur to our economic advisers that if we accomplish the military result to which we have set our hands, there will be no peace until Germany is politically disabled, and, incidentally, commercially crippled.

But can it be seriously contended that German-made goods are to be shut out of the markets of the world, and her state of isolation prolonged indefinitely? Such a condition would stimulate animosity, blight the reformation of German character, almost justify her in the renewal of her military preparations, and open a vista of further war. It would be an unprecedented and an impossible future. By these threats and warnings it is probably meant that if the Government of Germany persists in forming commercial combinations distinctly hostile to the traders of the Entente, their Governments will meet combination by combination. But that is war, and war is always intended to be pressed to a conclusion in order to obtain a result. Chronic war is fatal to civilisation, as the people of the middle centuries discovered. When we are

negotiating a military peace we shall have to take into account the disturbing element of commercial rivalry and provide against it, as part of the terms of the settlement. For, like war, such competition has its price, and none of us will desire to pay it. We shall all have our own bills to meet, and will naturally demand peace and quiet in which the shattered finance of the nations concerned may be repaired.

Of course, it is true that in the future we cannot separate altogether political from commercial questions in regard to the associated parts of our Possessions. But that is different to committing ourselves definitely to any one commercial system for the whole Empire. There is no need to stir the embers of ancient controversies under their whitening ashes. According to the circumstances of the individual case, we can be Free Traders, Protectionists, Socialists, at the same time in different parts of the Empire. The position of the United Kingdom must be first considered. It is the heart of all things, the source from which our Dominions draw the financial life-blood, the parent to whom they look for protection. If anything were to happen—military defeat, economic blunder, or political misadventure—to drive capital and labour in considerable quantities out of this country, the Empire would collapse. It is so widely distributed, that there is no other common bond, save the primacy of Britain, by which it can be held together. In course of time, it is true that the population of the Dominions may equal and even exceed that of the parent country, but it will be also necessary that the United Kingdom shall not sink below the wealth and importance which are at present her own. To maintain that position she requires the general well-being of her people, the most favourable conditions for profitable trade, and the largest revenue which she can raise without encroaching upon her resources. We are bound to keep the interests of the parent country distinctly apart from those of our other Dominions, for it is impossible to find a common denominator to serve them all. The United Kingdom is not self-contained in the position of a country like the United States of America, which commands everything that can be produced from the Arctic to the Tropics. We have not to determine the abstract value of a commercial system, to decide the claims of Free Trade, Tariffs, or full Protection, but to consider the most secure conditions for the United Kingdom as it now exists. These islands are set in grey Northern seas, subjected to a variable climate, and of limited fertility. Through our mineral wealth and the intelligent industry of our people, we have overcome these disadvantages, and have converted a small agricultural community into a great industrial nation. To maintain our population and to provide for its natural increase we are

bound to convert our mineral wealth into manufactured goods. These we exchange for supplies of food, and with our surplus profit further develop our own trade and lend capital to the rest of the world. For however intense may be the cultivation of the soil, no improvement will spare us from importing the larger proportion of our foodstuffs so long as we maintain a standard of good feeding. In addition, it is almost as important for us to keep the greater part of the carrying trade of the world in our own hands. By that means we maintain communication and intercourse between the different parts of the Empire. The control of carriage interests us directly in the merchandise carried, and tends to enlarge our own dealings. We begin with cheap material, we have practically an engineering monopoly, and by these means are enabled to build and equip vessels at lower first cost than other nations. So long as we maintain free imports, we supply both the outgoing and the incoming voyage with freight. This gives us an advantage over competitors willing to export, but unwilling to import, and the double journey reduces the cost of freight upon every ton carried. Some of our business as carriers lies between one country and another where we may never touch a British port in the transaction. Beyond these incidental advantages we retain the profits of the carrying trade in our own hands. Our mercantile supremacy upon the sea stands for more than a great revenue. We cheapen food by low freights, and in return drive through hostile tariffs to find new markets for our manufactures. This, it may be said, is merely the commonplace of Free Trade, but it is under this system that the enormous wealth of this country has been accumulated.

To obviate the difficulties with which we were confronted at the beginning of the war we must take a more intelligent interest in our own affairs, but are not required to dislocate our trade relations with other countries, or to close our ports against them. Hitherto, our national trade has been left to the enterprise of individuals. They have not had the means at their disposal for determining over-production or under-production. New interests have come into play, new concerns have been launched, waxed, waned, struggled, conquered, or failed without the slightest reference to the benefit or loss of the community. The future Minister of Commerce will have to satisfy himself that somewhere in the Empire we are raising raw material, and are competent to provide everything which is ancillary to our leading manufactures. When we have produced our cotton and woollen goods, there must be a dye industry in existence to prepare them for the market. The reduction of our working capital by taxation and Government Loans will make it more important than in the past that we make an economical and intelligent use of the balance which remains.

An unnecessary surplus of capital employed in one direction deprives another industry of its fair share. Over-production stimulates that cut-throat competition which creates violent changes of price and disturbances in the labour market. We have never sufficiently realised the amount of injury inflicted by competition within the limits of home trade. It causes much trouble and brings no corresponding compensation to the community. Over-production may occur within a protected country as easily as under Free Trade. It usually follows a period of high profits which stimulates the extension of factories and machinery. The manufacturer likes to keep the control of his capital in his own hands, so instead of seeking Stock Exchange investment he extends his business at the expense of his competitors, loads the market with material which it cannot absorb, until the whole trade is reduced to a margin which is not remunerative. The general public are tempted by low prices to a wasteful consumption, for which they have to pay later on. The wealthy manufacturer seeks redress for the loss of a manufacturing profit in speculative dealings in the raw material. Then follow failures, new combinations, trusts, syndicates, and high prices. Capital has been diverted from more useful channels, and everyone is the worse for the trade war. You may hermetically seal a public building against the entrance of cold air, but people will still complain of draught. These draughts are created within the building by the warm air from the hot pipes rising to the window spaces, becoming suddenly chilled, and descending in cooler streams. So the problem of over-production, with its consequent discomfort, lies within the control of the country in which it originates.

When the business of the United Kingdom is subject to proper supervision, over-production will be checked, and an extension of works will require a Government licence, as, indeed, is the case in the present time of war. On the other hand, under-production will be remedied and fresh enterprise encouraged in directions which are likely to benefit the community. Our tendency has been to concentrate upon a few great trades and to neglect many of those subordinate industries which have their use and place in a national scheme. It is only the Government of a country which can efficiently survey the entire field of operation, and so co-ordinate the efforts of the commercial world. If any further argument be required, we may remind ourselves that for a considerable time capital will fetch higher rates, and its profitable direction will be true economy. At the present moment we have probably lower rates for money than we can anticipate after the war, when foreign trade revives and artificial restrictions are removed.

With regard to the Dominions, our one safe and sure course is

to leave them to settle their own commercial problems in their own way. In fact, we have neither the right nor the power to interfere. Canada is next neighbour to the United States, divided from the great Republic by a bare thread drawn across inland waters and open country. The commercial relations between such near neighbours are bound to be of the utmost importance. If they desire to trade with one another more freely than formerly, let them do so, for nothing could compensate Canada for the surrender of her own Continental market. The utmost which we can expect from our Dominions is a first call upon their produce, in case of necessity, at the best price which those Dominions can obtain in any other market of the world. We can act as a clearing house and adviser, placing our negotiating ability at the disposal of any one of them for making a commercial treaty with a foreign nation. But a common formula cannot be found which would include the Empire as a whole, and to attempt one would create difficulty, because the conditions do not admit of unified action. There are, undoubtedly, questions which ought to be treated imperially. The "pooling" of our Naval and Military resources has proved to be a necessity, and must be further discussed when peace ensues. Our foreign relations to the rest of the world have a direct bearing upon our provision for Naval and Military defence. On the one hand, no single portion of the Empire can be left alone in any dispute with a first-class Power. On the other hand, the Dominions will not permit themselves to be drawn into another great war without having a voice in the foreign policy which necessarily relates to it. This, of course, implies an Imperial Council, new to the Constitution, regularly formed, and annually in session. The British Parliament, together with the Parliaments of the Dominions, will be represented upon it, but the supplies which are required for Naval and Military Services will have to be voted by the various Parliaments in the usual way, and hence those Parliaments will indirectly retain a control over policy.

As soon as our Armies are disbanded, we shall have to direct a considerable amount of attention to the general question of labour. Labour in the fields had already become a difficulty, and the scarcity of cottages was prompting us to take some preliminary steps when the war broke out. In consequence of this scarcity, it has been difficult for married couples to find a home, and young fellows were steadily emigrating, particularly to Western Canada. In the future we may expect that the land question will become still more urgent. There are many large estates which will be offered in consequence of increased taxation, and of the better employment of money elsewhere. It will be desirable to hesitate before we embark upon fresh schemes. We ought not to settle upon fixity

of tenure or peasant proprietorship until we are better informed as to the future handling of the soil. It is most probable that science will quicken her pace during the present century, and that chemistry applied to cultivation, with an extended use of machinery, will give better results with less local labour than at present. Until we see the way more clearly, it would be wise to put up comfortable dwellings of a temporary character, similar to the buildings with which the war has made us so familiar, instead of multiplying pretty red brick cottages, which may not ultimately be occupied by the class for which they are supposed to be required. The dreary inactivity of the countryside for a part of every year suggests alternate village employment, which a cheaper and wider distribution of electric power may put within the reach of smaller localised manufacturers. But there is something of still more importance. Much loss is inflicted upon farming through an ignorance of world production, and the want of intelligent co-operation. A constant fluctuation in price is no mere matter of the market town; it is the result of world-wide operations. The price of bacon next year depends chiefly upon Chicago, and it is possible in some degree to forestall the market. To farm successfully in a country which freely imports foodstuffs implies adaptation, and a clear knowledge of the productions of other continents. We need national and county associations, with their agents everywhere, who will advise the farmer upon marketable products, teach him standards of quality, undertake to find him an outlet, and generally relieve him from the commercial side of his industry. Is there any reason why the success of Denmark in dealing with dairy produce on co-operative lines should not be followed generally in British farming?

But the difficulties of labour are much more marked in the world of manufacture and of distribution. Even during the war Trades Unions are drawing together, whilst the position is further complicated by unruly minorities which have caused trouble within the limits of the Trades Unions themselves. It would greatly simplify labour questions if we could eliminate the cost of living from the market value of labour, and consider it separately. When Parliament fixed a minimum wage, it was, in fact, intended to be a living wage, a fair equivalent in money for food, clothing, and cover. This minimum wage was not expressed in terms of money, because the value of money is in a state of constant change. It was, therefore, left to district Committees of employers and employed to revise it from time to time according to varying conditions in different parts of the country. There would be no difficulty in fixing a living wage to be based upon the returns of the Board of Trade for the previous twelve months, with a separate

scale for town and for country. If this living wage cannot be paid, then a business so impoverished had better close down. An underfed, neglected population breeds misery. The problem of the slum is chiefly a question of wages. This would disentangle the reasonable share of labour in gross profit from the cost of bare living, for the fluctuations in food do not always keep pace with variations in trade. A failure in harvest throughout the Northern Hemisphere, or a scarcity of freight, would put up the price of bread quite irrespective of the profits in any particular trade. It would certainly simplify trade disputes if they could be dealt with purely upon their merits, and it would make easy the adoption of a scale of pay dependent upon profits if the cost of bare living were dissociated from such a scale. We are, at present, at a half-way position in the relationship of capital to labour. To go backward is neither possible nor desirable. Unorganised labour would abound in sectional disputes and would render satisfactory settlements impracticable. Unless the present position is to be accepted, and no one is altogether satisfied with it, we must give further legal sanction to organisation. We could begin with particular industries of a highly skilled character, confining them to Union labour, and recognising the Labour Unions, under an approved constitution, to be capable of regulating their contributions by law, requiring notice from a member who desires to leave the Union. The authority of the management over discordant or rebellious minorities might be recognised. On the other hand, it would be reasonable to stipulate that before resorting to a strike a Union should be bound to argue the points in dispute before a committee, upon which they should be represented. Failing a settlement, the power to strike must be conceded, just as the right of capital to withdraw from a particular industry could not be refused. It may be said that this savours of Socialism, and would lead us up to it. If full-blooded Socialism would best secure the purposes we have in view, then it would demand an impartial consideration; but it would be difficult indeed for a country like our own, with a foreign trade essential to our very existence, to plunge into so brilliant an adventure. Unless the whole civilised world accompanied us, we should be compelled to compete with other nations who were living under our present commercial conditions. They would subordinate the reward of labour and capital to the price which could be obtained for their export in the markets of the world. Socialism seeks to create a nation of workers whose standards of leisure and well-being have been lifted to an ideal point. In so doing, it must inevitably draw upon that unknown margin of energy which necessity alone can extract, and which is the price of successful competition. The worker would seek to enlarge that margin of

leisure and of well-being. The Syndicalist would desire to control his particular trade, and to work it to his own advantage. Between Socialist and Syndicalist the nation would be reduced by degrees to a population which could support itself from the production of its own soil, and would discover that it was losing its life in the attempt to find it. Under any system by which this country is to be worked in the immediate future, we have to find a means to pay interest on our debts, gradually to reduce the principal amount, and generally to carry on. In order to do this, can we find an alternative to direct taxation other than those high tariffs which would disturb the balance of our trade? Is there a third method which would prove a solution of the difficulty? I venture to repeat what I have said once before, that we shall have to go into business on a national scale in order to pay our way. Amongst these possible enterprises we may place the nationalisation of the railways of the United Kingdom. As another instance, we might take over the engineering and shipbuilding concerns which have done such great service to the nation by diverting their efforts to the manufacture of armaments. There are reasons which make it desirable for armaments to be kept under national control; but to increase the number of arsenals and dockyards exclusively devoted to war purposes would involve us in the maintenance of skilled men and machinery far in advance of anything required in time of peace. Yet we could not afford to distribute these men and close the works, lest we should not be able to reassemble them and to start equipped upon a sudden outbreak of war. To continue accumulating unnecessary armaments would be politically unwise, as it might have an unfortunate effect upon other nations. It would be, therefore, better to take over the whole joint industry, carrying on the civil part of the work as engineers and shipbuilders to the extent that we did not require war preparation. Should the day of necessity arise again, we have everything to our hand, and the process of controlling and adapting private firms, whilst a war was in progress, would not be required to the same extent.

There are certain well-marked areas in colliery districts—the smokeless steam coal of South Wales is one of them—which are of consequence to the nation and become of priceless importance in time of war. They are equally in demand for the mercantile marine at other times. There are oil deposits within the limits of the Empire which we ought to possess and control. Even the licensed victualling of the country has its commercial return under nationalisation, as well as the great moral advantage of controlling or prohibiting the use of alcohol. Each of these proposals requires an article to itself. It is sufficient to point out that the rate at which the Government can borrow will always be less than the

borrowing capacity of corporations and of private undertakings. The savings effected would considerably increase these profits, and there is no problem of management so difficult that it does not apply with equal force to any railway or large industrial undertaking at the present time. The nation would simply take the place of the shareholders, receiving Government securities in exchange for their bonds or shares, and there would be no appeal to the nation at large for any considerable sum to add to the Debt. To take over these profitable concerns would be a case of investment, not of borrowing; and the revenue derived therefrom would considerably relieve the burden of taxation. Neither would the difficulties of dealing with labour be increased, but improved. The nation would be a better employer with its schemes of pension and conditions of work than any private firm or corporation. At the present time constant difficulties are occurring through labour disputes, demanding the intervention of the Government, formally or informally. This intervention is all the more difficult because it only takes place when good feeling is exhausted and the dispute has been envenomed. Under national employment, wherever an employed person became a servant of the State reconciliation of disputes would be easier, and many would never arise. There is no ground for supposing that the nation would be less resourceful, or show diminished enterprise in particular industries under State management. The modern business man is often embarrassed for want of capital, and hesitates to make experiments in a fresh direction for fear of an initial loss. The same even applies to Boards of Directors who have to appeal to the public for subscription. We should certainly be freer to move as a State in the development of business. No one could better afford to treat liberally the brain and driving force of each concern. The war has brought to us the sense of want of preparation; a national inertness, and a lack of concerted progress. This has shaken the nation out of its former complacency, and has fairly alarmed it as to its commercial predominance in the future. The lesson required to be learned.

In order to maintain the commercial supremacy of the United Kingdom we must make sure that a sufficient amount of labour and of capital will be always available in this country. "Except these abide in the ship, ye cannot be saved." London must continue to be the commercial centre of the world, its financial metropolis. We have discussed methods by which labour shall be properly remunerated; we have sought a method of relieving taxation from becoming an intolerable strain. We have not to fear competition from the Continent of Europe, for our neighbours will be burdened in proportion to their resources more heavily than ourselves. It is to the competition of the United States that we naturally look,

but that competition will not be serious so long as the United States continues to maintain a tariff wall. So long as she does so, the cost of production in that country will be maintained. It may be necessary for us to direct the flow of capital to the East, where the raw material of certain commodities lies to hand, and where coloured labour can be obtained at a comparatively low price. But we must take care that this diversion of capital does not go too far, or we may have the mills of Lancashire and of Yorkshire working at less than full time, whilst Bombay and the farther East are booming. Yet we cannot expect that we shall continue for ever to import raw material from Asia, pay freight upon it, convert it into manufactured goods in Britain, and then export the finished article to clothe the inhabitants of the very countries where the raw material has been grown. The Asiatic does not lack readiness in a new task, and with a little practice can learn it. Whether he has the physical power to work as hard as the English man or woman is a question of food, and a rise in wages will do much in that respect, as he will never require the Western standard of living. He has learned to do with less, and makes more of the food than the European. It must be remembered that climate has an important bearing upon food. The cold and variable climate of this country diverts a portion of the food we eat to the maintenance of animal warmth. Money has to be spent in clothing, in fuel, and in suitable cover. From this the inhabitant of warmer climates is largely exempt. The sun makes that provision for him, and so he starts with a competitive advantage. No doubt the teeming populations of India, of China, and of Japan have dropped to the line of bare living, the smallest amount at which their working ability can be maintained. Besides which, periods of famine have overtaken them, and thinned the population down to the point at which there was sufficient food for the survivors. This process, which has been going on for centuries, has bred a race which can live upon an amount representing sheer starvation to the European. The experience of the Russo-Japanese War proved that under the same military condition the Japanese soldier could march, fight, and win upon food which would have been utterly insufficient for the Russian Armies. Nature adapts mankind to its social condition, and remorselessly removes the unfit. We must not nurse the delusion that the Asiatic working class will not be soon fully supplemental to the British workers, for the organised labour of the East will be required to maintain the commercial supremacy of the Empire. But, for the present, Europe will need to recover from the war. There are bridges to rebuild, railway tracks to be relaid, factories to be refitted, and every branch of industry in this country will find employment for a considerable time. The mineral

resources of the East will be slowly developed, and it is a fortunate fact that we control so much of the tropical and sub-tropical portions of the earth, where there is natural wealth waiting for us, and where labour is abundant and eager. We must live frugally, accumulate capital, and be thankful that our own credit remains unshaken. Germany has lost the goodwill of Russia, will cease to tinker with Turkey, whilst Great Britain and France are summoned to take her place. Russia is commercially a virgin country, with possibilities as great as that of Western America. But why should not the United States, immense in her resources, share this trade with us, or even anticipate us in competing for it? At the beginning she may so do, but only to a small extent. The United States has not yet satisfied the call for investment within her own territory. She has the Southern Continent, the other America, to develop, and perhaps to colonise, in the future. It will be better for us to give way to her in Argentina and in the other Latin States of the New World, whilst we devote ourselves to work closer to hand. We are on the threshold of Europe, within call of Western Asia, well equipped for service, and have political as well as commercial considerations to invite our trade. When we and the United States have respectively done our own work, the vast territories of China lie waiting for our joint efforts. As we regard this extended field of human endeavour, accompanied by the growing importance of our own self-governing Dominions, the horizon widens, until there is hardly a measurable limit to our opportunities. For this country there is a good time coming, if we will only wait a little longer.

JOSEPH COMPTON-RICKETT.

COALITION OR — ?

A VITAL choice lies before all good citizens at the present moment—whether to support the Coalition or to oppose it. It is difficult for any man to stand aside while such alternatives are at issue. Of all attitudes, the Laodicean is probably the worst. Good leadership is so vital in war that there can be no halting between two paths. Those who are not for the Coalition ought to be against it. In seeking a judgment on this supreme question of public conduct, we can fortunately lay aside all question of party. For the matter in the balance far transcends all questions of party politics or principles. After reading the latest utterances of the German Chancellor—after noting the commentary supplied by the latest developments of “frightfulness” by land and by sea—we can all see that what is now challenged is nothing less than the present safety and the future existence of this Empire.

Who can palter or parley with so tremendous a gage of battle?

Sanity and coolness, therefore, must be brought to the decision. The “inquest” of the nation into the record of the present Government should be conducted with some of the solemn courtesy which marks a trial for life or death. Of late we have had too much of the din of rival invective. It is a poor service to the country and the Government to regard every criticism as a “plot” or a “cabal”: it is a doubtful means of remedying defects to give a personal edge to every attack. The critics do themselves wrong by creating the suspicion that they are more eager to destroy men than to produce measures. Let us get away from these banalities. Let us purge ourselves of the clinging mists and fogs of our old party feelings. We have run into a world-crisis: let us rise to the height of the great argument. The only public question that exists for the moment is the war. Tariff Reform, Payment of Members, Home Rule—these are all irrelevancies. We will return to them when the time comes. But the question now at issue is nothing less than this—whether that time will ever return. To engage to-day in those disputes is as absurd as if a man in the

central crisis of an illness were to discuss his arrangements for next year's holiday. The question at issue for him and for us is—whether next year's holiday is going to come at all.

Such changes of atmosphere are always very difficult for a nation with an intense internal vitality. It is recorded in history that in struggles between nations otherwise equally matched, domestic strife has often proved the deciding factor. The Carthaginians and Athenians stand out for all time as nations that perished, not from want of skill in arms or failure of resources, but because they carried into war the disputes of peace, and were often more anxious to injure one another than to destroy the enemy. Sir George Reid, our shrewd and kindly Australian critic, has already observed signs of the same weakness in our own Parliament; and such a judgment requires instant attention if it is not to become an epitaph.

But the avoidance of faction is dearly purchased by the silence of Parliament, which should be always a willing fount of energy for the service of the war. Abstention from criticism for fear of faction is almost as perilous as faction itself. The self-effacement of Parliament in the first year of the war led to a gradual decline from the splendid outburst of energy and initiative with which the Liberal Government of 1910-15 entered on the war. Criticism, seeking for an outlet, found it in the Press, which is a good servant but a bad master of parliaments. Leader-writers are often splendid students of politics. But they are responsible to no constituencies. They do not meet one another face to face, and their mutual bickerings are less placable and less reasonable than those of Westminster. Really, some of their recent encounters recall an immortal glimpse of the English Press at an earlier period:—

“Accordingly, there were two newspapers in the town—*The Eatanswill Gazette* and *The Eatanswill Independent*, the former advocating Blue principles, and the latter conducted on grounds decidedly Buff. Fine newspapers they were. Such leading articles, and such spirited attacks! ‘Our worthless contemporary, the *Gazette*’—‘That false and scurrilous print, the *Independent*’—‘That vile and slanderous calumniator, the *Gazette*’—these, and other spirit-stirring denunciations, were strewn plentifully over the columns of each, in every number, and excited feelings of the most intense delight and indignation in the bosoms of the townspeople.”*

The only difference to-day being that the feelings provoked in the public lean rather to indignation than to delight. Add to this that behind the mask of noble sentiments we have seen in some quarters—conspicuous though happily rare—the pursuit of personal vendettas; and we now understand better why it was that Dr.

* *Pickwick Papers*, Chapter xiii.

Johnson, on a famous occasion, "suddenly uttered, in a strong, "determined tone, an apophthegm, at which many will start: " 'Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel!' " *

These ferocities of the Press, whether corporate or personal, are entirely out of tune with the mood of this great nation, which, however anxious and perturbed it may be, is always gravely just and serious in its attitude towards its public men. From such poisoned attacks our political leaders can still appeal to the people. For Great Britain is not one of those countries which in times of trouble propitiate the gods by the sacrifice of the innocent simply because they happen to be their leaders. If such had been our habit, we should not have been served so well in other days. For a country where public servants are recklessly thrown over is like a household where servants are lightly dismissed. Its affairs are always badly managed, and often drift to confusion and disaster. It was not thus that England remained faithful to Pitt even in the darkest hour of the great Napoleonic struggle. The peril of British public opinion is rather, indeed, to be found in a certain excess of tolerance and generosity. That feature becomes especially emphatic when the public imagines that any prominent man has been unjustly or capriciously treated. In such a case, the peril of the attack lies in the reaction from it. For unhappily it is a poor remedy for the excess of harshness to fly to the excess of indulgence.

So, while avoiding the miasma of faction, it is still our duty as a self-governing people to ask certain plain, simple questions as to our Coalition rulers. For example, how far are they responsible for such errors as are confessed and undeniable in the conduct of the war up to the present moment? If they are responsible, then how far does such responsibility reveal qualities that portend danger to the State? These are fair questions.

On the other hand, it is also just to ask: How far are those errors the inevitable accompaniments of new and unexplored experiences—of difficulties without parallel in the history of the world? Or, again, is it not equally true that these same men have by foresight and skill avoided other errors and disasters immeasurably greater? Or may it not be that in thinking of the darker side of recent events we are apt to forget the brighter? Here, also, are fair questions.

Take, for instance, the present situation in the Near East. In thinking of Gallipoli and Kut-el-Amara, have we forgotten that

* "But let it be considered," goes on Boswell, "that he did not mean a real and generous love of our country, but that pretended patriotism which so many in all ages and countries have made a cloak for self-interest" ("The Life of James Boswell, 1775," Aetat 66. P. 209 in Vol. III. of the Dent Edition) The same may be said to-day.

two months ago we expected to be driven from Salonica and attacked in Egypt? Or, in the West—contemplating our stationary line from the coast to Arras—have we forgotten the Battle of the Marne and the German failure to capture Paris or Calais? If we blame the Government for failures ought we not also to praise it for successes?

Once more, take this point: Is it fair that, in this great war alone among wars, the Ministers should bear so much of the burden of blame and the Generals so little? A few weeks ago, in the House of Commons, Mr. Austen Chamberlain, galled by unjust attack, bluntly disposed of the idle and foolish legend that the Cabinet had immediately directed the military attempt to advance to Bagdad. Are there not a good many other idle and foolish legends still in currency? Mr. Winston Churchill is still the banished "scapegoat" of the Dardanelles. At its worst, his offence was that he acted with that speed and dash which are always the favourite qualities pressed upon Ministers by the critics of "wait and see." But are we quite sure that Mr. Winston Churchill was really so much to blame as has been imagined? Enver Bey has recently stated to an interviewer* that the attack on the Straits would have succeeded if the Admirals had persisted; and the same evidence has been given to me by an important neutral witness, who was at the time present in Constantinople. In this, as in other cases, it seems, at any rate, only fair that judgment should be suspended until all the facts are known.

Or take a wider and broader view. Consider the tremendous difficulties of the world-war to those who hold the threads of central power. Our far-flung Empire presents for attack an extent and expanse bewildering in its immensity. Happily for us we have had the help of the South Africans in South-West and East Africa. But it is part of the German strategy to confuse us by menaces of attack at all points. Rebellions and mutinies are stimulated in distant Crown Colonies, not necessarily with any hope of success, but to detain and occupy the Britons on the spot. A great army has to be assembled in Egypt; and even when that menace proves a mirage of the desert we cannot be sure that it will not again become a thing of substance. The dark shadow of possible "raids" perpetually haunts the East Coast of this island. Every possible effort is made by air and by sea to undermine our confidence in our own home security. All this is part of the German war-game. To the rulers of the British Empire it presents a series of perpetually shifting crises; only in part military, also largely political, calling for immense resources of men, ships, and material. We

* *My Secret Service*, p. 83. (Herbert Jenkins.)

must not lightly judge men faced with such vast and shifting difficulties.

In this new world navigation there are sudden rises of wind and strange eddies of tide. Fogs obscure the vision and earth currents disturb the compass. The ship of State must often move by "dead reckoning": and the only clue to the right course is often the light of those ancient stars—duty and discipline. If the ship is to be saved, must not the crew submit to those austere guides as well as the officers?

There have been grave errors—no one denies it. The most conspicuous of all was that failure in the supply of munitions which took place in the spring of 1915. Those were the dark days when many of our guns in Flanders were limited to four shots a day, and British regiments provided with two machine-guns had to face German regiments armed with twelve. But to blame the Coalition Government for these shortcomings is surely the most amazing instance of the shortness of political memories. For it was precisely to remedy this grievous default that the Coalition Government was formed. The real moral of the event was that the munitioning of so great an army—an army twenty times as great as the original Expeditionary Force—required a complete reorganisation of the national resources. It is no blame to the War Office to say that no single Department could ever have proved equal to so great a task. Far more, no single party could be equal to it. Such a venture required the co-operation of the whole nation—of all parties and all classes—of Labour as well as of Liberals and Tories, of workmen as well as of employers, of women as well as men. Mr. Lloyd George has always frankly and freely admitted that his great achievement has been only rendered possible by the voluntary self-denial and self-effacement of all. So far from being an evidence of failure, the settlement of the munition problem has been perhaps the greatest triumph of the Coalition. By no other machinery could that great national effort have been achieved.

It was indeed in the travail of the munition crisis that the Coalition had its birth: and the very story of its origin forms, perhaps, the best evidence of its inevitability. The Opposition, led by Mr. Bonar Law, had always observed since August, 1914, up to May, 1915, a self-restraint which, whether wise or unwise, certainly was inspired by the highest patriotic motives. But there came to the knowledge of the Opposition leaders the facts about the shortage of munitions in France. These men were then placed in a great difficulty. Either they had to keep silence, which might make them responsible for great national disasters; or they had to speak out openly in full detail, which might have given information

to the enemy fatal to our cause in the field. It was at that moment that Mr. Asquith, himself for the first time fully apprised of the gravity of the situation, generously and spontaneously recognised their position. Of his own accord, he approached them. The leaders on both sides recognised simultaneously that if leaders were to accept responsibility without public debate, they must become partners in the Administration. The arguments which prevailed in May, 1915, still prevail in May, 1916. The same considerations which led to the Coalition last year—the impossibility of free open debate in the details of the war—prevail to-day. As long as there are vital matters which the leaders of Parliamentary parties cannot discuss in open debate, it remains necessary that they must join to discuss them in the privacy of the Cabinet.

The true precedent for the Coalition of 1915 is not the Coalition of 1783—a short-lived fraternity of exhaustion at the end of a discreditable war—but the Coalition of 1757, when the elder Pitt combined with Newcastle and the elder Fox, at a moment of grave national crisis, to carry through a great war. That Coalition between bitter domestic foes was a brilliant and national success: and it is as true now as it was then that only national success will be accepted as the justification for Coalition. Only so will the public be consoled for losing the bitter-sweets of daily party strife. But the Coalition of 1757 was given a fair chance: it was supported by the nation. It did not become the sport of impatience and sensationalism. If the nation is to be saved, the Coalition of 1915-16 must also receive justice and fair play.

Take certain acute confusions now urged against the Coalition—the Recruiting policy and the Anti-aircraft defence. Both are admitted to give ground for criticism. Both in flying and recruiting there is, by common admission, great room for reform. The Government themselves frankly admit that in flying they have fallen behind the record we established at the beginning of the war. Similarly, in recruiting. They are always the first to tell us that still more men are needed if the lines are to be held—still more and more. No one can possibly give any logical defence for the compromise reached by the Coalition as the result of the Derby campaign last autumn. In no other country in the world can a man escape conscription by way of marriage; nowhere else is it seriously maintained that a man has a stronger duty to fight for his country because he has not a home to defend.

All this is profoundly unsatisfactory. But whose fault is it? In its attitude towards conscription, the Coalition has accurately represented the mind of the nation, neither more nor less. What fault there is lies with the nation. For reasons that lie far back

in our history, the English people have always had a profound detestation for military compulsion. But to-day a great whirlwind is convulsing the earth, tossing such faiths like leaves before it. We have taken up a challenge which we must vindicate or go under. We must accept the necessities of this great world ordeal by battle. Many of us entertain a deep-rooted prejudice against flooding our houses with water. But if our houses are on fire we have to suspend that prejudice. That is the true commonsense of this matter of compulsory service.

But so far from any other Government settling this matter on better lines, is it possible that any Government except a Coalition would have been able to go so far as the Coalition? To pass the Military Service Act, mild and halting as it is, no Unionist combination would have been strong enough. A purely Liberal Government would have been faced with instant domestic crisis; and is it quite certain that the Conservatives would have supported them? Remember that only a year ago both of the great parties were deeply committed against compulsory service in any shape or form.

The peculiar strength of the Coalition, in this as in other things, is that it is always open to conviction and enlargement. No party shibboleths have to be uttered by those who would join its ranks. It can draw strength from any quarter. Lord Derby passes from critic to partnership. Even Mr. Billing trembles on fluttering wings, offering to fly with the flock. There is no sanctity about particular appointments. Posts could be changed and men shifted without depriving the Government of its Coalition virtue. If a new Blockade Minister can be created one day, why not an Air Minister the next? All these are details of administration; and it will rest with the Prime Minister to show us that here, as in other matters, he still stands out with a supreme instinct for interpreting the mind and will of the British nation.

The Coalition, thus regarded, is the nation at war. It resembles one of those microbes which, we are told, can convert themselves from open mouths into animate claws. Under the Coalition, the nation has become one living workshop of war. It is the final and conclusive defence of the Coalition that even if we destroyed it we should be forced to the same thing under another name. We could not conceive, during the war, a return to the old system of party Government. Such a division of national forces would spell suicide.

The best strengthening of the Coalition would rather be to extend and fortify it by taking Parliament into its framework, imitating Republican France by reinforcing our Coalition Ministers with

Coalition Parliamentary Committees. Then, and only then, shall we have Coalition in its finest and fullest power.

That wise man, John Selden, in his table-talk,* compares the conduct of a war to the throwing of a leaded net by a fisherman. "If he has not the right trick to cast the net off his shoulder, the lead will pull him into the river." To throw such a net, the fisherman requires the whole of his undistracted energy and skill. He cannot perform his task rightly if he be assailed by venomous tongues. If, then, we are right in our conclusion that the Coalition Government stands in this crisis as the true embodiment of the nation casting the net of war, then heavy will be his responsibility, and difficult his defence at the bar of history, who shall lightly destroy it.

HAROLD SPENDER.

* Collected by his secretary, Richard Milward. Printed for J. Wilkie, 1778.

THE "ENTENTE CORDIALE."

GREAT BRITAIN AND FRANCE: YESTERDAY, TO-DAY, AND
TO-MORROW.

EVERYONE will admit that Great Britain and France are the great champions of liberty in the world, and that the Entente Cordiale of the two nations is as much a blessing to humanity as their enmity would be a curse. All the great international events which have taken place since the epoch when Elizabeth reigned in England and Charles IX. in France prove the truth of that assertion. But never during the whole course of past history has the beneficial effect of their union been more clearly demonstrated than at the present moment. It is possible that the French alone would have succeeded, as they did at the battle of the Marne, in stemming the torrent of the invading armies, whose object was to crush France and obtain a footing on the English Channel, in order to impose the "Kultur" of Germany on the world, and to consecrate the abominable principle that "Might is Right." Yet it may be doubted whether the French, with all their courage and patriotism, would have been able permanently to dam the tide which has, with the aid of the British troops, been till now held back, and which there are good reasons to hope will soon be compelled to recede. However that may be, no one denies the great military assistance Great Britain has already lent France with her improvised armies, which have now transformed her into a military Power, and which will surely participate gloriously in the hard struggles, soon to be engaged in, to drive the barbarous foe out of France and Belgium.

If the aid of Great Britain has been invaluable on land, her powerful fleet at sea has rendered incalculable services, making ultimate victory not only probable, but certain. It has swept the German warships and armed liners, which at the commencement of the war were prowling about the oceans in search of prey, as well as all the German merchant vessels, off the seas. It still holds the great German battleships bottled up in their ports. The French Navy, chiefly concentrated in the Mediterranean, would not have been able to accomplish that task. By the work of the English Fleet

the products of the whole world have been, and will continue to be, at the disposal of the Allies, while at the same time the enemy have already been deprived of most of their facilities for importation, which will in a near future be much more restricted, if not completely suppressed.

It is therefore not astonishing that the Germans should seek by all means to sow discord between Great Britain and France. Not long ago, Prince von Bülow's manoeuvres to determine a movement of French public opinion in favour of the conclusion of a separate peace between Germany and France were the subject of conversation in the best informed Parisian circles. Analogous intrigues were carried on almost simultaneously in Russia. The object the Germans had in view was the isolation of Great Britain, who would, had her allies fallen into the snare, have been left confronted with the coalition of Germany, Austria, Turkey, and Bulgaria, to say nothing of the other Balkan States. And it appears that in the diplomatic and military circles of the German Empire people were ingenuous enough to indulge in the hope that France and Russia, having suffered much more by the war than Great Britain, would abandon their ally so as to re-enter immediately into possession of the territories occupied by the enemy.

It is scarcely necessary to say that neither in France nor in Russia did the manoeuvres and intrigues of the German agents meet with any sort of success. As is testified by the declaration made spontaneously to the Belgian Government on February 14th, 1916, France and Russia remain closely united with Great Britain, and will maintain their union until the day when, German militarism being effectually crushed, the charter of the interested nations can be established by the victors, on the basis of the independence of each of them, with solid guarantees for their autonomy. Neither in France nor in Russia did anyone dream, for a single instant, of violating the agreement signed in London on September 5th, 1914, by which the Powers of the Triple Entente, at the most tragic moment of the war, undertook towards one another not to conclude with the German Empires any separate agreement, and to consult together on the conditions of peace only when they should be unanimously decided to consent to conclude it.

If there were in France some persons who, at the beginning of the war, were hostile to Great Britain, or distrustful of her, their sentiments have been modified by the loyalty and firmness of the British diplomacy, at the moment when, on the eve of the German declaration of war against Russia and France and the invasion of Belgium, Germany attempted to separate Great Britain from France. Moreover, there is not a single Frenchman who has not admired the valour with which the British troops have, during the

last eighteen months, been fighting shoulder to shoulder with the men composing the French and Belgian armies. To-day, the whole of the French nation is in perfect accord with their Government in proclaiming the indissoluble character of the Franco-British *Entente Cordiale*, and in hoping that, after the war, the union of the two peoples will be transformed into a durable alliance of their two countries, on economic as well as political grounds. There are certainly not in the whole world any other two countries that, by their geographical situation, their climatic conditions, with the economic consequences they entail, the character of the inhabitants, &c., are better made than France and Great Britain to live on good terms with each other. By their geographical situation they are neighbours without being in direct contact, which sometimes leads to the wounding of national pride or to collisions of opposing interests. By her insular position, Great Britain is constrained to concern herself, above all, with the development of her maritime power, whereas France, by her Continental situation and her immediate contact with other Powers, is obliged to occupy herself chiefly with the organisation of her military forces.

A soil for the most part very fertile, and a temperate climate with frequent rain, make France one of the richest agricultural countries of the world. On the other hand the great riches in coal and mineral ores of the substrata of the British soil have enabled Great Britain to effect an industrial development which France could not pretend to rival, notwithstanding the fact that her mines are richer than they were, till quite recently, supposed to be. Those conditions render France particularly capable of furnishing Great Britain with articles of food, in exchange for which Great Britain can give France industrial products she is unable to manufacture in sufficient quantities to satisfy her needs. In all the epochs of their history, the two nations have effected exchanges of that description, and their importance has increased in proportion to their respective agricultural and industrial development. To-day, France sends to Great Britain annually £60,000,000 worth of foodstuffs, while she receives from Great Britain more than £40,000,000 worth of manufactured articles.

The population of the British Isles and that of France do not differ less than their respective soils, their climate, and their economic development. It could not be otherwise, because the temper and character of men result from the cosmic surroundings in which they live, while their mentality is formed by the education they receive. The English and the French may be said to complete each other, as France and Great Britain harmonise in virtue of the differences existing between them.

Great Britain and France should therefore always have been

united in bonds of friendship; but their peoples, like those of the whole of the rest of Europe, were, during very many centuries, thrown against one another by the ambitions of their governments. Is it necessary to call to mind the wars during which, in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, the French soil was watered with so much blood, under the pretext that the kings of England had, by the relationship of their wives with the Capet family, superior claims to the throne of France than the Valois? The two kingdoms were indeed for a short time placed under the authority of one sole monarch, Henry V. of England. But the mentalities of the two peoples were already so different, their nationalities, if the word can be applied to peoples at such an early epoch, were too diversified, for their union to be possible. The two nations have from that time been politically separated, but they have been sufficiently drawn towards each other by nature and interest, to have lived almost always on courteous terms, and to have been united in veritable alliances.

Since the end of the fifteenth century only two periods of their history were disturbed by important and long wars. They were that which corresponds with the reign of Louis XIV., and that which commences with the revolt of the United States and the Great French Revolution, terminating with the military *épopée* of Napoleon I. At those epochs the two essential features of the foreign policy of Great Britain became clearly apparent to the whole world. When she warred against Louis XIV. and Napoleon I., when she organised the coalition of all the Continental nations against them, it was in order to prevent the establishment of their hegemony over Europe, and it was also to protect the Low Countries against the ambitions of France, and to maintain on the eastern shores of the North Sea states whose comparative weakness deprived their maritime competition of danger for her.

Except during Cromwell's short military dictatorship, in which she showed herself bellicose and conquering, Great Britain has, in her international policy, never failed to apply the three following principles: to oppose the hegemony or domination of any Power over the other Powers of Europe; to resist the establishment of a great maritime Power on the shores of the North Sea; to avoid taking possession of any territory on the Continent, in order to preserve for Great Britain her character of an insular and maritime Power. The constant application of those principles, from the time of the great Queen Elizabeth down to our day, has enabled Great Britain to play an important part in European events, and even to profit by all the wars, without exposing herself to great risk. But to remain faithful to those principles, England was obliged always to keep up a fleet strong enough to have nothing to fear

from the most powerful navies of the world. The tenacity with which, since the sixteenth century, she has persevered in the execution of that task, and in the application of the line of conduct traced by Elizabeth, deserves all the more admiration because, around her, most of the Continental Powers adopted almost as many different lines of policy as they had kings or emperors. In the performance of that task the various British Governments were, it is true, aided by the temper and character of the people of Great Britain. Isolated in their islands, on the soil of which no foreign army has ever set foot since the time of William the Conqueror, the inhabitants of Great Britain got accustomed to living in peace, became refractory to continental military organisations, refused to submit to compulsory military service, and looked on the army with such distrust, that the representatives of the country refused to insure it a permanent existence. Even the recruitment of sailors to man the British Fleet was always effected by voluntary enlistment. No grave event has happened in Europe since the sixteenth century but England has played a prominent rôle in it, though her means of action were almost always limited to her rich treasure and her powerful Fleet. Her successes were all the greater, because she was always able to choose her own time, and to profit by the faults of her rivals or enemies.

Contrary to that of Great Britain, the foreign policy of France was never subject to any fundamental principle. It varied according to the temper of the personages in power, and was almost always encouraged by the French people to take a bellicose direction. Come from the heart of Asia, across the south of Europe, incessantly fighting their way, the population of France have preserved the warlike manners and customs of their ancestors, especially because, for many centuries, they were obliged to defend their rich soil and mild climate against the peoples of various races that coveted them. Later on, the desire to protect themselves against threatening neighbours urged them to extend their dominions to the boundaries which nature seemed to have assigned to them: the Pyrenees and the Alps in the south, and the Rhine to the east and north. It is needless to speak of the ambitions of some of their kings to extend their dominions beyond the Alps into the rich valleys of Italy, and across the Pyrenees into the Iberian Peninsula. The only general fact to be remembered, to explain the warlike, and at the same time chivalrous, character of the people of France, is that, at all times, they gloried in fighting, not only to extend their frontiers, but to defend every cause which appeared to them just, and all the peoples they saw oppressed around them.

With three sides of their territory washed by seas, the French developed the spirit of adventure they inherited from their ancestors.

They were one of the first of the European peoples to take to the sea, and to create a veritable maritime fighting force. They were also among the first to seek to acquire territories beyond the seas. The inevitable consequence of the maritime and colonial ambitions of France has been to create between herself and England, even as early as the sixteenth century, a rivalry of interests and *amour propre*, which has persisted to the present day, and has often led to diplomatic conflicts or quarrels of public opinion, but they were never the cause of any war. Each of the two countries understood that it must not oppose the development of the other on the seas, and in those parts of the world still without an owner, without exposing itself to dangerous reprisals. Thus, as stated above, the great wars between France and England since the sixteenth century, arose out of the pretension manifested by Louis XIV. and Napoleon I. to impose their hegemony on Europe.

As for the alliances between France and Great Britain, they always originated in their common resolution to protect Europe and themselves against the ambitions of another Power, or by the desire to favour the emancipation of small peoples. The most ancient and notable of those alliances was that directed against the Spanish monarchy. Philip II. was in the south not only the master of Spain, but also the sovereign of the Kingdom of Naples, the Milanese region, Sardinia, and Sicily, and in the north of Franche Comté, Artois, Flanders, and the Low Countries. By the acquisition of Portugal he had united under his domination all the colonies which Europe then possessed: Central America, Brazil, the greater part of South America, the factories of the West Coast of Africa, those of the Indies and of the Spice Islands of the Pacific Ocean. Enjoying unrivalled military and naval power, he pretended to monopolise for Spain all maritime commerce, and all colonial conquests. Allied with the Pope, and a fanatic in his Catholicism, he aspired to dominate the consciences as well as the bodies of the inhabitants of Europe. Both personally, and by means of the Inquisition, he waged relentless war against the Protestant religion. In France he had the Leaguers in his pay, he was obeyed by most of the lords and towns, and pretended to have the right to have the crown of the Valois placed on his daughter's head. When he launched his "Invincible Armada," the greatest fleet that has ever existed, against England, it was with the object of dethroning Queen Elizabeth, and of laying his hand on the most important of the Protestant States. In a word, the whole of Europe was, at the end of the sixteenth century, menaced by the Spanish monarchy with an all the more redoubtable tyranny, because it would have been at the same time political, religious, and economic.

The alliance of France and England, concluded in the first place by Elizabeth and Charles IX., and maintained by Henri IV. and the Cardinals, sheltered Europe from the ambitions of Philip II., and led ultimately to the crushing of the power of Spain. There is a fact in connection with the alliance which should not be lost sight of. It is that at the moment when Catherine de Medicis was, with the representatives of England, preparing the projected alliance, one of Queen Elizabeth's political agents was careful to make Admiral Coligny understand that the essential condition of a durable accord between the two countries would be the respect by France of the independence of the Low Countries, as England was quite decided not to consent to the establishment of any great maritime Power on the North Sea opposite the British Isles. Immediately after the conclusion of that alliance between England and France, both Powers aided the United Provinces to revolt against the authority of Philip II. A century later, when Louis XIV. attempted to seize those same Provinces, England declared war against him. And she did not lay down her arms till she had crushed the power of the Roi Soleil. At the end of the eighteenth century it was again after the invasion of the Low Countries, this time by the armies of the Convention, that Great Britain, at the outset favourable to the Revolution, declared war on France. William II. should have had these facts present in his mind on the day he decided to invade Belgium in order to strike at France.

Just as the history of France offers some phases characterised by ebullitions of continental ambition, so the history of England was marked from time to time by excessive maritime pretensions. Louis XIV. and Napoleon's dreams of dominating Europe may be compared with Chatham, William Pitt, and Palmerston's aspirations to a world-wide dominion of the sea. At those epochs, coalitions, analogous to those which Great Britain organised against France, were formed against Great Britain. Is it necessary to call to mind the insurrection against the despotism which resulted in the independence of the United States? Has anyone forgotten the leagues the neutral States formed to combat the pretensions of the English Navy to tyrannise over the commercial navigation of all nations? It was inevitable that the great power resulting from the maintenance of the enormous superiority of the British Navy for four centuries, should tempt certain British statesmen to indulge in imperialistic dreams. But on the British side of the Channel, more than in France, those who dreamed those dreams were deprived of the possibility of realising them, by the desire of the people to work in peace at the development of their riches and liberties. The Englishman is peaceful by his mental constitution, and the Frenchman, in spite of his chivalrous spirit, is not less

firmly attached to peace than his neighbour. Moreover, both the English and French had the wisdom to confer on their citizens powers which constituted a serious obstacle to the carrying out of the dangerously ambitious designs of their governing classes. Consequently, notwithstanding the existence of maritime and colonial rivalries, and in spite of certain not yet obliterated historical souvenirs, France and Great Britain have generally lived on courteous terms, which it has been easy for their Governments to transform into friendly relations.

And each time that friendship was established between the two nations, it resulted in material and moral advantages not only for themselves, but for other peoples. Was it not to their good understanding that Turkey, in the nineteenth century, owed her protection against the Russians, whose ambition was to capture Constantinople? Were not also the emancipation of Greece, the independence and neutrality of Belgium, the constitution of Bulgaria, the autonomy of Roumania, all due to that good understanding? And, at the present day, is not the Entente Cordiale of the two great nations who represent liberty in Europe, the most essential element of the multiple forces destined to protect the world against the insatiable ambitions and appetites of the Germans? If, after the present terrible war, the small nations enjoy their autonomy and liberty, will they not owe it, in a great measure, to the Franco-British Entente Cordiale?

Most special gratitude is due to King Edward VII. and President Felix Faure, who were the two men who contributed most powerfully to the establishment of that Entente. It was thanks to them that the diplomatic conflict of Fashoda terminated pacifically, and was followed by the creation of the Franco-British Entente Cordiale. Since that day all the Governments of the two countries have striven to maintain between Great Britain and France the really good relations which have, every year, become more and more friendly. They have been aided considerably in their task by the megalomania and disloyal policy of the German Empire. It is well known that, at the very moment when William II., in 1908, made flattering advances to the British nation, by means of an interview published in a London daily newspaper, he declared to certain political men that an alliance of Germany and France against Great Britain seemed to him indispensable and urgent. And again, do not the diplomatic documents published since the commencement of the present hostilities establish irrefutably that, at the very moment when his troops were beginning to invade Belgium, William II. did not despair of being able to induce Great Britain to remain neutral while he was throwing his armies into France? Everyone also remembers the violent explosion of anger

to which he gave vent when he learned that Great Britain refused to dishonour herself by withholding opposition to the violation of the neutrality of Belgium and the attempt to crush France. The disloyalty of Germany had contributed powerfully to the formation of the Franco-British Entente Cordiale, and the horribly barbarous crimes committed by the German troops transformed that Entente into an alliance, which, in spite of what the Germans may think, will be rendered indissoluble by the atrocities suffered in common, and the British and French blood shed together on the same battlefields.

Count von Bülow is credibly reported to have said to certain Frenchmen solicited by him to use their influence for the immediate conclusion of a separate peace: "Why do you hesitate to break loose from England? Do you not know, that before ten years have elapsed, you will be obliged to come to an understanding with us to protect yourselves against her ambition?" That same idea was given expression to in various forms so many times in Germany before the outbreak of war, that there would be nothing astonishing in its being expounded again recently by the great German corrupter. It constitutes a striking testimony to the psychological incapacity of the Germans, but, at the same time, it raises for the clear-sighted men of Great Britain and France a problem of the greatest gravity, which has been discussed many a time in France even by Englishmen. It is: Will Great Britain after this present war, intoxicated by victories common to herself and France, become an ambitious, warlike, military Power?

The question should be unhesitatingly answered in the negative. In the first place, even in the course of the terrible war which is at the present time drenching all Europe with blood, and in which Great Britain has already lost close on a million men, the British peoples have shown themselves very hostile to the military organisation of the continental nations. If it is only right to admire the promptness with which the aristocratic and upper middle classes of Great Britain enlisted, at the beginning of the war, to fight beside the soldiers of Belgium and France, it is impossible not to take into account the resistance of the British working classes, in the first instance to voluntary enlistment, and later on to compulsory military service, and even to industrial war service. The only measure those classes have accepted is the compulsory military service of bachelors for the duration of the present war. In France, the resistance to compulsory military service came from the *bourgeoisie*. In England, in all the epochs of her history, the great masses of the labouring classes have always shown themselves most hostile to it. It is unlikely that, after the war, the sentiments of those working classes will be found to have undergone a change.

Now, without compulsory military service for all its citizens, no nation can be really either a military or a bellicose people.

In the second place, from the point of view of her relations with the other Powers, Great Britain finds herself already under conditions which differ greatly from those formerly known to her great ambitious statesmen. They dreamed of the world-wide dominion of the seas at an epoch when England alone possessed a powerful Navy and a commercial fleet very superior to those of all the other nations. It will be impossible in the future for them to indulge in such dreams. Without speaking of France, who is sure not again to make the mistake of allowing her maritime forces to be neglected, as she has done during almost the whole course of her past history, the United States and Japan already possess fighting fleets and great mercantile navies. Russia, who will after the war become mistress of Constantinople, will not fail to develop her Black Sea fleet in order to uphold her position in the eastern Mediterranean waters. China possesses such a vast extent of coast, so considerable a number of excellent sailors, and so numerous a commercial fleet, that she cannot long escape the necessity of providing herself with a Navy at least as strong as those of Japan and the United States. Italy will not abandon her maritime forces, of which the importance is already great. Will not Spain be led to imitate her example? In a word, the multiplicity of the fleets of war vessels and commercial navies, which already exist, and which will soon be constituted in all the oceans, will no longer permit any nation to indulge in the dreams of universal dominion over the seas by which England, at certain times of her history, disquieted the world. William II. and powerful Germany arrived too late for the realisation of such dreams. The world-wide empire which the Kaiser had promised his peoples is being beaten down by the French, Russian, British, Belgian, and Italian armies, while the German fleet of war vessels, inspired with the fear of the Dreadnoughts of the Entente Cordiale, is hiding away in inaccessible ports and harbours. Moreover, after the war, Great Britain, like France, Russia, and Italy, will have so many wounds to heal, and so many losses to repair, that she will be only too glad to enjoy in peace the tranquillity introduced into the world by the destruction of German militarism.

It is necessary to add that a great part of the causes of war will have been removed by the new situation in which all the Powers will find themselves. To what can Russia aspire once she has become mistress of Constantinople and of Armenia—that is to say, of almost the whole of the Turkish Empire? What can Great Britain, her rival in the East, demand when she has joined to her vast Indian Empire the immense and rich plains of Mesopotamia,

and linked her Asiatic domain with the Mediterranean? Japan and the United States, whose rivalry has been frequently talked of, are situated too far from each other for them to be tempted to come to blows. China will need a long period of peace before she can organise herself for war. Lastly, the small European neutral States will have learned sufficiently well the dangers attending their disarmament and isolation, to permit the hope that they will constitute a federation with a view to resisting the realisation of the ambitions of neighbours more powerful than themselves.

In that new world there will be two peoples of whom it can be affirmed that the idea of disturbing the general peace will never come, and they are incontestably France and Great Britain. While an essentially practical education inspires the populations of Great Britain with the idea of the necessity for every people, as for every man, to be strong, if he wishes to be respected, it at the same time inculcates in them a respect for all the forces which may be developed freely around them without injury to their own liberties. In a word, Great Britain has introduced into her foreign policy the principles of that moral utilitarianism, which dominates the whole of her education. She will be pacific in the future, as she has been in the past, because it will be to her interest to be pacific. In her future relations with Great Britain, France should take that fact into full account. Renouncing the sentimentality which has alternately, according to the nature of her emotions, caused her to accomplish fine actions or commit grave faults, she should not allow any considerations of sentiment to be the cause of her deviating from the road along which her geographical situation, the genius of her people, and the glorious traditions of her past, impel her. Placed between two seas, with vast horizons extending to the most distant parts of the world open before her eyes, France must be strong on the ocean, and for the future pursue, without hesitation, the Colonial work inaugurated by her great statesmen of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and resumed in the nineteenth century by the distinguished chiefs of the Republican Government. But her oversea domain is vast enough, susceptible of enough great progress, and requiring sufficient prolonged efforts, for France to have no reason to feel jealousy or envy of any other Power. Her destiny is grand enough, and her past sufficiently glorious for her to rest content, and avoid provoking the jealousy and envy of her neighbours.

Therein lies the secret of a durable *Entente Cordiale* between France and Great Britain. From an economic point of view the two nations stand in need of each other, and from a military point of view they complete each other, as much by the diversity of their character as by the difference of the means of action of which they

can dispose. On account of her continental situation and the temper of the peoples surrounding her, France must necessarily be a great military Power, but her vastly extended contact with the ocean compels her to be strong at sea. Great Britain, by her insular position, is obliged to be a maritime Power of the very first order, but she cannot neglect the defence of her soil. As neither of the two countries could be equally strong on land and at sea, each should give precedence to the means of action imposed on her by nature. Consequently, if both nations comply with the natural conditions of their existence, they will, by uniting their military and naval forces, be able, at any moment, to impose their will on no matter what other Power.

It is true rivalries of maritime and colonial interests exist between them, and rivalries of economic interests have arisen. The importance of these latter will probably increase in proportion to the growth of industry in France. But those rivalries, already tempered by the difference existing between the genius of the two peoples, may easily be yet further mitigated by commercial treaties, navigation conventions, &c. The globe is vast enough, and still too thinly peopled for the two nations not to find their place on it, without interfering with each other. The blood they are shedding together in streams to-day on the battlefield, not only in the defence of their own liberty and independence, but also to protect small States against German ambitions and appetites, will constitute between Great Britain and France a bond of union and friendship, which their governments should in the future strive incessantly to draw closer. The honour of Great Britain and France was, in the past, to have been the first countries to apply the principles of the government of peoples by the people themselves. In the present, they have the honour to be, as in the sixteenth century, the promoters of unions of peoples, destined to protect the whole of humanity against the ambitions and cupidity of brute force. In the future, their supreme honour will consist in being, all over the world, the great artisans of civilisation and progress in liberty.

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PUBLIC OPINION AND POLITICAL PARTIES IN CHINA.

ON the 10th of October, 1911, the first Revolution broke out in China, and not long after the Republic was established and Yuan Shi K'ai was elected as President. In July, 1913, another revolution broke out. The object of this revolution was to "punish" Yuan for having plotted against the safety of the Republic, and involved himself in the assassination of the leader of the Republican party. This second revolution failed, and Yuan was firmly established in his Presidential office. About August last year the monarchical movement almost suddenly assumed its present form and importance, and after a few months of well-staged official disavowal and expression of disinterestedness, Yuan declared his intention of bowing to "public opinion." In spite of his scruple about his oath, and his constant assurance of loyalty to the Republic, he decided to accept the crown in the name of "the will of the people." But, unfortunately for him, before the picturesque coronation could take place in Peking, the provinces of Yunan and Kwei-Chau declared their independence, and the neighbouring provinces began to waver in their allegiance. It will not be uninteresting, therefore (1) to examine what is the real state of public opinion in China; and (2) to inquire into the condition of its political parties which are in mortal conflict at the present moment.

I.

"Great communities," says Bagehot, "are like great mountains—they have in them the primary, secondary, and tertiary strata of human progress; the characteristics of the lower regions resemble the life of old times rather than the present life of the higher regions." The great community of China has its three strata: the people, the educated class, and the leaders of the political parties. Let us explore first the lowest stratum.

This stratum consists of the masses of the people. Its elements are "the hewers of wood and drawers of water," agriculturalists, artisans, and shopkeepers. Their economic condition is such that they only live from hand to mouth. At the same time they are by no means without interest in public life. In the villages they have their ancestral halls and temples, which are centres of social and political activity rather than religious life; in the towns they have their guilds and societies; in some villages and towns they have also public schools; they have a highly organised system of police; there are organisations

for the relief of the distressed, and for the safety of public health; public funds are provided for public works, and they have popularly elected officials. In short, Chinese villages and towns are entirely self-governed, and the Central Government does nothing save the collecting of a nominal tax. Were it not for this super-structure of the Central Government, one could almost identify them with the city-states of ancient Greece. The attitude of the masses towards this central super structure is one of indifference as long as it pursues a policy of *laissez-faire*. They submit to a nominal tax as long as their local life and organisations are not encroached upon. It is much more accurate to say that "they don't mind" than to say that "they want" a monarchy or a republic. Therefore, when the Monarchists say that the majority of the people want a monarchy, they cannot mean the majority of this primary stratum—the masses of the people.

The elements of the secondary stratum, namely, the educated class, may be roughly divided into two groups: (1) the group of young men who have returned from the foreign Universities, and (2) the group of elderly scholars educated in the old school and deeply sunk in the "Six Classics." The students educated abroad have taken back with them the refreshing ideas of the West, the ideas of democracy, Republicanism, change, and progress: ideas which were not new to China, but which had been stifled by the confined atmosphere of the Confucian school, and had lain neglected beneath the dust of two thousand years—ideas now awakened into life again by intercourse with the West. The old scholars, on the other hand, have firmly adhered to the teaching of the Confucian school, which instils into the minds of its devotees the spirit of order, permanence, and security. The key-stone of their political theory is absolute loyalty to the king. They set their face against the new ideas as dangerous doctrines, which cannot but create discontent and unrest, and thus undermine the foundations of the Manchu dynasty. At the same time, powerful influences have been at work during the last quarter of the nineteenth century, which have made great inroads upon the sacred tenets of their school. So that the spirit of nationality and the passion for reform have gradually permeated nearly the whole mass of this secondary stratum of Chinese society. This accounts for the rapid overthrow of the Manchu régime, and the seeming sudden conversion of the educated class to Western thought, so bewildering and inexplicable to the foreign observer. In matters of central government effective public opinion is to be sought in this educated class, and we shall see presently that an overwhelming majority of them is in favour of the Republic, and not a monarchy with Yuan as Emperor.

But let us first examine the tertiary stratum : the political leaders. This stratum is composed of two schools of thought, the Republicans and the Constitutional Monarchists. Having imbibed the free air of the Universities and institutions of the West, both have been inspired by similar ideas of reform and progress. Their ideals have been identical, namely, a rejuvenated and progressive China, but their means greatly differed. The attitude of the Constitutional Monarchists was that only constitutional government was needed to save China, and a monarchy was not antagonistic to it. Therefore the constitution for China should be modelled on that of Prussia or Japan. The reform should come from above, and not from below. The Republicans, on the other hand, replied that monarchy might not be antagonistic to constitutional government, but the Manchu monarchy was incompatible with it. For the Manchus were a foreign race and could not trust the people, and certainly were not willing to share with them the government of the country. Therefore reform must emanate from below, and the Manchu dynasty must be overthrown. The Constitutional Monarchists rejoined that the Manchus had become Chinese, and their interests were bound up with the interests of their subjects, and furthermore they had already promised a constitution ; that reforms without bloodshed would be infinitely better than all the doubtful blessings of a revolution. The Republicans retorted that the promise of a constitution would never be kept, that reform from the hands of the Manchus was an illusion, and, as a proof, they pointed to the fact that the Constitutional Monarchists were expelled from the country and some of them were even executed.

These two schools of political thought were in conflict for many years before the revolution. The Republicans had the majority of the students of the new school on their side, while the Constitutional Monarchists won over most of the enlightened bureaucrats. Had the Manchus been a little wiser and granted some concessions of political power to the people, the Constitutional Monarchists might have held their position, the dynasty might have been saved, and the Republicans conciliated. But the Manchus adopted an uncompromising attitude, and set their face against all concessions. When the Revolution broke out in 1911, they recalled Yuan Shi K'ai who, they thought, was still their faithful and loyal servant. Yuan returned to power, but he was not sincerely working for the Manchu cause. On the other hand, he was neither favourable to the Republicans nor to the Constitutional Monarchists. He had an ambition of his own. He was schooled in the old corrupt bureaucracy. He had a powerful army behind him, an army, be it noted, organised and officered by men

who were trained according to German methods. The army is the key to all Yuan's actions; it is the secret of his power; it is the lever by which he hoisted himself to the Presidency; and we shall presently see it is the mainstay of the present monarchical movement. The Constitutional Monarchists, in spite of the fact that he betrayed them in 1898, now supported him, because they wanted a stable government to carry out constitutional reforms, and Yuan had a powerful army to ensure it. They at last realised that the majority of the educated class could no longer be reconciled to the Manchu *régime*, and that a Republic was the only workable alternative to the Manchu Monarchy. On the other hand, the Republicans, who had public opinion on their side, could not trust Yuan; but he was too powerful to be opposed, and they, too, gave him their qualified support with the hope of restraining him by constitutional means. In this manner Yuan was elected President. The Republicans immediately set to work to make a constitution, with the object of curbing his power. The provisional constitution was therefore based on the French model, and Yuan accepted it. It was thought at the time that constitutionalism had won the day. The Manchus were removed without bloodshed. A strong man was placed at the head of affairs and he, to all intents and purposes, patriotically accepted all the constitutional safeguards and devices which limited his power. Yuan, however, was not the man to have any scruple about his oath or word of honour, much less about a paper constitution.

II.

Before the revolution there were no organised political parties in China, although the nuclei of the two great parties, the Republicans and the Constitutional Monarchists, were already in existence. The former became the Kow Min Tang—that is, the party of the people, or national party, and the latter the Kung Ho Tang, or Republican party. For the sake of convenience, we may still call the former the Republicans and the latter Constitutionalists. Neither was properly organised. Kang Yu Wei, who was betrayed by Yuan in the *coup d'état* of 1898, was the real leader and moving spirit of the Constitutionalists; but he was not leading his party. Dr. Sun Yat Sen and Hwang Hsing, leaders of the Republicans, were not leading their party, and left the responsibility to a young politician, Sun Chow Jen, who was practically unknown before the revolution. The political programme of the Constitutionalists was that of order and centralisation. The Republicans stood for decentralisation and social reform.

Yuan had no party of his own. His followers were military generals and corrupt bureaucrats. Some of the latter and a few

of the Republicans he asked to form a Cabinet. But when he attempted to make the Cabinet responsible to him personally instead of to the Assembly of Provincial Delegates which formed the provisional Parliament, the Republican Ministers resigned *en bloc*. Yuan then acted independently of the Provincial Delegates pending the General Election for the National Assembly. When the first General Election came, Sun Chow Jen, the leader of the Republicans, fought a successful electioneering campaign, and his party was returned with an overwhelming majority. Sun Chow Jen was then foully assassinated while he was on his way to Peking to lead his party in the National Assembly. The evidence gathered by the law courts from the conspirators proved clearly that Yuan was involved in the crime. Indignation at this dastardly act, and a cry for revenge, arose from the rank and file of the Republican party, and the second revolution was launched, without preparation and without forethought. A punitive expedition was hastily sent against Yuan. But the Constitutionalists remained faithful to him, and many of the Republicans took no active part in it. So the movement collapsed, and the Republican party perished with it.

As soon as the Republican party was completely destroyed and the southern provinces fell into the hands of his military governors, the unscrupulous methods of Yuan began to be felt, even by the Constitutionalists. First, he interfered in the drafting of the Constitution, then he acted independently of it altogether, and finally he abolished it for good. But still they continued to support him. They wanted order; the people, too, wanted order, for they had suffered much from the two revolutions; the foreign merchants wanted order for reasons of trade. So they all supported Yuan, and foreign loans poured into his coffers to aid him in keeping order. In this way an artificial order was established for more than two years—and one may ask with what result? All the schools established in the South by the Republicans were closed by Yuan's military governors. All the students sent abroad by the southern provincial Governments were recalled, and some of them even executed on their return. The Constitutionalists were one by one removed from office. A thorough and efficient system of political espionage was established. Political assassination became a common occurrence. No man's life was secure, not even the lives of the spies themselves, for Yuan set spies to watch his own spies. But he has a still more subtle method of dealing with his political opponents. I wonder if any foreigners have observed that there are now many political prisoners in Peking, who, though they are free to walk about the streets of the capital, yet dare not step beyond its gates. They have been enticed by Yuan to Peking,

and have been "requested" to remain there. When such a "request" comes it means that one must either choose to remain a perpetual prisoner within the four walls of Peking awaiting the pleasure of the President, or be assassinated by an unknown hand. There are, however, a few cases where the prisoners managed to escape, and General Tsai Ao is one. He is now leading the revolt in Yunnan. He is not a Republican, but a Constitutionalist, and "a well-trained and exceedingly popular soldier."

When Yuan's supporters, though entirely ignorant of German defeat on the sea, learned of their success on land, they wanted to transplant all the German institutions into China, and the keystone of these institutions, they argued, was the monarchy. So we read in the Japanese paper *Asahi* that Yang Shi Chi, one of Yuan's Ministers of State, declared that one great result of the war in Europe was to prove the worthlessness of all forms of democratic government as compared with the autocratic Prussian system, and that this was the chief reason which prompted the monarchist movement in China.*

But since the Monarchist movement began the Constitutionlists have all withdrawn their support from Yuan. Thus Liang Chi Chao, the famous writer and leader of the Constitutionlists, is now convinced that a republic is the only compromise which will ensure peace and order in China. Therefore he determined to support the present Republic in order to avert yet another revolution, which was bound to take place should Yuan succeed in his unscrupulous machinations.

The Republicans are naturally against Yuan. They rightly suspected him when he first appeared on the scene, they consistently opposed his unconstitutional acts, they fought him in the second revolution, and ever since they have been working for his overthrow. But this is not all, for even the Legitimists, who formerly opposed the Republicans, have now declared themselves in favour of it. These Legitimists are faithful bureaucrats, who served under the Manchus. For a long time they advocated the restoration of the Manchu dynasty, and Yuan in his zeal to safeguard the Republic

* Some suggestion has been made in the English press that German intrigue is at the back of the present Revolutionary movement in China. It is too grotesque to be taken seriously were it not also made in one of the most responsible of English papers—*The Times*. If German intrigue were at work, which is probable, it would certainly exert its influence upon, and receive its sympathy and encouragement from, Yuan and his supporters, for being both disciples and admirers of the German school, they are wholly inspired by the spirit of Prussian militarism. The Revolutionary leaders, on the other hand, have nearly all received their education in the classic lands of freedom and liberty like England, France, and the United States. They cannot but have a profound and sincere admiration for the democratic institutions and ideals of the countries with which they have been so intimately connected. It is but natural that they are in complete sympathy with the Allies and their cause. I am sure the French authorities who come in contact with them on the borders of Yunnan will bear witness to this.

executed some of them for treason. The leaders of this group are men like Loo Nai Hsuan, Sun Yu Jen, Tsen Chun Hsuan—all scholars of the old school. For them to serve a new master is considered most dishonourable and treasonable. They prefer the return of the Manchus, and as that is now plainly impossible, they accept the Republic as a compromise, for in it no one is master. They can serve under it without incurring a disgrace too great to be borne even by the thickest-faced of Chinese bureaucrats. On the other hand, were Yuan to be Emperor, they would have to serve a new master or to retire from public life for ever. Hence it is that all the legitimists are against him, either openly as in the South, or secretly as in the North.

Now let us see who are the Monarchists. Amongst the most prominent we find men like Tang Chi Kwei, who insinuated himself into the good grace of Prince Chung by sacrificing his favourite slave to the latter's son; Wong Shi Ching, the present War Minister, a *protégé* of Yuan from the day when he first entered official life; Liang Shi Yi, who was put under chains by Tsen Chun Hsuan when the latter was Minister of Communications, for corruption, bribery, and embezzlement. They also include a host of generals and military governors who were educated either in Germany or in the old corrupt school of Manchu bureaucracy, and who are tumbling over one another in order to do honour to Yuan. Amongst the monarchists we do not find a single man who is beyond reproach, who is not guided by self interest, whose sole aim is the good of his country.

The so-called scheme for ascertaining "the decision by the people" was a farce too ridiculous to be looked upon seriously. How farcical the scheme was we may judge from the secret instructions issued by Yuan's Government to the Provincial Governors. They are now published by the Yunan and Kwei-Chau authorities. Here we can only select a few of these interesting documents. They prove beyond doubt that the monarchical movement was not prompted by the desire of the people, but solely engineered by Yuan and his supporters.

The first instruction issued by the Peking Government on the monarchical question is a telegram dated August 30th, 1915, and signed by Tang Chi Kwei, Governor of Mukden, Liang Shi Yi, Director-General of the Customs Department, and others:—

"As to the proposed change of the form of government and the restoration of a monarchy, we presume all the provinces will give their consent thereto. Now, the first step we intend to take is this: We shall use an organ of voting by which the people's will will not be formally ignored and at the same time no opportunity will be given to the opposition for finding fault. We therefore ask you to present first a petition in the name of the

citizens of each province to the Tsan Chen Yuan, in which you should state that the people desire a monarchy. The Tsan Chen Yuan will then design the procedure to be adopted for carrying out our great scheme and probably will ask each province to present more petitions. Should this be necessary, we shall, for the sake of convenience, present the petitions on your behalf without further troubling you."

The procedure adopted by the Tsan Chen Yuan for carrying out the great scheme is given in a telegram dated September 29th, 1915:—

"Having received the third petition of the provinces, the Tsan Chen Yuan now resolve to create an organ called the Citizens' Electoral College, which will be held at the capital of each province to elect representatives for the National Assembly. The Tsan Chen Yuan will shortly pass an act governing the constitution of the College, but the spirit of its working will be entrusted to the free guidance of the individual governors. Nominally each hsien (district) should nominate and send one citizen to the college. But you should nominate as many officials as practicable from the administrative board under your control, lest, otherwise, the members of the college may not understand the object of our scheme."

A telegram of October 7th, 1915, gave instructions as to the steps to be taken after the voting by the National Assembly for the restoration of a monarchy.

" . . . 1. You will ask the National Assembly to report the result of the voting directly to the Chief and the Tsan Chen Yuan. 2. The report should be worded as follows: 'The Assembly unanimously elects Yuan as Emperor of the Chinese Empire.' 3. You will ask the National Assembly to entrust the Tsan Chen Yuan with full powers as its Agent. . . ."

The following telegram gives further instructions for ensuring a successful voting. It is dated October 10th, 1915, and sent by the Director of the Bureau for the management of the National Assembly:—

"As the members of the Electoral College are the true electors of the representatives for the National Assembly, you should be careful to nominate only such persons as you can control. If you find that in some cases this is not practicable, you must adopt such methods (forcible or otherwise) as are necessary for carrying out our intention. . . ."

The following telegram is interesting as it relates to the representation made by the Allies. It is the final instruction issued to the governors, and dated November 7th, 1915:—

"A certain foreign country, together with England and Russia, recently advised us to stop the present movement. Their reason was that they feared this sudden change would cause some unforeseen trouble in the country. To this the Government could never agree. But if all the provinces should appear to support the change unanimously and frequently appeal to the Chief to be

Emperor, and the Chief should formally refuse to accept the offer a few times, the foreigners, believing that the movement is really coming from the people and not organised by the Central Government, will not be able to find further excuse for interfering with our scheme, and will be obliged to recognise the new Government. . . . All these plans you must keep strictly in secret, lest they might be known, and trouble come upon us at home and abroad, and future historians blame and dishonour us. . . ."

Such are the methods of Yuan and his supporters. An English journalist has humorously but truly observed in *The Times* that it was more difficult to register an anti-monarchist vote than to pass a hippopotamus through the barrel of a small-bore rifle. The fact is, Yuan rules China solely by military force, and he tramples ruthlessly upon the unanimous public opinion of all good and educated people. It may be truly said of him that "after he has "taken away from the citizens their rights . . . he gives the "slaves their liberty and makes of them guards about his person " . . . only such companions admire him; the worthy and "virtuous men hate and flee from him." While his unscrupulousness estranges all good men from his cause, his German-inspired ambition and military spirit will sooner or later endanger the friendly relations of China with the outer world. Should such a man be firmly established on the throne, the future of China would be dark indeed.

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POSTSCRIPT.

Since the above was written—more than two months ago—the following provinces have also declared their independence: Kwangtung, Kwangsi, Fukien, Hunan, and Chekiang. This means all the provinces south of the Yangtzekiang; most probably one or two more provinces of the North will follow their example in the course of a few days. Many more of Yuan's former friends have also publicly dissociated themselves from his ambitious plot, such as Tang-shao-yi, ex-Premier, and Fen-Kwo-Chan, Military Governor of Nanking.

It is becoming more and more evident to foreign observers that the Monarchist movement has nothing behind it but the machinations of a handful of Yuan's sycophantic followers. Foreign loans have put a powerful weapon into Yuan's hands, but he has wantonly abused it. Most foreign journalists and diplomatists believe that Yuan is the only strong man in China. They, however, forget that it is only foreign loans that have made him strong. The time has now come when even foreign loans will not avail him against the just and unanimous demand that he must go.

A FEW DAYS IN SOUTHERN ITALY.

I HAD been strongly urged to undertake a series of lectures in South Italy. I had long hesitated, because I imagined, as one is apt to do, that the Southern provinces were much inferior in culture, and I doubted whether I should find there audiences capable of understanding speeches in the French language, such as I had found in Northern Italy. Nevertheless, a fortunate experience in Sicily* in September, 1915, had already encouraged me. At the suggestion of M. Julien Luchaire, director of the French Institute at Florence, a body of lecturers had gone through the island, visiting the principal towns. I was of the number, and everywhere we had met with enthusiasm and good results. It is true that we had in our favour, as a pledge of success, the presence of the great historian, Guglielmo Ferrero, and that my own share in these *Entente Latine* demonstrations was confined to a modest representation of Belgium, between France and Italy.

This time it was a question of going alone; but an expedition to Calabria and Apulia attracted me, because it would round off the Sicilian expedition and give me an opportunity of studying more intimately the country side, its social problems, and its mental condition, of which one can only form a vague and even erroneous opinion in Rome or Milan. This time also fortune was kind to me. In every town I found eager, intelligent hearers. It was not only that the fate of Belgium was greeted by touching hopes and wishes, but that all the thoughts which I expounded, in French, upon the "duties of the present time" were well received. The title was sufficiently elastic to allow of my touching upon every question, but it also indicated the moral character of the views which I was endeavouring to set forth.

I should be open to reproach if I did not mention at this point the organiser of these gatherings, M. Zanotti Bianco. He is one of the representatives of that admirable Young Italy, so active and studious, so full of idealism, which is giving rise to so many hopes. His modesty and the natural dignity of his character keep him out of the tumult of politics and elections, and he has

* The War as seen from Sicily. By J. Luchaire. *Grande Revue*. Dec., 1915.

quietly devoted himself to works of social improvement. Although born of an English mother in Piedmont, he has settled in this abandoned Calabria, because it seemed to him an opening for self-sacrifice. After several years' study of the district and its problems, he founded infant schools, libraries, popular universities. Moreover, his desire to alleviate suffering has drawn him on to wider questions. He is editing, under the pen-name of Giorgio d'Acandia, a series of publications entitled *Giovine Europa*, Young Europe! a title reminiscent of Mazzini, and suggestive of the mind that chose it. Here the oppressed nationalities have been able to make their voices heard, and Albanians, Czechs, Poles, Armenians, Jews have found ardent champions. Thus it is the spirit of the great Genoese, the apostle of the *Risorgimento*, that lights with a pure flame the path of Italian tradition.

First we came to Reggio. Reggio, like Messina, its great mutilated sister lying on the opposite side of the Straits, exhibits, in the midst of one of the most beautiful landscapes in the world, terrifying scenes of destruction and upheaval. In a few seconds, the earthquake of 1907 annihilated the work of centuries. The ruins still lie bare, and one can see split roofs hanging over collapsed walls, as on the day after a bombardment. The wounds of the earth have not yet been dressed, and while the life of man has not been willing to leave these enchanting, terrible spots, it has become uneasy, timid—has taken refuge in wooden sheds or frail buildings of corrugated iron, which look temporary, like American encampments. But in spite of these devastations, nature retains her dignity and her smile. As we leave Reggio, at day-break, the sun is rising behind Aspromonte; it touches the Sicilian mountains and formidable Etna; it brings out little by little in the morning mists the white outlines of the villages on the coast; it touches with rosy brightness the waves of the blue sea, in an enchantment of changing shades of inexpressible charm and softness.

Perched on its wind-beaten rock, which discloses great beauties of mountain and sea, somewhat Greek in outline, Catanzaro afforded me the surprise of a little town extraordinarily alive to the problems of to-day. People were talking much of M. Briand's journey to Rome, and it was a real refreshment to perceive to what an extent they understood its significance:—

“ ‘A closer connection between the Allies,’ said one of my audience there, ‘is not only to be attained by Ministerial visits or Cabinet conversations. It must lie in the very heart of the nations. At the moment when we see our Governments drawing near to each other and creating unifying bodies of diplomatic control and political action, the people also should feel the necessity of

amending their psychological attitude. Everyone must understand that this war is not a war of isolated nations attacking, each on its side, similar enemies, but the war of one group of peoples against another group of peoples. Everyone must be ready to see common forces, to whatever race they may belong, utilised, no matter where, at the front."

I have seen the conviction of these truths grow in London and Paris since the beginning of the war. I have seen it rise in Rome. But I am especially gratified that it should be so strongly implanted as to be evident even in one of these remote districts of a country which, coming into the war later than the others, has seemed up to now to be fighting in isolation.

At Taranto we were to make a longer stay than in other towns. My guide considered that this maritime city, where the Italian Fleet, anchored in the port, gathered together a whole army of sailors, was a favourable field for our operations. I take a walk through the streets. On the Spanish tower a disk is run up as a signal that the iron bridge between the two towns is about to be opened. Immediately the sailors on duty stop the traffic, and the mass of metal, slowly moving, parts into two halves, each describing in a contrary direction the quadrant of a circle. A grey cruiser, pouring out into the blue sky its long spirals of black smoke, is going to pass, decked with its many-coloured flags. The light carts stop all along the quay. The passers-by form various groups. They stand aside to allow of the passage of a regiment starting for Albania. The soldiers march heavily, weighed down under their sacks loaded with tins and shovels.

Amid the bustle of the street a child's funeral has stopped. Seven or eight monks in brown hooded habits with white surplices on their shoulders, some carrying an umbrella, others a bundle of tapers, are talking familiarly. The breeze from the sea makes the surplices fly out, and the monks struggle with strange gestures against the attacks of the wind. They have brutal, cunning faces, like brigands or thieves. Sometimes they chuckle shamelessly. Behind them a hearse of brown wood adorned with plated ornaments bears a very white coffin, surrounded by pink lamps. The strangeness of colour and shape recalls—such is the grotesque and inevitable association of ideas—an inspiration of the confectioners of Sicilian "cassate." Perched high on the box, a driver dressed like a stage general is carelessly cracking his whip over four worn-out mules, almost lost under their white cloths with yellow fringes. Round holes form quaint spectacles for their patient eyes. Four girls dressed in black, carrying tapers, and four others dressed in white, carrying palms, surround the hearse; they also are very anxious to protect themselves from the violence of the wind. Then

comes a second car, still more extraordinary, with its panels of brilliant ivory surrounded by orange mouldings, and dotted with gaudy coloured flowers. This car is in the shape of a half egg, set lengthways, and contains another coffin, still whiter and still more reminiscent of the confectioner's skill.

But now the bridge is closed, and the traffic resumed. Everyone passes on to his destiny. I see the backs of the soldiers of Albania disappear in the distance; the peasant carts start to the shouts of the drivers; and the little funeral procession departs for the cemetery with its brown monks and its white little girls. Amid so much indifference, I seem the only one to send after it a glance of sympathy and farewell.

Taranto is a town of sailors. Truly one sees there, as everywhere, soldiers in grey-green or yellowish-brown uniforms; but above all one sees the lads of the fleet, and also numerous English sailors. These come and go, filling the quays and the town with their dark blue figures, a large light blue collar lying flat upon their shoulders, and a round cap set jauntily on their heads; their officers in dark uniforms with gold buttons, and gold braided caps, with large well-cut capes, pass them amidst salutes. This population of seamen, added to the soldiers and civilians, gives Taranto a special character. On the blue water of the inner bay boats are passing gently and slowly under their swelling sails. Another moves more quickly to the measured beat of its ten rowers. More quickly still goes a motor boat, churning the water into white foam.

We are now on a floating fortress, at once gigantic, and orderly, to its smallest detail. The commander, who adds to the courtesy of his manners the charm of a cultured and original mind, shows me every detail. The heavy guns rise at his signal, the turrets move easily, aimed at imaginary targets. I go down into the depths of the vessel. I notice how methodically, with what accurate machinery, the projectiles are loaded, and the formidable engines manœuvred. I see how the life of the crew, "twelve "hundred men," can be arranged in a minimum of space; hammocks for sleep, tables and kitchens for meals, sick bay for invalids and wounded, libraries for leisure hours.

With what impatience do officers and men await the order of departure! "There would be a great shout of joy," said the commander to me, "if one day we were allowed to make the "open sea, and to face the enemy. This inaction wearies and "saddens us." But the conditions of sea warfare have changed to such a degree that it would no doubt be madness thus to expose an ironclad, costing nearly twenty million francs and three years' labour, to the perils of a mine or a submarine which might sink it in a few minutes. The ships of Germany are at Kiel, and those

of Austria at Pola, in the same impotent condition. Yet we must not too hastily conclude, as the public is apt to do, that naval forces are useless. If the larger units are for the moment paralysed, the secondary types are incessantly in movement. And we must pay homage to the successful activity of the Italian fleet in transporting regiments to Albania and saving the Serbian troops amidst the most complicated dangers. These are operations which, without having the brilliance of a victory, are equally difficult and effective.

Of all that I have seen, of all that I have heard, I carry away a deep impression. The spirit of battle and of sacrifice which presides over such a steel Colossus is sublime. One of the ships of the "armata" of Italy has for its device a line of Dante: *Con l'anima che vince ogni battaglia*, "With the soul that conquers in every battle"; another bears a motto of Leonardo da Vinci: "He who keeps his eyes fixed upon a star, does not mistake his way"; and these are not only beautiful literary quotations, but express very truly the innermost feelings of these crews ready to die for their country. A man on deck offers me a postcard, and on it I read this beautiful prayer, composed for sailors by Fogazzaro, one of the great writers of modern Italy:—

"To Thee, O great and eternal God, Lord of the heavens and of the deep, Whom the winds and the waves obey, we, sailors and fighting men, Italian officers and soldiers of our Country's sacred Fleet, to Thee we lift our hearts. Save and exalt, great God, our country in her faith, save and exalt the King; grant to our flag due glory and power; bid the waves and the tempests be for us; send down terror upon the enemy; ever gird our breasts with steel stronger than that which girds our ships, and grant us an enduring victory. Bless, O God, our distant homes and our dear relations; bless in the coming night the sleep of the people; bless us, who for them watch under arms, on the sea!"

After leaving Taranto, we visited Lecce, a pleasant kindly little capital, remarkable not only for the quaintness of its buildings, but also for the elegantly polished manners of its inhabitants; we stopped at Bari, with its two adjoining cities, the new one suddenly sprung up and increasing daily, and the old one squeezed in upon narrow rocks, a picturesque entanglement of Saracen alleys. In the midst rise the castle and the wonderful churches of olden days, in which are mingled in harmonious combination of grandeur, strength, and delicacy, Arab, Roman, and Byzantine characteristics. Time is destroying them, now that they have suffered outrage through the bad taste of enterprising new standards. Everywhere we were welcomed in the same cordial and appreciative fashion; everywhere we perceived the popularity of the war, and the universal determination to carry it on to the end.

At this tragic moment the soul of the people seemed to us more absorbing than the landscape. I found it precisely similar to what I had seen during my days in Sicily, in September, 1915. Sicily and Calabria, in fact—Southern Italy and the island—are only separated by the narrow Straits of Messina, crossed by a ferry boat in half an hour; they are still closer in their feelings, in their opinions, and especially in their attitude to the phenomenon of war. Sicily and Italy south of Naples form one whole. And this whole is very different from Italy north of Naples. Countries which stretch thus longitudinally over a great extent of the earth's surface, are inevitably cut in two. At a certain point the sun creates both a different psychological and a different physiological constitution, different policies and different feelings. There is in France a question of the North and a question of the South. Political centralisation and the long tradition of common life have indeed diminished this, but it is none the less revealed from time to time. There is still a country of the "*langue d'oc*," and a country of the "*langue d'oïl*." In Italy, where the centralisation is more recent, the question of the South is still an open wound in the side of the mother country. It is a very old question. It arose at the same time as Italy, since it has its source in the very constitution of Italy, from both a geographical and an ethnical point of view. Two races, two countries, with differing interests, with divergent commercial openings, their occupations, their natural and industrial products all in opposition—but two races and two countries, let us hasten to add, united by the firm will to live together and to strengthen that Italy which they have made by their united efforts.

It is a difficult question, like all old questions, for there has been added to it, especially within the last fifteen years, an element very apt to exasperate and complicate it: the persistence of Giolitti's ministry. A man from the North, champion of the interests and the affairs of the North, the President of the Council, upon whom it has fallen for more than ten years to nominate officials, has profited by this to attempt the enslavement of the South. The Giolittian prefects have been the agents of this organised political corruption. The representation itself was rendered null by the support given by the Government now to the Right, now to the Left, out of no principle, simply on account of certain persons and their devotion to M. Giolitti's desires. The question of the South has two aspects: the South complains, on the one hand, of being the victim of an unequal distribution of public works—roads, water-courses, railways—thus preventing the development of the population; and, on the other hand, it suffers from not finding measures of labour legislation voted by Parliament

extended to agricultural labour. To its complaints the Government has now and again replied by a reform, but one bearing only upon an isolated situation, a special case, and this empiricism only served to delay the definitive solution which might issue from a serious examination of the whole problem. This explanation of a situation which the whole Southern population has greatly at heart is necessary for the understanding of the mental attitude of these regions at the declaration of war. What makes a war popular in one part of a country does not necessarily influence another district of the same country. Nations are drawn into great international conflicts by a number of infinitely diverse moral forces.

It is certain that the Italian war has, outside Italy, been looked upon as an irredentist war. It was a question of wresting from Austria territory that she was holding unfairly. Trent and Trieste, Italian lands, with their Italianism crushed under foot by police from Vienna, that seemed to be the most effective sentimental factor to carry Italy forward. And, truly, the Venetian soldier is dying at the Carso for Trent and Trieste. The Milanese and the Ligurian, who still have bitter recollections of Austrian domination, have in their hearts a rage for vengeance; and they are, at the same time, freeing themselves from that peaceful German economic campaign which had been slowly organised throughout industrial and commercial Italy, therefore especially Northern Italy. But how about the South?

The Southerner has no very special reasons for desiring Trent and Trieste. Those towns are so far from him on the map. They are so far from his affections. Remember, that during the thirty years of the Triple Alliance the question of Trent and Trieste irredentism was in Italy a question about which silence was compulsory. Austria would have it so. And in the Triple Alliance Italy not infrequently had to play the part of a schoolboy lectured by two severe masters. While the question of Alsace-Lorraine was in France, in spite of firm resolutions to maintain peace, one of the centres of patriotic movement, while one had never ceased thinking of it and speaking of it in the schools; and while one could without any official opposition long for the return, by whatever means the future might afford, of the provinces lost to the great French country, the question of Trieste was a dead question for the schools, the Press, the Government of Italy. Let one example illustrate what I say. In 1890 the Minister Seimit-Doda was present at a banquet, in the course of which, in proposing a toast, one of the guests made an allusion to "our oppressed brothers." The Minister was dismissed twenty-four hours later for not having instantly protested. Having, therefore, few racial and historical reasons for desiring Trent and Trieste, and having

no "irredentist" education, the South must have had other reasons for being in favour of the war.

Was it the idea of deliverance from the economic campaign of Germany? I do not think so. There are not many manufacturers in the South. German penetration has not been felt there as much as elsewhere. And the Germans one saw there were either ridiculous tourists displaying their Baedekers before the mosaics of the Palatine Chapel at Palermo and on the ruins of the theatre of Syracuse, or aesthetes bringing to the foot of Etna, to wonderful Taormina, their questionable manners and their strange elegancies; or the Emperor himself cruising in his white yacht on the blue water. All those Germans brought money into the country and seemed to take little out of it.

No. If the war is popular in the South, it is for other reasons, and these are the principal. The first I find in the very depth of feeling of the Southerner and the Sicilian. There are no men more loyal and more honest than these people who are still represented as armed to the teeth, like romantic brigands. They believe in equity and right, a sort of patriarchal, uncompromising feeling. If they occasionally carry out justice themselves, it is because they find the justice of the world too conciliating, and they wish to stiffen it a little. Above all, they have seen in this war the great scheme of idealism which will characterise it for centuries to come: the struggle of right against might, of equity against violence. It was men from Sicily who said to me one day, as they were leaving Florence for the front: "I am off to avenge Belgium!" The expression may be naïve, but there is always something ingenuous about beauty. And how beautiful the expression is, rendering so exactly the feeling of these souls to that martyred people!

Beside this deep meaning of the enthusiasm of the people of the South, which goes to the very roots of their being, I find another: they have seen in this war a war of provincial liberation. Ah! yes. This war has been made not only upon Austria, but upon Giolitti. First and foremost it was made upon him. And when, after attempting to regain office, he returned to hide himself in Piedmont, it was the retreat of the first enemy. What I have said about the question of the South and the fatal influence of Giolitti there makes one understand that the Southerners, after having gained this victory, owed it to themselves to be ready for every suffering, for every battle.

And they are ready. Everywhere I encountered the same faith, the same spirit, the same will to go on to the end. In the villages that I passed through in Sicily I was told: "We *have* already so many dead!" There was in these words a serious pride. It

was everywhere understood that by offering sons for the country the city was increasing its heritage of honour. Amongst the soldiers of Italy, so valiant in such a hard war, the Southerners are the most valiant. These children of the sun are fighting in the mountains, in the snow, in twenty-five degrees of cold. They do not complain. They fight joyously. They feel behind them the support of a whole population. The wife of a fisherman who had lost two sons in the war said to me, pointing to the third, a strong young fellow with the soft eyes of an Oriental, who is approaching the age of conscription: "They may take *him* too, if it is necessary "for victory."

They will be victorious, for everywhere faith supports their hearts, for they go to the battles of to-morrow in the spirit of that great saying of Dante's that I saw at Taranto: *Con l'anima che vince ogni battaglia*, "With the soul that conquers in every battle."

JULES DESTREE.

ROME, FEBRUARY, 1916.

THE CONSCRIPTION OF INDUSTRY.

LABOUR has given of its best, in ungrudging and voluntary service, to bring about the speedy termination of the war. Out of the three million and more workers who comprise the great army of organised Trade Unionists, it has been calculated that nearly half are in the fighting forces, while another extra million are engaged in the making of munitions. Trade Union leaders, whose whole talk before the conflict had been of an industrial union of the workers of every land and nationality, have now recognised the paramount claims of their own country's need, and have not hesitated to appeal from the recruiting platform to the young men of Great Britain to take up arms in defence of their country's liberties. A new power of resistance to fatigue has shown itself in the women engaged in work which they conceive is destined to turn out for the good of the Commonwealth. "I think," says one of the lady inspectors, "that it is mainly due to the ideal for which the women are now working. . . . *It would revolutionise industry if some ideal other than money could be inspired during times of peace.*"

It is this splendid voluntary enthusiasm of the organised workers that gives all the more significance to the stand which was made before the passing of the Military Service Act against the acme of compulsion involved in what has been called the conscription of industry. There may have been many people who supposed that the suspicions involved in such an attitude were entirely unfounded. Who could imagine or opine that the efforts of the Government of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, in the throes of a serious and costly war, could be directed to the sole task of stealing a march on the drawn up forces of the great army of Labour? When the Conference of the Miners' Federation met at Southport, just after Lord Derby took up his work, they elicited from Sir John Simon, then Home Secretary, the assurance that: "Miners who may be attested and grouped under Lord Derby's scheme will not be called up to serve for any purpose except for military purposes—fighting the enemy and defending the country." Who could have supposed that they would be used otherwise?

Yet there were certain suspicious circumstances connected with the fact that all workers, whether engaged in necessary industries or not, were invited to attest, and the miners, who have now conspicuously vindicated their claim to be reckoned with as a force in the country's future, were not entirely reassured. At Southport, indeed, they passed a resolution accepting as satisfactory the guarantee of the Home Secretary, but when the Military Service Bill (No. 2) was introduced to the House of Commons, their apprehensions recurred with redoubled energy and power. The first draft of this momentous measure even appeared to confirm some of their most extravagant suspicions. Large bodies of workers, called in conscript countries the workers engaged in "public utility services," but, on the first introduction of this Bill, known as the workers "employed on any work which is certified "by the Department to be work of national importance"—men subject during the war in this country, and permanently in conscript countries, to special industrial restrictions and regulations—were granted an exemption from the general call to arms. But still the possibility of taking a place in the fighting ranks was dangled, as a sword of Damocles, before them. As soon as such a certificate of exemption ceased to be in force, the man was automatically "deemed to have been enlisted and transferred to the "reserve, in the same manner as if no such certificate had been "granted."

Was not this a means of creating, in these services so certified as of national importance, a special and select class of what might be termed the "serfs of industry"? Did it not, at least, look like an advance draft of a possible servile state? How could a worker in one of these exceptional occupations call his soul his own? Suppose he became dissatisfied with some of the conditions of his employment. Suppose he made himself obnoxious by heading a trade union deputation to ask for some special redress. All that the employer had to do was to threaten him with immediate dismissal, and then he would be placed under the all-encompassing clauses of an authoritative martial law.

Again, as in the case of the previous apprehensions under the Derby scheme, there were some who pointed out that such a consummation was, in this country, impossible. "I think it would "be a libel and a calumny on the great bulk of employers in this "country," said the Prime Minister in the House of Commons on January 12th, "to suppose that they were capable of using a "measure of this kind to put, as it were, into their quiver a new "arrow which would enable them to carry on, more effectively than "before, warfare against their own employees." There was a large amount of force in such a protest when applied to the actual

circumstances of the hour, but when the Military Service Act is taken in connection with the whole course of events in the conscript countries of Europe since just before the Franco-Prussian War, it is seen that the workers were not without justification for their criticisms and their fears.

It was just before the epoch-making war of 1870 and largely owing to the propaganda of the German workers that the Socialist programme of Labour first became connected with a large and authoritative extension of the administrative competencies of the State. Up to that time, in the previous decades of the nineteenth century, it had been the proclamation of a new Utopia, or it had exhorted its devotees to form all kinds of credit and industrial clubs with the view of working out, in their own way, the evolution of their own destiny. The State it left severely alone. This was the happy hunting-ground of autocratic officials, or of the embattled powers of the world. But in Belgium, especially, under the auspices of the Liberal Party of Frère-Orban, there had been a certain development of State Socialistic activity, and the conceptions underlying such an extension of administrative powers were embodied by the Belgian Socialist, De Paepe, in a paper which he read in the years that preceded the Franco-German War, before the famous International Society of Working Men.

It was in Germany, however, that these authoritative ideas took the deepest root, and then they produced what the Syndicalist theorists have since called the "decomposition of Marxism." They had free scope, and were glorified in the Fatherland because they agreed with all the patriotic movements which were a characteristic of the years following the war. In 1874, Heinrich von Treitschke, the son of a Saxon general of Bohemian origin, removed to the University of Berlin, and began that course of lectures which supplied a theoretic background to this conception of an authoritative conscript State. "The State wills that it be obeyed," said he; "its nature is to execute what it chooses." Such a State cannot be condemned by the canons of individual morality, because it is out of the control of all the sanctions which such a morality can possibly bring to bear on it. "Every State has as sovereign the undoubted right to declare war when it chooses, consequently every State is in the position of being able to cancel any treaties which have been concluded."

The founders of the German Socialist movement—men like Bebel and Liebknecht—would, of course, have repudiated any idea of being influenced by von Treitschke. They would have contended that the State, which was the object of their ultimate adoration, was a very different State from that creation of "blood and iron" which had won the suffrages of the great German historian. But, then,

"a bird in the hand's worth two in the bush." The State of the Socialists was a very long way off. There were no pressing signs that the Social Revolution was an event that might soon be expected. On the other hand, the Socialist future, as Dr. Eugene Richter showed in a brilliant skit, was full of just those authoritative triumphs of officialdom which have made the present German administration so efficient and successful. What harm, then, was there in a meeting between Bismarck and Lassalle, and in the adoption by the former of the conception of the State as the fairy godmother of the workers?

The first undoubted right and duty of such an authoritative State is to enrol its available manhood for the call of battle. This was the question on which Bismarck and his master, who afterwards became German Kaiser, first fought the Liberals, and it is military conscription which always supplies the pretext and justification for the emergence of industrial conscription. Military law enables a man to be hurried hither and thither as those at the helm may dictate. Military necessity familiarises all men with the thought that the most efficiently organised activities of society can all be directed from above. But what is involved in this paramount military necessity? The railways, for example, are needed for the effective transport of troops. How can the State refrain from laying its hand on the railways?

As a matter of fact, this evident conscription of industry has already been admitted to a very marked degree in both Germany and Austria. Consult, for example, the German regulations in these "public utility services" just before the great European War. The "right to strike" is affirmed by Section 152 of the Imperial Industrial Code. But these services carried on by the State or by local authorities primarily in the public interest, and not for purposes of revenue, are scarcely regarded as falling within the legal meaning of the word "industrial." The workers employed in the State railways, posts, telegraphs, and telephones, as well as the men employed in municipal water, gas, and similar undertakings, have no right to think of a strike or of federating with any of their fellow workmen in private industries. They must regard themselves as industrial conscripts belonging to a class apart. When a worker rises to a permanent position, he has to take an official oath which immediately separates him from the hole of the pit whence he was dug.

Such conscript regulations supply us with abundant illustrations of that conception of the duty and functions of the worker which is practically evident in all the collectivist experiments of the German Empire. They imply a real conscription of industry, because they proceed from just these same principles and habits of mind to which

military conscription inevitably leads. With the exception of 1,000 miles in Alsace-Lorraine, all the German railways before the great European War were in the hands of the particular States; and when we study their administrative regulations, the cloven hoof of the new conscription of industry is at once and obtrusively evident.

The worker is to be subject in all things to the behests of his official superiors. Paragraph 6 of the rules as to employment on the Saxon State railways provides that "workmen are, above all, "required to behave obediently to their official superiors, politely "to the public, socially towards their fellow workmen, diligently in "the performance of their duties; as well as soberly and morally "in their private life. They are obliged, moreover, to hold themselves aloof from unions or movements that are inimical to public "order." Up to the last sentence these Saxon regulations read like a collection of moral aphorisms; but the last sentence infallibly suggests the industrial conscription that lies at the root of the whole. Any such suggestion is certainly strengthened when we learn from a subsequent regulation that a workman who "incites or persuades "others to commit certain acts with the object of forcing the "administration to grant higher wages" is liable to the penalty of immediate dismissal.

At every stage, then, of his career, the State railway worker of Germany is reminded that he is an industrial conscript. He has to send the bye-laws of any union he may form to be examined by his official superior. He has to supply the same personage with the agenda of any of his meetings. And for final comfort he is furnished with the soothing words of a Prussian Minister of Public Works, as delivered on November 13th, 1911: "A great enterprise "like that of the railways," said this important functionary, "cannot exist, it cannot, in the long run, achieve its great economic "aims unless it maintains strict discipline and order. . . . "Those who choose to enter the service of such undertakings, "whether as officials or as work-people, will have to submit to "certain limitations in the exercise of their rights as citizens, at "any rate to the extent that the interests of the department which "they serve may render this necessary. In particular, it is not "permissible, and will never be permitted, that members of our "staff should yield to a temptation to promote efforts that are "directed towards the overthrow of the existing order; or, to put "it plainly, to help social democracy. Neither can it be tolerated "that they should regard the strike as a legitimate means for the "attainment of their economic or other objects."

This is certainly to put the ulterior purpose of the conscription of industry with a brutal frankness which leaves small doubt of the opinions of the speaker. But, then, this deliverance comes from

a State Minister of Prussia, and the ominous evil of Prussianism is just what the young men of this country are embattled to prevent. May not the conscription of industry be a specific disease of Prussian administrative despotism? Have these dangers of which the workers of this country show themselves so apprehensive really passed over into the camp of the Allies?

France, Belgium, and Italy are all three conscript countries, and it has already been pointed out that military conscription inevitably lays a people open to industrial conscription as well. France had the latter question thrust upon her after the postal strike of 1909; and as a consequence of the rather critical experience, special penalties were held over the head of postmen who might hereafter in a body quit their employment. But it was in the railway strike of 1910 that the results of this new attitude of mind became most apparent. The dissatisfaction which led to the strike arose first in the lines owned by private companies—the Southern and the Northern lines. It was complicated in the case of the latter by the refusal of the owners to meet a deputation of the men in the presence of the Prime Minister and the Minister of Public Works. Yet when the strike actually did take place, in October, 1910, it was soon extended by sympathy to the Western State railway as well. It was the extension to the public utility service that proved its ultimate undoing. According to the new doctrines underlying the conscription of industry, a strike of State railway servants is like a mutiny on a battleship. And M. Briand, who was then at the head of the French Government, quickly broke the strike by ordering the mobilisation of the reserves—exactly the kind of consummation which was pointed out as a serious drawback to the first draft of our own Military Service Act.

Belgium agrees with France in looking on the State servant in the railway, postal, telegraph, and telephone services as belonging to a class apart. But the implications of such a view are even more apparent in Italy, where we had before the war a development in the direction of industrial conscription, which, for discrimination and persistency, goes even beyond the practice of France. Article 56 of the Railway Law of that country declares the State employee to be a "public official," and warns him quite bluntly that "those who voluntarily leave or neglect to take up their duty, or who perform it in such a way as to interrupt or disturb the certainty or regularity of the services, are considered as dismissed and are replaced." The French example of 1910, however, taught the framers of this regulation that the conscription of industry can go a very great deal further than this. When the year 1914 again saw the railwaymen discontented, and a Syndicalist organisation in Ancona was pursuing an active campaign, the Government

suddenly announced that all their plans were ready, and that army engineers and navy stokers would be utilised to run the trains. Quite evidently it was becoming a settled policy before the war to make military and industrial conscription play nicely into each other's hands. H.M. Ambassador at Rome, who was watching the whole development, reported soon afterwards to the Board of Trade that, not only had local strikes of gas-workers and bakers been broken by military labour, but, "in Rome, and probably in other large Italian cities, a certain number of municipal guards are instructed in working the tramway services."

There were five countries—Russia, Roumania, Holland, Belgium, and Italy—which, before the European War, absolutely prohibited the workers in their State services from engaging in a strike. In Russia and Roumania these restrictions were especially comprehensive and far-reaching. Indeed, in these countries they appear to be applied to all the State factories as well. But it is unnecessary to go in detail over the particular restrictions in these diversified States—especially as they only add fresh illustrations of the thesis that military conscription tends to reproduce its administrative methods in the sphere of industry as well. Suffice it to complete the discussion by throwing further light on a conclusion which irresistibly emerges from all the previous facts, that this industrial conscription applied to the servants of the State tends to impede or fetter the efforts of private employees who may be working in other districts in the same, or similar, occupations.

Who can doubt such a conclusion after the history of the strikes in the French and Italian railway services? Part of the French system was still in the hands of private companies; but when it was a case of breaking the power of a big strike, the private worker was involved in the same conscription of industry as the State official. Nay, the case is even stronger than would be imagined from the French example alone. It may well happen that a strike of the employees in various private industries is deprived of all hope of success because certain classes of State servants, on which they had relied for help, are under the all-dominating power of the conscription of industry. The most striking example of such a consequence occurred in the great Swedish lock-out of 1909, where it was the waiting game played by the industrial conscripts of the railway and telegraph services, who were forbidden to strike, that ultimately paralysed the efforts of the whole Labour organisation in Sweden.

Industrial conscription, then, though it takes its origin from the familiar spirit of Prussianism, is not entirely confined to the States of the German Empire. It is certain that the instinct of the great mass of organised workers in Great Britain was not very far at

fault when they scrutinised very carefully what might be the actual economic consequences of even a partial adoption of the system of military conscription. The varied necessities of modern warfare have carried with them a vast extension of the use of what, during the continuance of the war, are practically State regulated industries. Theatrical costumiers toil—not in vain—in the cutting out of khaki; furriers make skin coats, but only for the military. Workers in jewellery turn their attention to the less costly tins for rations. Makers of fancy scarves now sew the shirts for the soldiers. It is true that only a certain number of these new State-regulated industries are put under the Munitions Act, and, therefore, have necessarily applied to them any of these regulations which, as we have seen, emerged into existence in many of the European countries before the war; but unless care be taken and adequate safeguards exacted, the adoption of military conscription inevitably brings with it the danger of the conscription of industry, not only in the industries under the Munitions Courts, but all along the economic line as well.

It is perfectly evident that our own Government is doing all it can to prevent the importation during the European War of this undesirable accompaniment of State regulated industry. In the first place, such State regulation is in our own country to be understood as lasting for the period of the war, and for the period of the war alone. Schedule 2 of the Munitions Act is the special and particular charter of this order of salutary concessions. In the second place, it is just these very results which have been rendered apparent in the railwaymen's strikes of France and Italy which are specially guarded against in the British experiment. Those who administer the Military Service Act are bound by the undertakings of the Government in the House of Commons to avoid the slightest approach to the spirit of industrial compulsion. No man, unless he has deliberately misbehaved himself, can be refused a leaving certificate by his employer, and thus delivered over to the tender mercies of military conscription. When he has obtained his leaving certificate and finally left his former employment, he has a period of two months freely allowed him before he becomes amenable to the call of the military authorities. In this way insuperable difficulties are piled up in the path of an employer who seeks to qualify as an industrial despot by holding over the heads of his employees the terrors of martial law.

Yet liberty is always the fruit of eternal vigilance, and there can be no doubt that an absolution from industrial conscription will only be obtained if new developments are followed and scrutinised with the very closest care and attention. The undertakings of the Government safeguard the workers for the war. There can be no

possible doubt about that. But what about the critical days when the war is over? Will there not be the inclination, then, to apply some of the strictest tenets of the supporters of industrial conscription? We are much more accustomed now than we were in the days before the war to the swift and summary methods of a bureaucratic State. More Governmental control and a far more searching State interference will be clamorously demanded in many of the fundamental departments of our material life. What is efficient for the war will be efficient for the days after the war. That will be the frequent and the plausible plea.

There are signs that the Labour leaders are perfecting the organisation and concentration of their forces so as to be well prepared for any possible troubles ahead. All the voices of discord were effectively hushed for the war, but no undertaking has been given for the period after the war. The great Triple Alliance of the railwaymen, miners, and transport workers has now been firmly cemented, and the London and Provincial Union of Vehicle Workers has quite recently decided to make the alliance quadruple. There are signs of similar industrial movements in the iron and steel trades; and there can be no manner of doubt that the influence of that and other similar powerful federations will be exerted to the utmost against any shortsighted administrator who may attempt in any fashion or degree to naturalise in this country the Prussian assumptions of an undesirable conscription of industry.

J. H. HARLEY.

NATIONAL SERVICE FOR HISTORIANS.

AT a time when the immediate and future welfare of this country is the subject of much anxious consideration, and when the whole nation is prepared to render willing service in the interests of the public safety, we ought not to lose sight of the part that must be played by the historian in the great drama of the war. Indeed, it would be difficult to imagine an occasion on which his services could be more effectively or usefully employed than in preparing an authentic narrative of the moving incidents of these times. Just now it is the statesman, or man of action, who has charge of the situation, but the present is the future domain of the historian to whom our descendants will be indebted for their knowledge of these great events, and on whose verdict the worth of this generation of Britons must depend. For whatever may be the result of this tremendous struggle, its causes and effects cannot be accurately stated without the aid of historical science or lucidly explained without the illuminating touch of the historian's art.

It is true that, in a certain sense, we are all of us engaged in making history, and that the History of the War, in the general acceptance of the phrase, has already received the attention of a multitude of writers. At the same time, there is a wide distinction between the "history" of contemporary events produced by conventional methods, and that which is destined to rank as a permanent record of the doings of the nation. The one is purely ephemeral, and will soon cease to possess any authority. The other, being based on scientific methods of inquiry and compiled with scholarly art, might even outlive the existence of the nation itself.

This assertion may appear somewhat dogmatic to those who have never studied the problem of the definition of history and its corollary, the qualification of the historian. To most people an historical work commends itself by reason of its literary charm, or the personality of the writer. His readers may not be disposed to agree with all the historian's conclusions, but they rarely question the adequacy of his researches. We agree that an historian should not pose as a partisan nor even as a patriot, but we take no effectual steps to maintain the judicial quality of historical writings.

It is neither desirable or necessary to discuss here the burning question whether history is a science or an art, or whether an historian is a man of genius and artistic temperament, or merely a trained scholar who proceeds according to definite methods of historical research. Possibly some irreverent person may suggest that these qualifications might be combined, but this simple solution is not immediately available. Another academic problem, however, deserves somewhat closer attention, namely, whether the historian is capable of treating the history of his own time dispassionately.

It is now generally agreed that at least a generation must elapse before the national history can be impartially dealt with by a native writer. This opinion seems to be justified both by the admitted infirmities of human nature and by the experience of historical study. But it might be fairly argued that this *dictum* represents a counsel of perfection, which need not deter those who possess adequate qualifications for the task in question. That British historical scholars have not neglected the various aspects and phases of the war has been abundantly proved by their many activities. Some of our most able historical writers have banded themselves together for the purpose of examining the actual causes and possible consequences of the war. For this purpose they have issued a considerable number of pamphlets, together with a valuable bibliography of current historical literature, besides original works and collections of documents which have been published by individual enterprise or through various agencies. Again, numerous papers have been read before learned societies, special lectures have been delivered in different parts of the country, and much correspondence on historical questions has appeared in the columns of the press. In addition to these publications, the service periodicals must be credited with many valuable articles dealing with the professional aspects of the war, while economics and political science, with kindred geographical and legal studies, have also contributed a large mass of important materials.

As yet, however, these activities have produced no very important results, and other men of learning can perhaps claim to have rendered more practical services to the State. Amongst these, many who are versed in social science or in literature and art, have occupied themselves with the human side of the war. Physical scientists have at last made good their claim to be represented in the technical deliberations of the Government, and some hundreds of statesmen, officials, scholars, and public men or women have been appointed to serve on special Royal Commissions or Departmental Committees.

Possibly our historians might deprecate the suggestion that their learned zeal has proved ineffective. But as the "war-game" itself may lead to a "stalemate," so the assertions of rival historians are drowned by the cry *tu quoque!* Every telling statement made by our own distinguished historians is controverted on the other side by scholars whose learning we were taught to venerate in the days before the war. "Black is white," or "white is black," in the wrathful eyes of sober elderly dons and professors, who have been collaborating for many decades to prove the blackness of that which is black and the whiteness of that which must be white.

What does it all mean? Surely it means that an historian, no more than a physician, can safely practise his craft in a case which is of personal concern. The value of this distinction will be appreciated in connection with the study of the history of former times. Thanks to the immense progress of historical research conducted according to scientific methods, the facts with regard to the most obscure incidents have been largely revealed. The work of discovery has been pursued with equal zeal by the historians of every country. The results of their labours are invariably accepted according to their historical merit, and usually without regard to the historian's national interests or susceptibilities. In fact, after the lapse of a century, more or less, we are able to view most questions with dispassionate eyes, which have also gained a keen insight into the national temperament. But to-morrow, how shall we write the history of to-day, when our sense of proportion is hopelessly blunted, our temper sadly ruffled, and our nerves racked by varying hopes and fears?

Then another question arises. Even if we are fully competent to write the history of these times, have we access to the materials necessary for the discovery and statement of the facts? The answer to this question is to apply the test of an adequate historical method, and here there can be little doubt as to the result. Under present conditions more than one generation must elapse before our historian can have access to the archives which contain the sources of the true history of these times, and, on the other hand, his attention will be distracted by the obtrusion of inaccurate or irrelevant materials. His desk will be littered with carefully selected dispatches, garbled texts, faked returns, and censored reports. But apart from these imperfect sources, there are, undoubtedly, some materials of real value and easily accessible, both in print and manuscript, though wholly insufficient for all the purposes in view. Finally, there are, for the contemporary historian alone, the psychological aspects of town and countryside

at war, gossip in the camp, news from the front, and other precious scraps of oral evidence.

The enumeration of these elusive sources may perhaps give a hint for the guidance of the perplexed student of contemporary history. Since access to certain sources of information is at present impossible, he is clearly unable to compile that complete and accurate statement of the facts which is essential for an authoritative and impartial history. But is he, therefore, to be condemned by historical purists to complete inaction, and are we to be deprived of a valuable contribution to historical knowledge even though it may not have been prepared by exhaustive methods of research?

This question may perhaps be regarded as a fair statement of the respective positions of the purist and the opportunist, and it might be answered to the satisfaction of them both. The answer is, that there is not the least need for the historian to suspend his activities during the period of the war. There is other more important and more urgent work for him to do than to mark time by producing a perfunctory and inconclusive history of recent events. Such compilations, however skilfully made and however acceptable to patriotic readers, produce no real impression on neutral opinion, and are, as we have seen, easily countered by hostile experts who are able to prepare another version of the matter, based on alleged facts which cannot be examined or controverted at the present time. But the day will come when the material facts alleged on either side must be submitted to a searching examination by impartial experts, and the true history of these times will be written from that fuller knowledge. But in any case the preparation for such an undertaking must be long and arduous, and for obvious reasons it cannot be begun too soon.

Here, then, is profitable employment for our historical scholars. Let them begin to collect the materials for a national history of the great war. For the present it is impracticable to search the foreign archives, since intimate researches of this kind can only be made by native historians. But, in any case, the national history of every State is the unit from which a general history must be compiled. Naturally, such a work as this will need to be carefully organised, but before we consider that question, let us see what are the materials with which our historians would be concerned.

Briefly, they consist of documents of various kinds, including plans and photographs, and these may be either printed or manuscript. It was once the fashion to distinguish between the original and secondary sources, but it does not really matter whether a document stands alone or whether it is incorporated in some printed work. The document itself is the evidence that will be adduced for certain facts on which alone the historian's conclusions

must be based. It follows, therefore, that the document must be scrutinised with great care, and it is here that the skill of the expert will be displayed; moreover, the documents must be discovered, classified, and described before their evidence can, as it were, be taken, and each of these operations requires much industry and sagacity.

In dealing with a period of our history from which we are separated by a space of more than a hundred years, the facts on which the historian's narrative must be based practically exist in a documentary form alone. That is to say, if all the documents referring to the reign of Charles I. were to be searched out and destroyed, the momentous facts of that period would cease to exist, except as a tradition. It is otherwise in the case of the history of contemporary or recent times. Here we do not need to search the documents for facts which are notorious to all men. We do so rather for the purpose of verifying those facts or to discover supplementary evidence. It is still possible from oral tradition to ascertain facts which relate to a period of more than a hundred years ago, and it would be unwise to neglect the large mass of personal evidence that is available for the historical facts of our own time.

It will be evident that the historian who embarks upon such researches as these must be busily employed. It may also be admitted that in two respects his work will be of exceptional value, namely, the collection and investigation of oral testimony, and the perpetuation of documentary evidence which might easily perish or become inaccessible in course of time.

This contingency is, unfortunately, by no means remote. For more than a century past we have systematically neglected to take proper stock of our national archives, whether in central or in local custody. Whilst other European States have provided proper repositories for these records, and have caused them to be arranged and described by expert custodians, with every facility for the researches of students, a large proportion of our own official documents has remained without decent accommodation or expert attention down to this present day. During the last twenty years many thousands of valuable historical documents have perished by decay or have been deliberately destroyed to save the trouble and expense of their arrangement. At the same time, some thousands more, carried off by the officials of an earlier day or otherwise abstracted from the archives of the State, have passed into the hands of dealers or collectors for fabulous sums.

It must not be supposed, however, that our countrymen are deliberately indifferent to a matter which concerns their honour and interests. The conditions of custody, especially in the pro-

vinces, have considerably improved during recent years, and this is due to the growth of local patriotism in most parts of the country, as well as to the administrative ability or scholarly taste of individual custodians. The cause of our national shortcomings in this matter is really due to the insular position of this country, where, owing to immunity from foreign invasion or civil war, no drastic reforms in respect of the custody of records have been called for. On the Continent, the sweeping destruction of feudal institutions has incidentally led to the nationalisation of archives; for the political revolutions at the close of the eighteenth century placed the title-deeds of the Church and State and landed aristocracy at the nation's disposal, and their care has continued to be a matter of national concern. Everywhere the inhabitants of towns and villages can point with just pride to well-found repositories of local records erected and maintained at not much greater cost than many of our Jubilee Memorials. In short, the archives have become a national institution as the result of a democratic movement such as has not reached these Islands, where the public records, which, by a theory of the constitution, are the private property of the Crown, have remained in an antiquated custody. Similarly, our local records have been largely treated as the private property of various officials claiming vested rights as the representatives of lay or ecclesiastical corporations.

It might be objected that the bulk of the public and local records here referred to are not concerned with the history of the present war, and that the current documents which do possess that character will be available for reference in course of time. This distinction may be a just one, but, unless some better order and method are observed in our archives at large, there is no security whatever for the preservation of current records, which are of great consequence for ascertaining the true facts as to many matters relating both to civil and military administration. In theory these records are the property of the Crown, in trust for the nation, but, in practice, they are at the disposal of the Government Departments, which cannot be regarded as careful or punctilious trustees. The evidence obtained from official inquiries during the past century proves that in some Government offices a proportion of the official papers received, varying from 30 to 90 per cent. will not reach the historian's hands. These records have either been destroyed to make room for accruing papers, or have been dealt with by Ministers or secretaries as their private correspondence. Moreover, many thousands of official documents have perished by fire or water, owing to inadequate provision for their custody.

Then there is the question of the preservation of oral evidence, which may be regarded as an extraneous source of historical

information and one which cannot be properly utilised until it is recorded in documentary form. But this spoken testimony is the earliest of all our recognised historical sources, and the depositions of the French and Belgian refugees in 1914 may some day stand on the same footing as the verdicts of the local jurors recorded in Domesday Book.

In matters of this sort, however, even the most scientific and indefatigable worker will need the assistance of some scheme of organised research, and fortunately the nucleus of such an organisation already exists. The British academies and historical societies, together with the committees recently formed for elucidating the causes and consequences of the war, should be capable of providing a large and skilled body of workers with personal knowledge of the various local conditions. In this connection the term "historical" must bear a wide significance, for it will include matters of interest to antiquaries as well as to historical professors and teachers in the British Universities and schools.

Now, although the numbers and resources of these learned bodies may not be comparable to those available in some foreign countries, they are by no means to be despised. In Great Britain and Ireland there must be upwards of a hundred such societies, besides a still larger number of periodical publications devoted to these subjects, and if our historians and antiquaries chose to organise themselves for this purpose, they could easily compel attention to their recommendations.

In America historical scholars have formed a prosperous and powerful Association, in close touch with the State bureaus or institutions, and this organisation has faced the stupendous task of reorganising the national archives. The example is valuable because, in this case, the initiative was taken, not by the State, but by the historical community, an intervention which will enable the internal history of the American people to be written under very favourable conditions.

It is scarcely to be expected, moreover, that our own Government will assist such researches as these, although on numerous occasions, from the thirteenth century onwards, historical information has been collected for national purposes by Royal or Parliamentary authority. The present moment is inopportune for the official subventions of such an enterprise as this. Even the National Archives, which have accomplished such splendid work during the past twenty-five years, and the Historical Commissions in touch with the archives are severely crippled by the demand for public economy, and our historians must rely on their own resources for the purpose in hand.

If a National Committee for preserving and recording the materials of British history during the war could be formed, with sub-committees for the several departments of history, and strong local committees for every part of the Empire, the whole movement would at once assume a national character, and would unquestionably command attention.

With regard to the preservation of historical materials there is scope for organised vigilance. During the war historical problems have increased apace and new records have been made for every branch of historical study. This Committee might perform a national service by insisting on the more cautious preservation of official documents pending their transmission to the Record Office. The matter is of much importance in view of the urgent demands for extended access to the official archives made, during recent years, by historians in every country. When this demand is conceded, it may possibly be found that a considerable portion of the records no longer exists.

The mere possibility of such a discovery should put our historians on their guard. It is felony to destroy our neighbour's testament. It should at least be made a statutory misdemeanour to destroy or abstract the records of this generation's bequest to the next. A nation that has not kept the authentic records of its acts resembles a government that cannot redeem its paper currency with gold. In both cases the credit of the State depends on the conservation of the national treasure.

With regard to the literary activities of this committee, the method of research in the national archives can safely be left to experts.

In respect of the much wider subject of the collection of current historical data, the facts desired could be stated and circulated by the central committee or its sub-committees. The local committees, or individual local correspondents, would supply the necessary returns and a unique and important collection of historical materials would be available for the compilation of a history of the British nation during the Great War.

There are, of course, other suggestions which might be added and many details which could be supplied, but these may be safely left to our historians. The question at present is perhaps not so much whether the thing is practicable, as if it is worth doing at all.

As to this there is one point which calls for special notice. Although it may seem that anything will now pass for "history," the time must come when only an adequate history of this War will be accepted by the public opinion of the civilised world. If we cannot produce such a history of our own share of the war, it will be written for us by foreign enterprise to the amazement and anger of our children.

HUBERT HALL.

THE SPIRIT OF CO-OPERATION

THE present year, full as it has been of sorrows and anxieties, will always be remembered by those who are appreciative of Gardencraft, as a turning point when the sorely needed developments on the commercial side of horticulture, which had been in vain awaited, were at length fulfilled. The tide has turned, but alas! as is so often the case, it is too late to train rapidly the vast numbers of women gardeners that are urgently wanted, and so the palace and castle gardens, the grounds of parks and halls, have to remain for the time being but indifferently cultivated until enough suitable, educated women have been through a course which will fit them to hold the many hundreds of posts that are waiting to be filled. All these unkempt lawns, the neglected glasshouses, all the paths and beds overgrown with weeds, which will have had time to sow and re-sow themselves until they become so firmly established that it will take years of patient plodding to eradicate them, could have been maintained in apple-pie order if women gardeners had been encouraged and supported during past years. Now is the time when many who have gifts to bestow are ready to assist some of those ladies who are obliged to earn a living, but are unable to afford the expense of training-fees. The woman-gardener is no mere passing phase of war necessity; she has come to stay, and therefore it would seem that a very enjoyable privilege of a wealthy garden owner would be that of providing the necessary fees of training for a lady who could become her future woman-gardener. The small sum of £20, paid for two years, would enable a capable woman to earn her living during those difficult days which we all must dread when peace is once more restored, but we still have to pay for the heavy war expenses. It is often questioned whether ladies who join the profession will remain satisfied with merely holding posts in private gardens. We know that after a two years' College training they will in all probability wish to work for others in order to increase their experience and gain that self-assurance that is so essential a part of success when people want to take up the commercial side of horticulture; but after three or four years in a private post, it is more than likely that the woman-gardener of intelligence and resourcefulness will desire to own land of her own in order to run it for profit.

Although it is impossible to foretell what developments will ensue in rural matters upon the termination of the war, it seems extremely probable that vast changes will occur. Amongst others, we can feel confident that many women who possess a small amount of capital will be obliged to supplement their incomes by means of some kind of work, and I feel sure that active, out-of-door young women will wish to take up gardening. In so doing they not only can help during war time to maintain the private gardens of England, but when the men return and conditions become normal, they can continue their useful work by joining with other women-gardeners and grouping themselves in growers' colonies.

In a previous article I endeavoured to show how three or four friends, living under one roof and each contributing a small share towards the rent of the house and garden, would be able to make a nice home for themselves, and if they selected a neighbourhood where there were other men and women of the educated class pursuing the same industry, they would be able to further their own interests, as well as national ones, by working together in a co-operative spirit.

In this country we still have much to learn about co-operation in agriculture and horticulture, and if only those who are well-informed, receptive, and who have sufficient leisure to read about this subject, would take it up seriously, there is no doubt that it would completely transform our country and multiply the yield of the land. If we turn to Holland and study a few of the statistics there, we see what wonderful successes the growers have achieved by means of it. Their holdings are but small, for we learn from the report of 1904 that:—

26.5	per cent.	were from	$\frac{1}{2}$ to $1\frac{1}{2}$	acres in extent.
25.7	„ „ „ „		$1\frac{1}{2}$ to $2\frac{1}{2}$	„ „
24.7	„ „ „ „		$2\frac{1}{2}$ to 5	„ „
11.1	„ „ „ „		5 to $7\frac{1}{2}$	„ „
5.6	„ „ „ „		$7\frac{1}{2}$ to $9\frac{1}{2}$	„ „
2.9	„ „ „ „		$9\frac{1}{2}$ to 12	„ „
3.5	„ „	were over	12	acres in extent.

It is noticeable that over one-half of the holdings are less than five acres each, which would be an ideal size for three or four ladies to manage, and they could either work it themselves or they might profitably employ for heavy spade work the ex-soldier returned from the war, who, it is thought, will wish to live in the country and enjoy all its health-giving occupations and its peaceful surroundings after his strenuous days in the trenches.

His wife and children, too, would probably find plenty of work, for there would be washing and charring to be done for the ladies; and if it were a fruit-growing district, spraying, manuring, picking

up prunings, and picking and packing fruit, always give employment to many hands.

In the Netherlands we find that 3 per cent. of the total cultivated area is devoted to horticulture, and these 184,000 acres are divided up very much as follows:—

	ACRES.
Private gardens and orchards	76,585
Orchards worked for profit	50,605
Kitchen gardens worked for profit	38,475
Bulb farms	9,928
Tree nurseries	5,826
Flower „	1,551
Gardens for growing horticultural seeds	1,314

These figures show that more than half the acreage belongs to commercial gardening, and is therefore worked for profit. A similar spirit has pervaded this industry ever since the sixteenth century, so that traditions of good work have been handed down from father to son, and have helped to bring it to the high standard it holds to-day. It cannot be said that climatic and soil conditions are the sole factors in this success, although, of course, they are very favourable to market garden work; but what has probably helped most in assisting the growers of Holland to earn large profits has been the spirit of co-operation with which they are imbued. They have a very complete system of State education and children are, from their earliest days, taught to appreciate the value of working in co-ordinated groups and not, as we do, as single units. The results of this Government support and united effort for the general good are to be found in the ample provision of telephones all over the country, and in the excellent railway transit facilities that are everywhere provided.

Their export trade is a large one, and we know that the greatest consumer of it is Germany, that Great Britain comes next, and then Belgium. The following figures show what their export trade in 1910 consisted of in the matter of horticultural produce:—

	TONS.	£
Fresh fruit	24,883	150,000
„ vegetables	188,721	500,000
Dried and pressed vegetables	10,272	462,000
Bulbs, roots, &c.	17,294	800,000
Plants, trees, &c.	13,675	300,000
Flower and vegetable seeds	1,150	48,000

For a small country these results seem to be remarkable, and it would be helpful in England if educated growers, having studied how they have been brought about, would endeavour so to join forces that they too could establish co-operative auction sales for

the disposal of fruit and vegetables, similar to the ones which are so general in Holland.

One great advantage about this system of selling is that the commissions and charges paid to middlemen are reduced, and, consequently, the man who grows good stuff reaps a larger profit than he would do if he sent produce to a distant market, where he would not himself be able to attend and therefore would have to trust only to the fair, or unfair, treatment of a salesman whose requirements he would hardly know, and whose honesty might be doubtful. These auction sales enforce a very high standard of grading and packing, and this, on the other hand, acts as a restraint upon a grower if he chance to be one of those who practice the deceptive art of "topping," whereby the largest, best-grown, most tempting things are placed where they are best seen and concealed beneath them are a second or third grade quality of the same plant! Another advantage is that the grower must give "full measure," and thereby a standardisation of weights is effected.

To those who may not be specially interested in these practical points, there is much that is Old World, and, consequently, fascinating about these Dutch auction sales. Sometimes they take place by the side of a narrow canal or waterway, and raised seats are placed on the bank for the use of the merchants or their representatives, who thus have a good view of each barge as it is slowly poled past them, laden with fruit, vegetables and flowers, that are to be sold in different lots. All these have to be collected early in the morning, and each grower has had his own barge packed with the produce that is ready for sale. Before it leaves his market-garden, however, the various lots are carefully graded, packed, weighed, and entered in a book. Upon his arrival at the auction, the barge-man hands this book to the auctioneer, and then, when his turn comes to steer his bargeload past the audience, the auctioneer announces the contents of each package, and, if necessary, some samples from each are handed round for the inspection of the buyers. Opposite where they sit is a large automatic machine, which consists of a big, clock-like dial, and round its rim are marked various units of Dutch currency. As each lot is offered for sale, the pointer of the machine is released and it moves round, indicating first a figure on the dial which is suggestive of a higher price than the produce is really worth. As it proceeds round the face of the dial, lower and lower prices are indicated, until at last one of the merchants, by pressing a bell beneath the chair he is seated on, announces thereby that he is desirous of purchasing. This checks the pointer instantaneously and indicates the exact price at which the lot has been sold. At the same moment, the number

which belongs to this particular seat is recorded upon another indicator, and the transaction is then completed. In order to simplify the book-keeping, each merchant has his own chair and number permanently allotted to him for all the sales.

Another picturesque, yet practical, way of marketing is one which we rarely see carried out in the country towns throughout England, but which takes place daily upon either side of the canals at The Hague and also occurs at Amsterdam and Rotterdam. Here the producer and the retailer are brought together, for the latter comes to the market with a view to inspecting what the grower has displayed for show upon a space which is allotted for his use. He pays a small toll of about twopence for every square three feet and three inches that are taken up with specimens of what he has brought from his home, and this small sum covers the expenses of the City Council. Most of the produce is sold either in the town itself or in the neighbourhood, and in this respect these daily markets are different from the auction sales, for the wholesale buyers and the packers belonging to the latter dispatch their purchases to distant and sometimes to foreign markets. It is but seldom that such open market spaces are utilised with us for the sale of flowers and vegetables, but abroad the peasant women flock to them in their small carts laden with all that their gardens or holdings yield.

From sunrise until midday they are busy, first of all picking and packing, then wending their way by country lanes or coming in barges to the open space in the town, where each promptly occupies herself in decorating, to the best advantage, the booth or stall allotted to her. By the time it is all arranged, looking tempting with sunshine playing upon all the different colours of each lot of produce, the buyers come to inspect and choose. Then the peasant emerges from under the wide, dark green umbrella that she has opened to protect herself from the heat, and the customer can thus have direct communication with the person who has grown the stuff, gaining a distinct advantage over purchases that are made from a shop, because the market gardener can speedily become aware of likes and dislikes, and those things which are appreciated by an old customer are retained for her use. Soon the crowd becomes more animated, and maids are seen arriving with large baskets. Freshly picked wholesome food is thus more plentiful on the Continent than with us, for in England the fruit-stall is usually associated in our minds with a narrow street in one of the poorest London districts, where on Saturday evenings a noisy throng of sellers shout out the good qualities of their wares; but, upon examination, these usually prove to be only the cast-off, stale refuse that has perhaps been lying unsold in a bigger market for some

days, and is carried away, at length, as a last resource, by a small dealer.

The regulations that are laid down by the Dutch Co-operative Societies about grading and packing are very stringent, and this is no doubt why their produce finds such a ready sale in our country. Should a box containing fruit or vegetables be found to be not up to the given standard, the Controller will refuse to pass it through the auction, and it has first to be regraded and repacked before it can be submitted to the purchasers. Again, if anything is bought and is then found to be short of the given standard of weight, the buyer can refuse to take it or the defaulting grower is fined 20 per cent. of the value for which it was sold, of which sum 10 per cent. goes to the funds of the society.

It will be seen from this that a great deal of responsibility rests with the controller of the auction or market, but as he is a man who is carefully chosen for the post by the society's members, his decision upon any subject is final. Another excellent rule is that, if a member is fined three times, he forfeits his membership.

Having seen what successful work co-operation has achieved in the Netherlands, let us examine what is going forward in this direction in England, only we have to remember that we stand but now on the borderland of what will be done in the future; and it is for this reason that those who are interested in the business side of gardencraft welcome to its ranks those more enlightened men and women who must surely, from their up-bringing and past experience, realise what increased gain comes to the individual if only he will unite with others in his work.

By means of co-operation, a group of growers could, for instance, combine, and each pay their share towards the purchase of a motor lorry for the conveyance of their goods either to a market or to the very doors of their customers. Then, again, they can by bulking their consignments together obtain greater reductions on railway rates than if they each sent a small consignment independently. It is not alone the market-gardener or poultry-man who gains by belonging to a co-operative society. The farmer, if only he will refrain somewhat from his habitual inclination to independent action, will benefit, too, by obtaining feeding-stuffs, manures and tools at wholesale prices, and with a safe guarantee on them, from the society's agent.

These pages, however, deal more especially with the outlook of horticulturists, and so milk supplies, egg and poultry depôts, and butter and cheese factories are only alluded to in passing, so as to show that the same organisation which enables the market-gardener to sell his flowers and vegetables profitably, will prove of equal value to the farmer in all his transactions, whether they

are for the purchase of manures or for the disposal of produce or live-stock.

Hitherto, the chief propagandists of such work have been the representatives of the Agricultural Organisation Society, Queen Anne's Chambers, Tothill Street, Westminster, S.W. Even now after some fourteen years, their work is very insufficiently known and appreciated, but perhaps with the advent of peace and as more of our governing classes interest themselves in the commercial side of landownership, a strengthening of this excellent society will take place.

In the apple-growing district of Worcestershire there is a very important co-operative fruit market at Pershore, and it would be advantageous if other districts followed the example. It was organised in 1909, and it started with a capital of £1,107 and 126 members, the object being to carry on the business of a market for the sale by auction of fruit, flowers, vegetables, and dairy produce. It was intended that the society should be the wholesale and retail dealer in farm and garden produce, seeds, artificial manures, and feeding stuffs for the numerous fruit-growers of the neighbourhood. The remarkable progress made by this society is best seen by a record of the turnover.

For 76 sales between June, 1909, and December							
31st, 1909 (28 weeks)—	...	...	...	...	...	...	£4,721
(It may be noted that 40,856 packages were sold)—							
1910	...	...	...	...	...	...	£8,739
1911	...	...	...	...	...	...	£10,799
1912	...	...	...	...	...	...	£14,816
1913	...	...	...	...	...	...	£24,816
1914	...	...	...	...	...	...	£22,762

One bright autumn morning I drove over to see how the sales were transacted, and I remember noticing that the roads which led to the town market-place were blocked with all shapes and styles of farm-carts, gigs, old-fashioned vans and small donkey-barrows, each of which had, in the early hours of the day, brought its cargo from a neighbouring market-garden or orchard. Under a large roofed-in space, each basket was arranged according to numbers, and so that its contents could be viewed by the buyers. What struck one most about the varied contents of all these packages was the care with which both vegetables and fruit had been packed and graded. This is due to a standard packing scheme, whereby penalties are enforced on all those who do not carry it out; and in consequence of this regulation, the confidence of the buyers as regards the reliability of the market has greatly increased. It has also proved to the grower that honesty in refraining from the temptation of "topping" is the best policy.

It is not alone the man who owns many acres of land who benefits by these sales, but those growers who can only send in a few simple chip baskets of fruit, find that they are saved the expense of railway carriage to distant markets, and this is a very material factor. Another boon to the grower is that, occupied as he often is from morning to late at night in supervising the active work of his men, he no longer has to break off in order to consider the subject of marketing his produce, for he knows that, so long as he can send it to the market at the appointed time, it will sell well, provided it is graded and packed with care.

The Pershore Co-operative Market has now purchased from the Ecclesiastical Commissioners the Binholm property, and the members intend putting into operation a scheme for the mechanical grading of apples. Until recently too many different sorts were grown in the neighbourhood, and they had an excessive proportion of small, inferior apples. They propose remedying this because it is important that the buyer should be able to purchase fruit that is of one size and of fine quality; and, above all, that he should be able to obtain it in large quantities. In future all the soft apples—such as Ecklinvilles, Suffields, Grosvenors, and Stirlings—are to be graded and packed as they are picked from the trees, because they will not keep for long; but all that come into use later in the season and that are fit for sale will be sent to the grading station, where they will be sorted according to their size, and they can then be sold in large lots. The growers will gain an advantage by this means, as higher prices are given for graded fruit; and also the poorest apples, which are often a nuisance to a market-gardener, will be sold collectively to jam manufacturers or to cider factories, and if disposed of in lots consisting of several tons together, they become an acceptable commodity.

Another very successful co-operative movement for selling cut flowers, fruit, and vegetables, has been inaugurated at Fawkham, in Kent. The members consist of smallholders who work on the Fairby Estate, and having failed at the commencement to obtain the ready sales that they required, they formed themselves into a registered society and appointed a committee in October, 1913, with a view to drawing up a scheme for selling their produce through the Dartford Industrial Co-operative Society. They obtained the advice of a representative of the Agricultural Organisation Society, and he felt compelled to warn them that, as a rule, instead of selling direct to members of an industrial society, which they proposed doing, it would probably be wiser for a producing society like theirs to sell in bulk at wholesale prices. The members, however, decided to give their scheme a trial in order to see if they could not thus open a retail trade. They registered as the

Hartley Agricultural Co-operative Society, and they undertook to deliver produce direct to the members of the Dartford Industrial Society. Their experience in this arrangement did not, however, prove to be altogether satisfactory. So in 1915 they decided to work upon a system whereby they could sell flowers, fruit, and vegetables to different markets, thus proving how advisable it is for such societies, when first they begin work, to submit themselves to the guidance of the expert advisers of the Agricultural Organisation Society. Their system of distribution is a good one, for each individual holder packs the produce that he has for sale on his holding and a collector from the Society goes round to the members' homes and takes their various packages. A special label is attached to each, which bears upon it the distinctive mark or number owned by the member. When all have been collected they are bulked, still in packages, and the whole consignment is dispatched to a salesman. Should any complaint arise as to the produce that has been sent to the market, it can easily be traced back to the actual producer.

The above short outline of co-operative undertakings in the Netherlands and in this country will have shown that such work ought to be more encouraged if our land is to be made to pay more, and we know that in years to come this will be a national necessity. We shall have to husband our resources, save on buying imports, and endeavour to become self-supporting in the matter of food supplies. The two things that will help most will be thoroughly practical education, not only for the educated man and woman who will settle in growers' colonies as at Pershore, but also for the ex-soldier, his wife and children, who will be employed by them. It is, above all, the boys and girls, who in future years will rebuild this great Empire, who require to be taught lessons about co-operation. Only if they learn about it from their earliest days, only if they see its benefits with their own eyes, which they will do if educated men and women market-gardeners carry it out, will they in their turn, as they own land, wish to widen and increase it. Here lies, therefore, a fine field of work open before those ladies who decide now, in these important days, to take up Gardencraft as a profession, for they can not only restore the gardens of England to their full value of usefulness, but they can inspire a future generation to establish the moral as well as monetary benefits that work hand in hand where co-operation becomes firmly rooted.

WOLSELEY.

THE CONQUEST OF THE CAMEROON.

THIS fine and valuable German colony may be said to have ended its career early in January, when 14,000 native troops and 900 officers of various grades fled over the South-Western frontier into Spanish Guinea and there gave up their arms. A month or so later, on February 18th, the Northern garrison of Mora capitulated, and thus the conquest was completed. The war began there on August 25th, 1914, by Lieutenant-Colonel Maclear crossing the frontier at Yola, in the north-west, and occupying Tepe; but at Gama he found the enemy in great force and was compelled to fall back for reinforcements. In the south, on September 27th, Duala was bombarded by H.M.S. *Cumberland* and *Dwarf*, when the French warship *Surprise* sank two auxiliary cruisers and landed a force. On October 14th, the town of Jabassi was captured, and the fortunes of the enemy gradually declined from that date. The commanders on our side were then Major-General Dobell and Brigadier-General Cunliffe, who with their gallant troops had to face at every mile of their advance enormous difficulties: such as no practicable roads but only narrow paths through thick bush; rivers without bridges, and often without fords; swamps impossible for artillery; grasses so thick and tall as to shut out all view; ferocious animals of the man-eating order; and, above all, either a blazing sun with power to kill or furious storms of rain; in addition, always a lack of suitable provisions, and, from first to last, a tedious and prolonged march of some 500 miles. Fort after fort fell to their prowess; town after town bowed the knee to their superior valour, from the beginning to the very end; and now, what was once the hope and pride of Germany is to that nation but so much dust and ashes in her devouring mouth.

If the soaring ambition and greed of her rulers could have been satisfied with enough—enough in Africa to form an extensive empire—how different now might have been their position; but like the dog in the fable, they saw the tempting shadow of a larger bone, and in an effort to seize it have left themselves poor indeed, so poor that not a savage in the Cameroon remains to do them reverence. Beginning their annexation in a spirit of arrogance and deception, they beguiled the chiefs with rosy promises never intended to be carried out. Entirely with a view of conquest and aggrandise-

ment, they sought to create trade by forced or badly requited labour, and within a short term of entering the country their policy was one of violence and bloodshed. In the end their administration of the country became passable, but all through their rule, up to the beginning of the war, their officials were never rid of a haughty, arrogant bearing towards the simple negroes.

A GLANCE AT THE PAST.

How many thousands of years these black men of Africa roamed about their cane-brakes, or hunted their jungles, before the light of civilisation broke in on them, is just now of no consequence; enough to say, that one morning in the dim past they were thrown into a wild panic by the appearance of two strange ships, quite different in build and rig from dug-out canoes. They were lying quietly at anchor in the near distance and came from a land far away over the Sea of Darkness. Their crews were Portuguese adventurers going in search of another country, but just then drawn in as much by curiosity as want of provisions and water. Their commander might have been Bartholomew Diaz, or even Fernando Po, but in any case there they were, and just then engaged in nothing more important than fishing for food as a change from salt horse. In drawing up their nets our adventurers were agreeably surprised to find them overladen with thousands of fine *prawns*, so loaded indeed that it was to become a seven-days' wonder, and entered in their log-books as a special mark of Providence on behalf of sea-worn mariners. Thus the place was fated to live in history, but not one of those ancient crews felt himself competent to give it a name at all suitable for the occasion. There being no saint-days about, it had to be content with the "river of prawns"—for it was indeed the only great river of the country. And so it went down on Portuguese charts as the Rio dos Camarões. After Portugal had shown the way, but not for some fifty years or so, there came other ships, some from England and others from Holland, bringing out trinkets, rum, and tobacco in exchange for men and women—nearly the only "produce" just then known to that part of Africa.

ENGLAND TAKES POSSESSION OF THE LAND.

But the Hollanders were not long in discovering countries of greater value in the far-away Java Seas, and so indeed did England in highly-civilised and more wealthy India. Still, the West Coast was not entirely neglected by various adventurers unable to find capital for embarking in the greater risks, who were after all

content with what Africa supplied them in the form of ivory, gold-dust, and slaves, up to the fateful days of abolition.

Two centuries passed away before the Niger Trading Company, with a substantial capital of £60,000, gave new life to a legitimate African commerce by sending out steamships, somewhere about 1841; but its chief ventures were confined to the Oil Rivers, near Cape Coast Castle, further north and west. Although the slave trade had been scotched it was not killed, and cruisers were sent out by England—the only nation—to suppress it with all the rigours of the law. Amongst these vessels was H.M.S. *Trident*, commanded by Captain (now Admiral) Close, still living, at an advanced age, at Clifton. One calm day in 1857 his ship was riding quietly at anchor at the mouth of the Cameroon river, when certain canoes bearing chiefs approached and requested a palaver on important matters. Their request was that England should take possession of the Cameroon country, “just as she had done with “Calabar.” After due consideration, they were made to understand exactly what such a thing would mean, every point of the explanation being fully and eagerly agreed to. Later, two boats were sent away with orders to ascend the river for some distance and carefully examine the features of the land. Their report being more than satisfactory, the ship’s carpenters were sent ashore to find a tree suitable for a flag-staff, and on a given day, all being in order, the British flag was hoisted in the presence of the chiefs and a multitude of the natives. How much rum and tobacco was consumed on this momentous occasion history does not relate, but there was much satisfaction on board the *Trident*, and, doubtless, some drinking of success amongst her crew.

Naturally, our commander thought he had done a good day’s work. Judge then of his chagrin when an answer from the Admiralty to his report informed him that in hoisting the flag and taking possession of the land, he had very much exceeded his duties, and that he was at once to haul down the flag and revoke all previous proceedings; he was there to suppress the slave trade and for no other purpose.

THE CAMEROON CHIEFS WRITE TO QUEEN VICTORIA.

After waiting patiently for twenty-two years, during which time, however, they had frequently urged the matter on our Consuls, the chiefs resolved to make another strenuous effort, and for this purpose wrote a letter to the Queen. Some of them had been to the missionary schools and had acquired a reputation amongst their people for a high degree of learning. Here is the wording of their letter:—

“ We, your servants, have joined together and think that it would be better to write you a nice letter which will tell you about our wishes. We wish to have your nice laws in our country. We want to have every fashion altered, also we want to do according to your Consul’s word. Plenty wars here in our country. Plenty murder and plenty bad idol worship. Perhaps these lines of our writing may look to you like idle talk. We have spoken to your English Consul plenty times about having English government here. We never have answer from you, so we wish to write to you yourself. When we know about Calabar River, how they have all English laws in their towns and good money to spend and no more fooling with useless idol fetish. Oh, we shall be very glad to be like Calabar River.” No answer of any kind was returned to this request, the matter being in the hands of our Consul, who had explained to the chiefs frequently what were the views of our rulers.

GERMANY ENTERS THE FIELD.

Germany’s recent annexations in Africa were not her first efforts in that direction, for in 1641 there was a Brandenburg African Company of traders, under Frederick, with a station at Cape Three Points, but about 1720 the concern disappeared for lack of capital. In 1840, Hamburg merchants opened trading relations with the natives on the West Coast, and in 1852 with Liberia. In 1859, they had factories between the Gaboon and Cameroon Rivers. In 1874, or before that, nearly every little town on the coast displayed the German flag as the mail steamers of England passed by; their trade was sent to Europe by these vessels. As far back as 1864, certain German missionaries, who had entered Namaqualand under the protection of the Cape Government, bought the ground and buildings of the Walfish Bay Copper Company; these were followed by the agents of certain Hamburg merchants, who bought land and formed trading stations. As to the Cameroon, in 1883 the Hamburg Chamber of Commerce recommended to Prince Bismarck the annexation of the Cameroon coast, and on April 20th, 1884, the following letter was sent to Lord Granville at the Foreign Office by the German *Chargé d’Affaires* in London: “ I have the honour to state to your Lordship that our Consul-General has been commissioned to visit the West Coast of Africa in the course of the next few months in order to complete our information on the state of German commerce on that coast. Our Consul-General will put himself into communication with the authorities in the English possessions, and is authorised to conduct negotiations connected with certain questions. I venture to beg your

"Excellency to be so good as to cause our officials to be furnished with suitable recommendations." An answer was returned in suitable terms, but before our officials had time to receive their instructions, two German ships of war, the *Möwe* and *Elizabeth*, anchored off the Cameroon coast for the purpose of a palaver with the Chiefs. This was on June 1st, 1884. Six months before that a German cruiser had paid a visit to the Chiefs, the object of which was kept a secret, but it was known that she had induced certain Chiefs to go with her to Berlin on a visit of pleasure. On July 5th, the German flag was raised at Togoland, and a few days later at the Cameroon River, where meanwhile the ground had been prepared by certain German traders, who succeeded in winning over certain Chiefs by lavish promises of money, guns, powder, rum, and tobacco. "King Bell held out stoutly in favour of a British agreement for more than a week, but on the 19th, when Consul Hewett arrived, he found the German flag had been flying for at least five days." Knowing or suspecting what the intentions of Germany were, our Consul lost no time in making treaties with the Chiefs about Lagos, and thus the mouths of the Niger and the Oil Rivers were secured to Great Britain, for by her secret action Germany had begun the scramble for Africa.

The German letter above quoted was a trick of Prince Bismarck's to put Lord Granville off his guard, for very naturally the latter expected that nothing would be done by Germany before receiving the "recommendations" referred to. Any friendly Government, such as Germany pretended to be, would have frankly stated its intentions for annexing certain parts of the coast, and in common fairness arranged for or agreed upon a Boundary Commission. An Anglo-German Agreement as to boundaries was not come to before July, 1890, at Brussels.

A "DOG-IN-THE-MANGER" POLICY.

Some ten years before the present war began the German Government, without any sufficient reason, sent out all over Germany certain hireling Professors to lecture upon the dog-in-the-manger policy pursued by Great Britain in regard to her African possessions. This arose from the fact that in our protectorate of South-West Africa we had refused to give up Walfish Bay. They had no right to expect us to give up this station, where our people had vested interests; we were there years before them, and were generally allowed to be the masters of the whole hinterland, though having no actual jurisdiction. No British Government has at any time ever objected to Germany as an African neighbour, although amongst the traders of the coast there did

exist a feeling, never publicly expressed, in favour of their absence, and for the very good reason that "they did not trade honourably." As commercial rivals they would make terms of a binding character, and secretly break them in dealing with the natives, "such as "throwing in a bottle of 'square-face' to seal a bargain," and little tricks of that order. It was often said, "we can get on with the "French well enough, but very seldom with the Germans." There was secrecy of some kind or another in all their movements, as has been shown above in getting into the Cameroon. They first entered South-West Africa as missionaries by leave of the Cape Government, and soon broke the regulations—as strict as laws—by selling "square-face" to the natives. In East Africa Carl Peters and his staff went in from the British mail steamer as artisans travelling third-class, the sole idea being, no doubt, to steal a march upon all other nations. A competent judge of their policy has said: "They "have at every possible opportunity stealthily abused the hospitality of their hosts to acquire economic, social, and political "influence."

AREA AND PHYSICAL FEATURES.

The area of the colony was largely increased to 295,000 square miles, in 1911, by France agreeing to cede Congo territory in compensation for loss of German influence in Morocco. From the sea to Lake Chad it measures over 700 miles, and its greatest breadth from east to west is 600, thus it is over twice the size of the United Kingdom. More than one-half of the country eastward is flat land, capable of great possibilities in agriculture; the western part is mountainous from the sea northward for a distance of 500 miles or over, the lower ranges clothed by vast forests of valuable hard wood trees, amongst which ebony is conspicuous. Beginning near the sea there are two lofty peaks, one called in the native language the Mountain of Greatness, 13,370 feet high; the other the Mountain of Thunder, over 5,000 feet. On the former, near the summit, there is a group of craters which were in eruption in 1909, when streams of lava were thrown out. Compared with the great extent of land the rivers are not important, the Benue, in the north, with its affluents, crossing at Yola into British Nigeria, and there running a course of 500 miles as a considerable stream into the Niger. The lands in the Cameroon drained by it gradually slope towards Lake Chad, with an average level above sea of about 800 feet. In the south is the greatest river of the country—the Cameroon—known in the interior as the Sanaga, and draining by four or five affluents the north-east and eastern interior.

INHABITANTS AND INDUSTRIES.

The north and middle zones are peopled by Fula and Hausa tribes who long ago arrived from the north and north-east as interlopers and conquerors, bringing with them an Arabic civilisation from the regions of the Bahr-el-Ghazel, together with horses and horned cattle previously unknown, and founded a well-organised State. Their chief occupation is stock-raising and agriculture, but they have many industrial arts in iron implements and weapons of war. In religion they are Moslems. From the centre of the middle zone southward are the Bantu-speaking negroes, who at one time appear to have occupied the whole country. Previous to the German-occupation they were frequently at war with each other, having no political cohesion, but they were not unintelligent in many of the industrial arts. One of their chief features was an elaborate system of signals by drums for calling the tribes together for war and other purposes. Near the sea, in the south-west, there is a strong mixture of a tribe of Krumen, well known and valued by European traders as intelligent and industrious labourers, in much request, also, on steamers as cargo hands and firemen, for which they are well fitted by a fine physique. The Bantus are pagans. They speak, in addition to their own language, a sort of bastard English, common on the whole West Coast since the days of our early navigators.

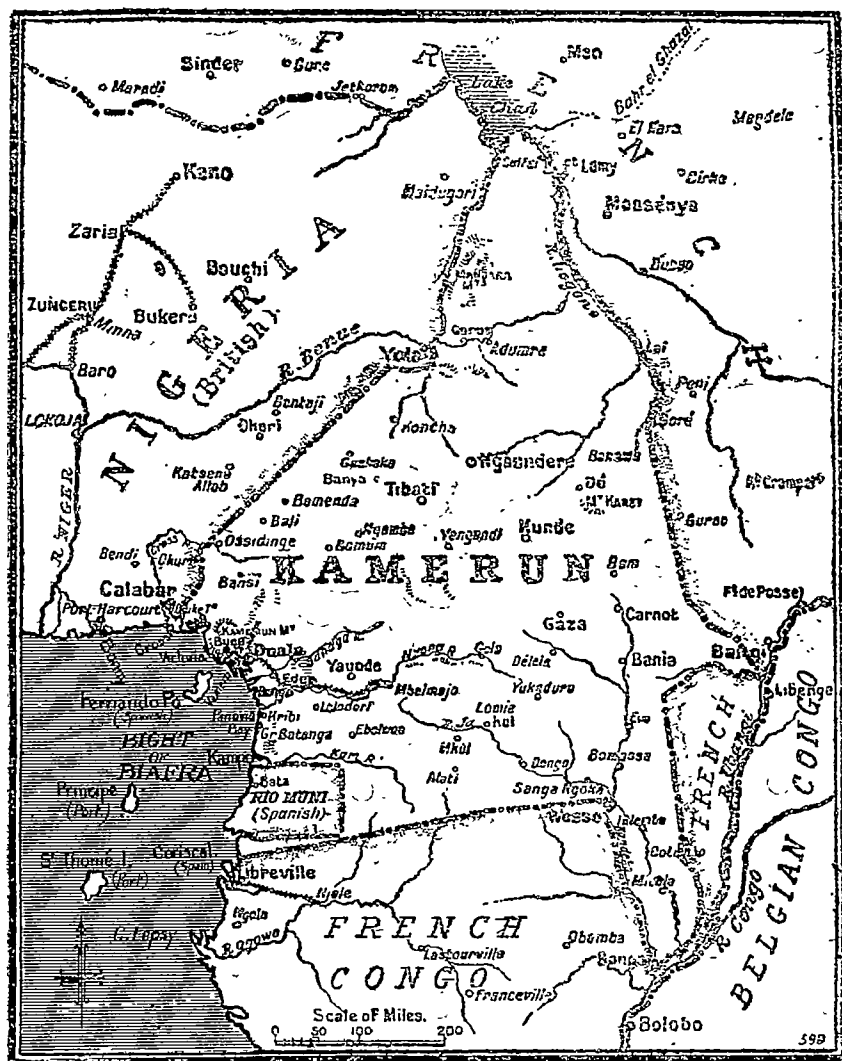
GERMAN SETTLEMENTS.

The German seat of Government is in a fine situation at Buea, quite near the sea, and 3,000 feet high. Near by is the former English settlement of Victoria, founded in 1858 by the British Baptist Mission when expelled by the Portuguese Government from Fernando-Po. The town of Duala, well situated on one of the great estuaries or bays, has a population of about 25,000, including, before the war, some 200 Europeans. This is the headquarters of the trading community and missionaries; its chief streets are well laid out and wide, with avenues of trees; it also has an excellent system of sanitation. There is a fine park, with various statues of those who have been chiefly associated with German-African enterprise, as well as a commodious floating dock.

Dating from the first occupation down to 1914, roads were being constructed with a fair amount of energy from the coast towns inland to most of the chief centres of population. In 1913, a railway had been constructed to a length of 150 miles, which brought in a revenue of 633,550 marks; another was in course of construction, and a third under survey. The telegraph system had been extended to and beyond the boundary near Calabar, with wireless to Berlin through Togoland.

Up to the first twenty-one years of its existence, the Colony had never raised sufficient revenue to meet its expenditure, which in 1905 exceeded £230,000. Order was maintained by a native force officered by Germans. The colony has before it the very brightest prospects of commerce, especially being so near all European and American markets. Everything that will grow in tropical Africa can be grown in the Cameroon—and more, through the temperate climate of its mountain ranges. The population is 3,500,000. There are four Government schools with 868 pupils, four Missionary societies with 24,000 pupils. The expenditure is £882,500, receipts £361,500, imports £1,712,000, exports £1,165,000. These are the last figures published.

EDWARD BOND.



GERMAN WAR LITERATURE.

GERMANY has produced a truly incredible number of war books and pamphlets during the first fourteen months of hostilities. At the end of May the total amount of publications was 4,518, a number which had increased to 6,395 by the last day in September. This mass of literature, when classified, gives the following results: Military science and the happenings of war, 1,174; maps, 447; political, economic, cultural, and philosophic war problems, 1,590; war laws and legal questions, 295; care of souls, and religious matters, 1,128; belles-lettres, 1,696; various, 65. In the earlier months of the war, works of a religious character held the first place in respect to numbers, but they have been displaced by the ever-increasing quantity of novels, tales, and poems. Members of all parties, representatives of every phase of thought, and people of all ranks have contributed their quota to the new literature. Consequently, much of it is worthless, while a still larger portion had, or has, only momentary interest. War enthusiasm has found fervid expression in innumerable poems and popular songs, not to mention a very considerable number of pieces for the stage. Army chaplains have published volumes of their sermons, as well as their colleagues in the Fatherland. There is no phase of thought connected with the world-war which has not received exhaustive treatment, but the scope of the present article permits only of a brief review of the main currents.

The White Book published by the German Government in August, 1914, has been supplemented by several other official publications. On January 26th, 1915, the *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* contained a lengthy article by Dr. Helfferich, Minister of Finance. It has since been issued in book form,* and is much quoted by other writers. Helfferich endeavours, in an analysis of the English White Book, the French Yellow Book, and the Orange Book of Russia, to show that the Triple Entente is responsible for the war. His first point is that Russia was the immediate disturber of the peace by mobilising on July 31st. Ignoring the fact that the attitude of the Central Powers compelled Russia to take military measures to enforce the recognition of her rights, Helfferich's date for Russia's

* Karl Helfferich: *Die Entstehung des Weltkriegs im Lichte der Veröffentlichungen der Dreiverbandsmächte*. Mittler & Sohn, Berlin.

mobilisation is incorrect. Belgium's diplomatic representative in Petrograd wrote a secret report to his Government on July 30th, 1914, in which he (Monsieur B. de l'Escaille) expressly stated that the order had been issued for Russia's mobilisation at 4 a.m. on that day. This report fell into the hands of the German postal authorities, and has been extensively employed as a weapon to clear Germany of blame. On the same day (July 30th), M. de l'Escaille wrote that England had already promised to assist France in case of an appeal to arms. News of the assurance had been wired to Petrograd, and this factor gave the Russian war party the upper hand.

During the summer the Kaiser's Government re-issued the earlier White Book, and included a number of new documents.* Besides M. de l'Escaille's secret report to his Government, the additional matter includes:—Diplomatic reports from German ambassadors sent to Berlin in 1913-14; Lichnowsky's negotiations with Sir Edward Grey; documents found in the archives of the General Staff, Brussels (*Conventions Anglo-belges*); papers found on the person of Mr. Grant-Watson, British Legation Secretary in Brussels; an account of a military survey of Belgium made by the British General Staff, in four volumes, published in the years 1912-14. There is only one point in the Brussels documents which deserves mention, because Germans continually emphasise it. (The papers are reproduced in facsimile and a German translation given.) The passage occurs in a document dated April 23rd, (1912?):—

“ Le Gouvernement britannique, lors des derniers évènements, aurait débarqué immédiatement chez nous, même si nous n'avions pas demandé de secours.

“ Le Général (Jungbluth) a objecté qu'il faudrait pour cela notre consentement.

“ L'Attaché militaire (Lt.-Colonel Bridges) a répondu qu'il le savait, mais que comme nous n'étions pas à même d'empêcher les Allemands de passer chez nous, l'Angleterre aurait débarqué ses troupes en Belgique en tout état de cause.”

But the most interesting collection of stolen Belgian documents is, undoubtedly, the work called *Belgische Aktenstücke*, 1905-1914. It contains 150 quarto pages, including a number of facsimiles, and is sold by the Berlin Government at a fraction under sixpence. A great many of these supposed “revelations” have been made public as posters in Belgian towns and cities, in order to persuade the population that they had been betrayed by their own Government. The work in question contains 119 secret diplomatic reports sent to the Belgian Minister for Foreign Affairs by that country's

* *Aktenstücke zum Kriegausbruch*. Herausgegeben vom Auswärtigen Amte.

diplomats in London, Paris, and Berlin during the period 1905 to 1914. It is a matter for regret that these gentlemen expressed opinions for the most part hostile to the policy of the Triple Entente. They considered the latter to be a danger to the peace of Europe, and Baron Greindl (Berlin) was, on many occasions, just as caustic in his comments on this country as he was enthusiastic in eulogising Germany. His German sympathies may have been inherited, for German newspapers claim that he is of German extraction. On the whole, the documents contain nothing new. There is nothing in them which has not been expressed in pro-German organs in this and other lands for years past. For purposes of propaganda in neutral countries the find was opportune for the German Government; but as "historical origins" they rank no higher than *Pepys' Diary*, and most unfortunate of all—especially for Belgium—the tragic sequence of events in the autumn of 1914 has proved the opinions they contain to have been false judgments.

Another bulky volume is the White Book* on alleged atrocities by Belgian civilians during the first weeks of the war. It is a quarto volume of 332 pages, including an introduction stating the charges, the remainder (326 pages) consisting of sworn evidence given by members of the German Army. At the present moment it would be impossible to refute the "evidence" adduced, for reasons too obvious to reiterate. Yet it is of interest to note that a large part of it has already been undermined by German authorities—members of the Roman Catholic priesthood. When the alleged atrocities by Belgian civilians, including boys and girls of tender age, were reported in the German Press, a society of priests (*Pax Gesellschaft*) in Cologne made it its business to follow them up by inquiring at the next Divisional Headquarters or even at the Berlin War Office for confirmation. It would seem that they were able to obtain an official denial in every single case which came under their notice. During the present year the Pax Society placed their documentary evidence at the disposal of the Rev. Bernhard Duhr, S.J., who edited and published a considerable section under the title, *The Spirit of Lying in the War of Nations: War Legends collected by Bernhard Duhr, S.J.*† It is certainly ironical to find the Kaiser, in his telegram to President Wilson (September, 1914), accusing the Belgians—women and priests—of committing all kinds of nameless deeds on his wounded soldiers, especially by mutilation and gouging out their eyes, while Herr Duhr states emphatically that there was

* *Die völkerrechtswidrige Führung des belgischen Volkskriegs*. Published by the German Foreign Office, July, 1915 (price 10 marks).

† *Der Lügegeist im Völkerkrieg*. Kriegsmärchen gesammelt von Bernhard Duhr, S.J. Munich, 1915.

not a single instance of gouged-out eyes. His proofs include the denials of the story by directors of military hospitals in all parts of Germany. The book is interesting as a psychological study of the effects of war upon the popular imagination, but it may further possess historical value. The documents collected by the priests all bear an official character and contradict the charges in the Government's White Book. It is remarkable that the German Censor ever permitted Herr Duhr to publish them. Yet it would seem that the German authorities have discovered the error, for on December 8th, 1915, German newspapers announced that the War Office had seized the book and ordered its withdrawal from the book trade, as well as from all public libraries.

A considerable section of German war books treats of the German administration in Belgium. Two are official publications, viz.: *Belgium under German Administration*, by Friedrich, Freiherr von Bissing; and *Belgium, the Land and its People*, published by order of the German Imperial Government. The question, however, which has made the strongest appeal to German casuists is the one touching Belgium's neutrality. They admit that Germany's signature was binding, but plead that the said neutrality had ceased to exist some years before Germany invaded Belgium. They argue that France and England had undermined Belgian neutrality, with the connivance of Belgium herself. Several professors of jurisprudence and international law have written on the topic, notably Professor Hampe (Heidelberg) in *Belgium Past and Present*, and Professor Reinhard Frank (Munich) in *Belgian Neutrality, its Origin, Signification, and End*. The latter booklet of forty pages seems to enjoy official sanction, for English and French translations have been published quite recently. Just as Germans have written for a century to prove that the British were defeated at Waterloo, we may assume they will be busy for a long time to come in demonstrating that the German invasion of Belgium was not what Bethmann-Hollweg called it in the Reichstag on August 4th, 1914—"a breach of international law."

The German Chancellor's admission that his country was "technically" in the wrong has called forth many afterthoughts endeavouring to show that Germany was committing neither a moral nor a technical offence in entering the territories of Luxemburg and Belgium. Dr. Kohler, Professor of Jurisprudence in Berlin University, has published a work* justifying the necessity-knows-no-law theory and practice. Kohler appeals to the dicta of mediæval law, and supports his standpoint by quotations up till the nineteenth century, arriving at the conclusion that Germany

* Joseph Kohler : *Not kennt kein Gebot*. Berlin, 1915.

was "not only under the pressure of necessity, but acting on the "defence, as a French attack through Belgium was imminent." Several writers openly announce that the Chancellor's position as defined in his first war speech is untenable, *i.e.*, he defined the true state of affairs erroneously, and, in order to get over his admissions, appeal only to his second war speech (December 2nd, 1914).

Three replies to *J'accuse* have appeared, and, judging by their tone, the "renegade German" has aroused the ire of his countrymen. A wounded German soldier relates in his short work* that the French amused themselves by throwing copies of the original into the German trenches. The second is from the pen of a "Swiss" "neutral" named Leo Weber, but the booklet betrays little neutrality in tone. According to Weber the author of *J'accuse* is a German lawyer, Dr. Richard Grelling, who had been compelled to flee from Berlin on account of certain dishonourable actions. Lastly, Professor Schiemann, of Berlin University, has entered the lists with a book, *The Slanderer*,† in which he combats the various accusations made by the anonymous author. His anger may be judged by the concluding paragraph:—

"In conclusion, just a word with the 'accuser.' He calls his work a book of truth. In reality it is a collection of disgraceful slanders, inspired by the vanity of a man banished from his native soil; it is an act of revenge for his own guilty past, a past which compels him to take refuge in anonymity. A man from whom every German will turn away in scornful disgust, and a man of whom it will be said when his name is made known for public contempt: God forbid that our children, or their children, shall become as this man, who, in the midst of our awful struggle for existence, sank to the depth of becoming the herald of Germany's enemies."

In the general mobilisation of German brains, the university intellectuals—past and present—have displayed extraordinary activity in the domain of war literature. There is, however, one factor which should be taken into account in considering the publications of the university wits. German professors are civil servants entirely dependent upon the good will of the powers that be, *i.e.*, the State. Immediately after being appointed to a professor's chair (or as lecturer) in any German university, the man "called" must take the *Staatseid* (oath to the State). Hence, absolute objectivity is scarcely to be expected in the opinions of any German who has sworn the unconditional fealty expressed in the oath in question. As a writer on questions concerning the internal or external actions of the State, a professor is reduced to the level of a mere propagandist. For the most part the form of

* *J'accuse! Aus den Aufzeichnungen eines feldgrauen Akademikers.* Berlin. 1915.

† Professor Schiemann: *Ein Verleumder.* Berlin. 1915.

publication has been in accordance with this spirit and purpose, which means, in other words, that hundreds of pamphlets have been issued at a uniform price of 6d. One series, bearing the serial title *Der deutsche Krieg* (The German War), contains nearly one hundred pamphlets, and has been contributed to by Professors Eucken (The World-Historical Significance of the German Idea), Meyer (Wherein Lies England's Guilt), Marcks (Where Are We?), Schücking (The Character of the English People), as well as some thirty other university professors. Tübingen University has its own series, entitled *Durch Kampf zum Frieden* (Through Storm to Peace), published in fortnightly numbers. It would be outside the limits of this essay to review the contents of German war pamphlets; it will suffice to state that every phase of the world war is dealt with and every side of national character of the nations involved, from Kiau Chau to Ostend and from the Jap to the Irishman. The professorial *magnum opus*, however, is to be had in book form, *Deutschland und der Weltkrieg* (Germany and the World War), edited by Professors Hintze, Meinecke, Oncken, and Schumacher. Sixteen other well-known scholars have contributed to the work, which is probably the most important of all Germany's war books. The authors were given official assistance, including access to the Government archives. There are in all twenty-three separate essays, divided into five sections:—Germany's Position in the World, Germany's Allies, The Might Policy of Our Opponents, Previous History and Outbreak of the War, and The Spirit of War.

Professor Oncken (Heidelberg) is responsible for nearly the whole of Section IV., which the present writer has dealt with in another place.* From the remaining material the most noteworthy seems to be Professor Ernst Troeltsch's (Berlin) article in Section I., *Der Geist der Deutschen Kultur* (The Spirit of German Culture). It distinguishes itself from a large quantity of literature—including Prof. Lasson's effusions on German "peerlessness"—on the subject by reserve and an honest endeavour to appreciate the work of other nations. Troeltsch refers to the "abuse speeches" made by Homeric heroes before their mortal combats, and points out that the same spirit has seized the masses of the nations contending in the world war. His essay is an attempt to cross swords with English and French writers who have attacked German *Kultur*.

"But that which we see to-day surpasses everything of its kind which has gone before; it is a new weapon of warfare made possible by the modern Press. It is nothing but a crusade or culture-war against Germany, which exploits all existing differences to create a universal, unconquerable antipathy. This war of nations is

* *What Germany Thinks*, Chapter XI.

justified in the hate literature as a kind of execution, an international proscription. England has taken over the leading rôle in this culture-war. As an example, the astounding words of Professor Sayce in the *Times*, December 22nd, 1914, may be cited. The present incitement of the whole world and the hunger-war appear to be only justifiable when the annihilation of Germany is in the interests of humanity, when the moral degeneration of the Germans makes that step necessary. Hence a huge campaign, a veritable hypnotising of the masses, has been engineered in order to justify this kind of warfare before the eyes of the world and to further it. The execution of the idea is as clever as its conception. First, the daily papers, for which the grossest and most grotesque methods are sufficient, make their readers shudder at the Huns, barbarians and baby murderers. The masses require coarse methods which are easily supplied by pictures and films made for the occasion. Secondly, there is the finer literature of the learned world, scholars and famous writers, which describes with scientific proofs the inferiority or the danger of the German spirit—at least in its deplorable modern developments."

Later, the writer sums up Germany's spirit with the words:—

"The German is by nature a metaphysician and hypercritic, who strives to understand the world and things, man and fate, from within, from the standpoint of the spiritual inwardness of the universe. It would be idle to attempt an explanation of the origin and spread of this prevailing trait. But it is the innermost life-secret of the Germans, one which has caused much dispute amongst us, the motive inspiring immeasurable sacrifice and suffering, the force which has achieved greatly, and the problem of an ever new adjustment to the practical demands of life and its material demands.

"In essentials the German spirit always occupies itself with fundamentals, expression, and motive; not with lines, form, symmetry, or *finesse*. The deep-lying differences between the German and Latin peoples are based upon this profound antithesis. Among the latter, art stands in much closer relationship to the immediate forms and instincts of life. This finds ample expression in the culture-war, and for many it forms the actual reason for the charge of barbarism, just as the French in the classical period declared the Renaissance poet, Shakespeare, to be a drunken barbarian, and the Italians looked upon Northern Gothic as barbaric art. From this source a mass of international verdicts have arisen and been stamped as axioms in the elegant phrases of French journalism. Above all, they have found welcome among the Anglo-Saxons, who have been altogether robbed of any exact artistic traditions by their business instincts and Puritanism. As regards this point further dispute is useless.

"It is remarkable that foreigners are unable to recognise German idealism—which they brandmark as political immaturity, when the latter applies itself to social and political problems and treats them in a manner suitable to German history, instead of acting according to French or English suppositions, which to them appear to be natural laws. By the intimate connection between the State and culture, German social-philosophy cannot be what the French and English democracies wish it to be. In

that respect it is purely idealistic. German philosophy and the potato-bread spirit of which Lloyd George speaks, belong together, just as English philosophy and the miners' strike."

In comparing the French, English, and German conceptions of personal liberty, Professor Troeltsch writes:—

" France's idea of freedom is based upon the principle of equality, but in practice it does not prevent power from falling into the hands of plutocrats and lawyers. The English idea postulates the independence of the individual from the State. Without doubt both of them contain, and have indeed realised, mighty developments in social and political life. But the German idea of liberty is entirely different. Emerging from centuries of subjection, the German found freedom in education (*Bildung*) and in the intellectual or spiritual contents of his individual personality. German freedom will never be purely political; it will always be bound up with the idealistic concept of duty and the Romantic egoistic idea. Parliaments are necessary; but in our eyes they are not the essence of freedom. The right to vote and the assistance of the people in matters of government develop political maturity, but this is not freedom as we understand it. The great national cultures all have their advantages and disadvantages, but the world has room for them all. The longer the war of weapons has lasted, the bitterer has the culture-war become. For our part we know that in the first place it is not a war of principles and ideas, but a fight for our existence. In the first place, we are fighting for the right to live; but our political existence as a Great Power means at the same time the spirit of unconquerable belief that the world-principle of liberty does not include English direction of the moral-political order of things in this world, nor that the seas should be under English domination."

It would be a grave error to suppose that educated Germans are not well informed as to the public opinion of this country. Speeches delivered in the House of Commons, as well as other public utterances, are reported in the German Press. Their war literature contains innumerable quotations from British war books, while some smaller works have been translated and circulated in Germany—*e.g.*, Mr. Norman Angell's *Will the War End Prussian Militarism?*, articles by members of the U.D.C.; and Mr. Blatchford's pamphlet, &c. Count Reventlow has edited all the speeches delivered by members of the British Government down to September 30th, and published them under the title, *The Hypocrisy of English Ministers*. In short, it is safe to assume that the Germans are more thoroughly informed concerning our currents of national thought than we are of theirs. Yet the bitterness against this country shows few signs of abatement. Several professors have undertaken the task of enlightening Germans on England and English character. In each case the resulting picture is more or less a distortion. Professors Schröer (Cologne), Schücking (Jena), Franz (Tübingen), Wilhelm Wundt* (Leipzig), and

* Wilhelm Wundt: *Die Nationen und ihre Philosophie*. Leipzig 1915.

Eduard Meyer (Berlin) are a few of the many who have attempted this particular task.

Professor Meyer's work bears the title *England*, and on account of the author's reputation deserves attention; moreover, it seems to have attained some degree of fame, as a popular edition has been issued. Chapter XXI. treats of "England's methods of warfare, "and the moral decay of the English." A few passages from this source will suffice to illustrate what the intellectuals think of the war and England's participation. Although Heinrich von Treitschke expressly allowed the employment of coloured subjects in warfare, the whole of modern Germany expresses the bitterest anger at the action of France and Great Britain in sending coloured troops to help repel the German attack. Professor Meyer writes:—

"In like manner England is not ashamed to let loose hordes of yellow, brown, and black men against Germany. The two peoples (England and France) who announce themselves to be the champions of culture against the Huns, are indeed worthy of one another. Little as the nations recognise it, still it is an indisputable fact that Germany's war against England is in reality a war for the freedom of the seas and true independence for the nations of the world.

"Worst of all the things, however, which the war has brought to light, is the ruthlessness shown by England and the appalling decadence of English character. The world knew long ago how many lies and empty phrases were hidden behind the English cloak of hypocrisy, how little the Englishman cares about 'fair play' when his own advantage is concerned; but no one had imagined the depths of immorality which the war has revealed. We have found that the English gentleman shrinks from no crime, not even murder,* so long as he can preserve outward appearances.

"Still, the most disgusting of all is the campaign of lies which England has employed. It reveals a moral decadence from which one turns with scorn. No slander is too base for them, no lie too stupid, and it makes no difference when the lie is exposed on the following day. With this system they have had a great but passing success, for in other countries sober opinion is gaining the upper hand, and the time will come when England, too, will come to her senses."

Discussing Germany's submarine warfare, a footnote added after the *Lusitania* crime illustrates Professor Meyer's mentality: it runs: "In the meantime this policy has been carried out, and let us hope "it will go on with undiminished ruthlessness without regard to "the screams of neutrals—above all, those raised by America."

THOMAS F. A. SMITH.

* Professor Meyer explains in his second preface, written in August, 1915, what he is implying. He reproduces a letter, said to have been written by a British diplomatist to one, Adler Christensen, promising the latter £5,000, to be paid by the British Government, if Christensen would inveigle Sir Roger Casement into the hands of the British. The incriminating letter, however, is not given in facsimile, neither does Sir Roger Casement reproduce it in either of the following works which are in the writer's possession—*Die Ursachen des Krieges* (The Causes of the War), *Die Achilles Ferse England's* (England's Achilles Heel), *Britisch versus deutsches Imperium* (British versus German Imperium). Another work on the Irish question is *Deutschland's Sieg, Irland's Hoffnung* (Germany's Victory, Ireland's Hope).

IMPRESSIONS OF A HOSPITAL CHAPLAIN.

WHEN the story of the Great War comes to be written, one of its most fascinating chapters may well be headed "The Miracle of Repair." It will be a story of adventure, for risks have been freely taken in the saving of life and limb, and the latest results of modern science have been pressed into the marvellous service. It will be equally a story of romance; for never was love more gay, more tender, or more triumphant than it has shown itself in the wards of our hospitals; and it will record victories as real as those that have been won on the grim field where destruction rather than repair has been supreme. Who will be sufficient in knowledge, in insight, and in sympathy to gather up into one comprehensive statement the many details of this ministry of healing? What artist will depict the high lights, the delicate tones, and the dark shadows which make up the consummate picture? No such work is attempted by the present writer. This is but the record of a few impressions made on the mind of a chaplain as he moved among the heroic men who for duty's sake had faced death with a song, and the no less heroic women who fought with death for their recovery.

I have been amazed at the triumphs of modern surgery. Limbs that have been shattered, until one wondered that any attempt should be made to save them, have been restored almost to perfect use; and a merely casual inspection of the skiagraphs kept in the X-ray department of a war hospital will leave one bewildered with the daring and the skill of surgeons who have given of their best in the service which the day demands. Not less wonderful has been the tenderness and the skill of nursing sisters, and it must be confessed that their gift has been met by a reverence and affection on the part of their many patients which is almost too sacred for words. The full story of such service, however, is reserved for some writer of fuller knowledge than I have at command, and I pass to speak rather of what I have gathered from my intercourse with the men themselves. The first and the inevitable impression has been that of the light-hearted, the irrepressible gaiety of men who have suffered every horror of war. The wards of a military hospital are not "sad aisles of pain," though pain has been in

full evidence. They are homes of happy laughter, and of fun which has never been careless, or bitter, or cruel. Nor is this mere reaction from the intolerable nervous strain of life in the trenches. There is in it a deeper, more ethical note, which is never obtruded and is often disguised. The merriment of the wards is rather a simple, natural gladness of heart in men who know that they have been true to the utmost demand of the "Stern daughter of the voice of God." Never has she been more stern; but they have greatly obeyed, and now they are proving that "love is an unerring light, and joy its own security." In all my visits I have heard no word of complaint because of the hardships of war. The men have frankly characterised their recent experience as "Hell," but the statement has generally been followed by a laugh or some quick humorous token of acceptance. Men whose limbs have been so shattered that it is easy to see that arm or leg will never serve its owner again, have assured me that they were "in the pink," and one man upon whose drawn, white face heavy beads of perspiration—the veritable sweat of agony—were standing, confessed to pain, but added that "the worst of it is that I can't let off a groan, because you see, sir, I should disturb the whole of the ward."

Their attitude towards "the enemy" has been full of significance. I have never heard one word which by any strain of the imagination could be construed as betokening "hatred." They have allowed freely the wonderful efficiency of the German. For fairness in fight and for personal courage they place the Turk far ahead of the German, but the bitterness of hatred has been wholly lacking from their descriptions. When, however, they allow themselves to speak of the unnameable deeds done by German soldiers to the wounded, and, above all, to women and children—things which they themselves have seen—there is a swift and unmistakable change. The brow becomes contracted, the lips are sternly compressed, and words are slowly and deliberately uttered. I am aware at such times that I am in the presence of a moral condemnation, all the more solemn because it is unspoken. The details of evil thus condemned need not be set down here. They would defile the page that recorded them, and when at last the divine gift of repentance is given to Germany we shall all wish to forget them. I will only say that while our soldiers speak of such things with reluctance and a most delicate reserve, they afford such an abundance of evidence from eye-witnesses that it is impossible to discredit them.

Another matter of which they speak with even greater reserve is that of their own deeds. I have heard no word of brag or self-laudation. It is only when they speak of what their comrades have done that one comes to see that courage, chivalry, and self-

sacrifice have never been more apparent in the British soldier than they have been in this war. Of the many stories to which I have listened I select that of a man who, when notepaper could scarcely be found on the Gallipoli peninsula, was told by a friend that he might take one of a dozen sheets which were all that remained in his possession. Next day he was badly wounded, and his friend packed his kit for him. "When I got to Malta and opened my kit-bag, I am blowed if my chum had not put in all the eleven sheets of paper." In such a story the expression is of the simplest, the occasion is trivial, but the spirit of the deed admits us to the heart of a love which spells self-emptying, and that is entirely divine. For pure endurance, apart from the exciting impulse of action, what can match the story of the storm of rain which in half an hour filled the trenches at Suvla Bay until the men were standing in water up to their armpits? This was followed by cold so intense that scarcely a single man escaped frost-bite. "As we stood all that night in the water, every now and then I cou'd hear my friends lower down the trench saying good-bye to one another before they collapsed and were drowned in the freezing water." Yet there was never one word of complaint, but only of regret that they had not been able to "finish their job."

The effect of their experience in the sphere of religion is certain to be very great. At present it is somewhat vague and lacks anything like definite expression. But in the services held in the hospital chapels it is evident from the strained expression on the faces of the men as they listen that they are seeking for a religious interpretation of their experience. They seem to be trying to relate that which they have felt and seen to those forms of faith which hitherto they have taken for granted, or perhaps have dismissed as incomprehensible to the ordinary mind. The burden of showing the relation of their conscious life to Christian truth now rests upon the Christian Church. Will the Church through its teachers be able to rise to the occasion and meet this demand? If it does, then the Church may expect to enter upon a new era, in which its authority will rest upon a spiritual rather than an ecclesiastical basis, and its influence will be proportionately increased. But if it fails, there may be a marked tendency towards a non-institutional form of Christianity. At present the simpler and more heroic forces of religion seem to have broken through the forms of conventional piety; as the men say, they have "been up against realities." The full relation of their newly experienced consciousness to older teaching will belong to a later stage, but it is already in process.

What are these "realities"? The first is doubtless a sense of the human need of God, and of the value of prayer in their approach to Him. One man "did not see how atheists could go through

"this war with such a creed, as they held." He thought that "perhaps they are not really atheists, but said they were, from 'mere bravado like.'" At any rate, it is common to listen to statements that men who had lost the habit of prayer had learned to pray in the trenches. Flung back upon God, they have rediscovered the sense of a divine fellowship in prayer.

There has been at least one fact which has profoundly impressed them, and which has been a matter of almost universal observation. Times and again they have noticed that amidst all the widespread desolation of towns and villages in northern France the crucifix of the wayside shrine or of the Church still stands uninjured in the wreckage. Two or three have told me of one instance in which one of the largest German shells had fallen and had remained half buried at the foot of a roadside crucifix. If the shell had burst nothing could have saved the crucifix; but that particular shell did not burst. A still more remarkable story is that of a village church in which every pane of glass was shattered except the one window upon which the figure of the Crucified was depicted. This fact has appealed even to Dr. Deissmann. For in a recent issue of *The Constructive Quarterly* he speaks of a crucifix that had been struck, "but almost by a miracle the figure of Christ was intact, and freed from the wood of the cross the arms were forced forward as though extended in benediction."

The sceptic or the cynic may smile at such stories, and may point out that hundreds of crucifixes may have been destroyed and the fact have escaped notice, while the few exceptions were bound to attract attention. But our point is that such exceptions, be they few or many, have profoundly affected the British soldier. To him the fact of survival has become symbolic, and he is prepared to believe that there was more of the Divine in the Cross of Christ than perhaps he would have admitted in former days.

Another great "reality" to our soldiers is that of the sinfulness of sin. Mr. Kipling's quotation of a French officer to the effect that "The Bosche has saved the world by revealing the reality of 'sin,'" is one which meets with a ready endorsement on their part. They "had not known that human beings could be so 'wicked.'" It is not, alas! that drunkenness, and murder, and rape, have been unknown by them before. It is rather the gross forms which these sins have taken which have made the soldier feel that while men may be "a little less than Divine," they may also be more bestial than the beast. One instance must suffice. The story was told me by a devout and sober-minded sergeant, who had been directed to examine a house from which German soldiers had just been driven. These on leaving had set fire to the place, but the sergeant and his men broke into it on hearing cries from

within. They found three French women stripped naked, and lashed to the heavy furniture in the room. We can but leave such awful crime to the divine judgment. Its awfulness throws into startling relief the idea of a God of righteousness and love, and the soldier, like many others to-day, finds it hard to explain "the passing over" of such sin. The problem of pain and sin is much before his mind.

From such "realities" there is coming to our soldiers a new interpretation of life, and of this I will mention two instances, though the number might be greatly increased. I asked a thoughtful man how he would answer the question: "What is the religion of a soldier at the front?" He replied: "Well, sir, to some it will mean more and to others less, but if I am to give an answer which will cover all, I would say that it is just helping one another." That is an answer which should set us all thinking. If it is a true answer it would seem to indicate that men may bring back from the Army a definition of religion in terms of service. After all has been said against such a definition of religion it will still remain a rendering of the second clause in our Lord's answer to the question: "Which is the greatest commandment of the law?" and when the Church has helped the soldier to see that there is a vital connection between the second clause and the first in that historic answer, the Church will have gone far towards interpreting for the soldier his own conclusions, while it will at the same time vindicate its own interpretation of Christ. "For love is of God, and every one that loveth is begotten of God, and knoweth God." The second instance is that of a sergeant from New Zealand, who had taken part in that marvellous feat of arms—the landing at Gaba Tepe. He had been badly wounded in the leg, and it was only too apparent that the magnificent young athlete on the cot beside me was a maimed man for all the rest of his life. "I wonder, sir," he said, "if you could help me recover a quotation that has been running in my mind for some days. I don't seem to get all the lines quite right. It is something about 'iron dipped in baths of tears.'" The lines are familiar enough to my readers, but they will bear repeating when we recall that that shattered man could still dream of "shape and use":—

"For life is not as idle ore,
But iron dug from central gloom
And heated hot with burning fears,
And dipped in baths of hissing tears,
And battered with the shocks of doom,
To shape and use."

That such a faith should emerge from the furnace of affliction through which he had passed is something which may well shame

those of us who flinch and cry when our turn comes to face the "burning fiery furnace." The human soul which has felt its own need of God, now discovers that God has still a gracious purpose for the maimed life.

It is well known that each several "religion"—by which the soldier means that particular communion of the Christian Church in which he has been brought up—is indicated in the wards. The different "religions" in the hospitals are marked by coloured disks or ribbons attached to each cot, so as to facilitate the work of the Chaplains in visiting the members of their several communions. It is amusing to witness the good-natured tolerance, the smiling indifference, with which the men regard these ribbons perpetuating distinctions which for them had been swept away by the whirlwind they have passed through. "We know nothing of these things out in France," they say, "we are only too glad to worship with any Chaplain who may be holding a service in the trenches." It was a Romanist who volunteered the remark: "We are all one out there." One of the most appealing stories of the war is that of a Rabbi. Serving as a chaplain in Flanders, he was one day asked by a dying French soldier to unbutton his tunic, and to hold the crucifix he was wearing so that in his last moments his eyes might rest upon that symbol of love unto death. With a fine humanity the Jew held up for the comfort of the dying man that which stood for the condemnation of his own people. If the casting away of the Jews be the reconciling of the world, what shall the receiving of them be, but life from the dead.

The Bishop of Birmingham serves as Chaplain in one of the Military Hospitals within his own Diocese. Many a wounded soldier, not of the Anglican fold, has had occasion to bless him for a ministry of love that brooks no sectarian difference. And the Bishop has visited the Army in France, and has now published the story of his experience during *A Fortnight at the Front*, and these are his closing words: "Had I my way, I would relegate to obscurity, for at any rate the period of the war, every religious division; I would on this all important matter fall gladly into line with all sides of Christianity, in order that men should know that in our judgment the followers of Jesus cannot understand their leader without being ready to give, if needs be, life, to prevent the victory of wickedness." This unifying process is strange fruit to grow amidst all the violent disruptions of the battlefield. May we not gather, not for the period of the war alone, but for all the days to come, this precious harvest, "until we all attain unto the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God."

W. W. HOLDSWORTH, M.A., B.D.

FRANCE AND "L'AUTRE GUERRE."

ONE has often heard it remarked in France during the past year, "If the Germans had not been such fools as to bring about this war, they would have been masters of the world in another ten years." The witty sarcasm of Paul Déroulède, "There are German quarters of Paris that are so thickly populated that the Government ought to see about appointing French Consuls!" was becoming almost an actual fact. To whatever branch of industry one turns, one finds that the Germans had firmly established themselves. Hotels? Theirs were among the best in the capital and in the resorts, though not perhaps in the provincial towns. Crockery and furniture? They were in the forefront of these industries; Limoges ware was deftly imitated by them. Sheffield ware was imitated and sold all over France for about half the price of real "Sheffield," and at much easier terms to the middleman. Nor was the German article always so very inferior, as some of our self-satisfied manufacturers aver. As regards machinery, the Germans were very enterprising, and no other people could rival them. They had had the agricultural implement industry almost entirely in their hands for some time, and they willingly adapted themselves to the requirements of their customers. The work of the German insurance companies in France was veritably colossal; the most important of them had a network of agencies all over the country and the colonies, which would astonish English firms. Not a little of the fame of Paris in regard to women's dress was due to German energy. Many of the leading fur houses in the capital were German. What will surprise English readers even more is to learn that of the large number of fashion papers published in France, over fifty (some of them in the English language) were due to German initiative, and were conducted by Germans. Their revenue came from the advertisements of all the little trades surrounding dressmaking, which were also mostly conducted by Germans. Even the so-called resorts of Paris—the night haunts of Montmartre, &c.—had largely got into the hands of the Germans.

As to comestibles the record was not sustained; but even here the Germans were making remarkable strides. Apples during the past year have been abundant and cheap in France, and the President of the Syndical Chamber of Cider Makers informed the present writer that the reason was that in former years large

quantities of the apple crop were bought up by the Germans, turned into cider, and re-imported back to France at a cheaper rate than the French themselves could make the beverage. Pharmaceutical preparations coming from over the Rhine were legion, and their lack has caused much inconvenience and heart-burning. Most of the essential oils of the famous Eau de Cologne came from Grasse; the manufactured article was returned to France, and the French representatives of the famous "water" have never reached the perfection of the original—because, we are told, a part of the secret of the manufacture was held back when it was supposed to be sold for a high price. (It was the French purchaser who was "sold.") The list of articles which were imported from Germany, and with which French people no longer troubled to compete, because it was not worth while, is a very long one indeed; it extended to such small matters as the metal rings which form the skeletons of cloth buttons; grease-paint used by theatrical people; nicknacks of all sorts—even to the cheap, framed pictures of saints and religious emblems which children are given at Sunday school and at the First Communion. The famous "articles de Paris" had long been practically a monopoly of German manufacturers; Paris could never approach them for cheapness. Packets of needles, bearing an illustration of "Old Paris," which were nevertheless made in Germany, have been bought under the shadow of Notre Dame since the war has been raging. In some cases French products, such as the grains and seeds of Provence, were bought by the Germans and resold by them to English and American clients, at a profit, as German goods. Last summer certain business people in France petitioned the Government for permission to import from Switzerland glass for lighting purposes which it was known had originally come from Germany and Austria. This glass had been so long in Switzerland that the petitioners claimed it had been "nationalised" by that country by the payment of dues, and their reason for making this curious request was that it was utterly impossible to obtain glass of the kind required either in the Allied countries or among the neutrals.

The policy of the "open door" in the French colonies had turned against the French themselves, and the German economic invasion had made great strides in Indo-China, Equatorial Africa, Tunisia, and Morocco. German metals, furniture, and even sugar, were sent to these colonies in great quantities. At Saigon, when the war broke out, there were in the harbour and docks German goods to the value of 100 million francs.

There is nothing to equal German commercial persistency. It is said on the authority of a responsible Paris newspaper that long after the war had been going on, French surgeons received circulars

from German artificial limb makers! German manufacturers of all kinds of articles have established themselves in Spain since the war—one cannot say how much business they are succeeding in doing. But a correspondent in the South of France near the Italian frontier informed me soon after Italy joined the Allies that Franco-Italian conversation lexicons and grammars were being sold there for the use of the soldiers, under the presumption that the troops of the Allied nations would fight side by side; and these books were found on examination to emanate from Bonn. The French, on May 1st, have a pretty habit of presenting to each other bouquets of lily-of-the-valley "for luck"! In former years bulb and all were sold, and last May Day the Incorporated Society of Flower Vendors issued a warning to the public against buying the flower with the root or bulb to it, but only to buy cut flowers, since the whole ones came from Germany. It is possible, and it seems more likely, that this was a little trick on the part of a section of the growers to keep up the price, but it is a small indication of how very thorough has been German competition in all branches of French commerce. One fact that was well verified is that last summer German commercial travellers were released from the trenches, and sent to Switzerland for the purpose of retaining German trade in that country. Their trade there, especially in leather, woollen, and cotton goods is very considerable.

Well—and the future? If a stern resolution and a bitter defiance at the present moment are any indication, then the Germans will never again get into France, and will never again be able to force their goods upon the French public. All classes of the French are sternly determined to-day never to let the Germans again begin to get the hold here which they formerly had. It would seem at the moment treasonable to suggest that they may not be able to keep that resolution; that their efforts may in the end relax before a persistent, insidious, and untiring enemy like the Germans. But we shall see. Certain it is that never was France so grimly aroused, so determined to carry the revenge to the bitterest extremity, so resolved this time not to "forgive and forget," and fiercely intent on "l'autre guerre"—the other war—as the commercial struggle which will follow the war is called.

In keeping Germany at arm's length and ousting the Germans from her markets, France will, in a way, also injure herself; and only the future can determine whether the Allies will be such good customers of France's own particular products as Germany had been. The French are looking especially to Great Britain.

Germany was a great consumer of French wines. In spite of the Kaiser's frequent reminders to his subjects in recent years that good Germans should stick to the wine, and especially the "sekt" (or

champagne) of the Rhine and Moselle, Germany has been France's best customer, year in and year out, for wines and spirits. Germans who could afford French champagne preferred it vastly to that of their own country—in this case showing good taste. The flower and fruit and vegetable industries also owed much to German custom. Great quantities of the flowers of the Riviera and much of the fruit and vegetables of the Centre and South-west, as well as the dairy products of Brittany, went to Germany and Austria.

But what measures are the French taking to keep out the Germans after the war? So far little has been done, except the making of pious resolutions; but one cannot blame our Allies for this—you cannot reorganise the industries of a country with the enemy still in possession of about a twelfth part of it. The President of the Paris Chamber of Commerce recently said that one of the first things for the French to do was to organise their industries in such a way as to be able to find most of what they require within their own borders, and not have to go abroad for it. When this has been accomplished, then they can try and find outputs for their over-production in foreign markets. But the President, when he says this, forgets that France does not consume all the wine or many other things she produces, that exportation must begin again simultaneously with industrial reorganisation, and the Germans must be replaced, or many industries will suffer.

What, then, do the French consider the most important measures to take against the Germans besides the formation of a commercial "bloc" or wall—which, as a deputy wisely pointed out the other day, is one of the larger questions that will be decided by the Allies in concert rather than by the French alone? One of them is the enlarging and general improvement of French ports. Marseilles, with a stronger forward policy, should easily in the future rival Hamburg, since with Genoa and other Mediterranean ports it could, after the war, "hold the gorgeous East in fee" in a more special sense than has been the case during the past two decades. Hamburg's tonnage, which in 1873 was five millions, was in 1913 exactly ten times that amount. Marseilles to-day has not the accommodation or the conveniences to handle a large part of the trade that is coming to it. There are several smaller ports in the south of France which, with a little enterprise, could be made important stations, and if the products of the fields and gardens within half a day's journey of them could be rapidly taken away, great developments would be seen in this part of France. Then the internal communications of the country must be considerably tuned up in order that there shall not be too much delay between the place of production and the market in the other country; this is a great

difficulty since French products are so largely perishable. A great drawback hitherto has been the cost of carriage of all goods in France—four to eight times as much as the carriage of goods over a similar distance in Germany.

Questions of banking and closer co-operation between the banks and the manufacturers and shippers are receiving close attention. Germany's elaborate banking system and the support which manufacturers obtain from the banks in that country are acknowledged to have been the corner-stone of the German exporter's success. In order to get markets, Germans accepted facilities of payment from customers abroad, varying from six to nine months, and this was made possible by the aid rendered them by the banking houses at home, which collected the debts through their various correspondents.

Already much is being done in France to "wake up" special industries. There is great activity at Lyons in the study of new types of silks, while in many other branches special efforts are being made to replace the missing German article. Particularly is this the case with pharmaceutical products and patent foods. Condensed milk, which before the war all came from Germany or German Switzerland, is now being made by French firms. Tabulated foods and "tablet" soups are being manufactured here. A vast trade was done in these things before the war by Germans, and "packet" soups will always be associated in the French mind henceforward with the idea of elaborate schemes of espionage. Great efforts are being made in a number of special cases in the manufacture of jams and similar preserves, and there even seems to be a tendency in some parts to encourage industries in the home.

There have been several local trades exhibitions, notably at Bordeaux, Toulouse, and Perpignan, which have done good work in their way, but their efforts were little more than local. The Casablanca exhibition was a rather magnificent and official affair, but there were special reasons for this. The *Office de Commerce Extérieur*, the French equivalent of our Board of Trade, have done good work by sending out bulletins to business men at a very low rate, telling them where certain articles were required in foreign countries, but this work has been suspended for a time.

The French trader has one failing, and that is to be inclined too much to look to Government to help him, or to his deputy or representative in the *Conseil Général*; but there seems to be since the war a revulsion against this attitude, and a desire to rely more upon themselves—to realise that while union is always force, one's own efforts are, after all, likely to be the most fruitful.

THE SPIRITUAL ART.

WHEN the faith of salvation has brightened with its ray the dim abyss of the heart, then in the human breast awakened the angels that had slumbered there during long centuries of pagan history; they were aroused by the voice of eternity, and sang hymns of God, of man's high origin, of his nobleness, and of his immortal life. Man withdrew within himself, turned his spiritual life towards his own spirit, and then matter, the whole of nature, and consequently the death of the body as well, lost its might. From that time began interior history, the history of sentiments of the world. Nature, matter, became mute, exterior hues grew dim and lost their consequence. With the dawn of the Christian faith appeared spiritual idealising arts. As space is the foundation of all material beings, as it embraces the whole sensuous world, therefore in proportion to the spiritualisation of the forms of beauty, the importance of space in works of art diminished, and the consequence of this was that with Christian nations, sculpture was obliged to descend from the throne of beauty on which it was placed by classicalism, this is to say, by a perfect harmony of spirit and matter, and was replaced by painting and music, of which two, music is the most spiritual art.

* * * * *

The peaks of the Alps, neighbours of stars, are silent in their quiet majesty and proud solitude. At their feet there swarm people, are born centuries and destinies of nations—there walks the history of the world. The haughty summits of the Alps do not see the history of mankind, do not hear either the moans of pain, or the shouts of joy of born and dead generations. They are silent, while round them there storm the soulless might of nature, there roar thunders, winds, and storms. The Alpine peaks are silent and look to the stars. Centuries follow centuries. Suddenly there resounded a thundering noise that shook the world. A rock of the Alpine peak fell down, and moaned painfully in its fall.

The ocean lies quietly in the abysmal valley of our planet, and looks into the heavens; the ocean is in love with the heavenly boundless space, consequently it assumes its colours, it shares its sentiments; it is bright during its serene moments, and reflects its golden patins; it is full of joy when its *inamoratâ* brightens with a radiating luminousness; it blushes when the crimson of the dawn

burns on the cheeks of its beloved; that love of the ocean is quiet, that reverence for the heavens is silent. But when the wind rushes, when the storm roars, when wild might strikes each other, chase each other, and struggle with each other on the waters of the ocean, then it frowns, it rises in threatening waves, it roars with anger, and fills the hearts of the sailors with chaotic awe.

The forest is also majestically silent; it seems like a mysterious cathedral of nature, its trees forming solid columns, and their boughs, branches, and leaves dainty vaults. In the quiet of the dusk, flowers come to being, they love and die. In every tree nature pulsates; she thinks through old branches, she feels through blooms, and she longs through the rustling of leaves. There is a peace and quiet in that forest. Only when wind flies through the trees and touches them with its wings; when a storm disturbs the silence, then the boughs move angrily, like the arms of giants; every branch seems to weep, every leaf sighs. The sylvan organ resounds with full and powerful chords.

Thus, lifeless rocks, bottomless waves, and dusky forests are silent, for they have no voice; only when an exterior alien power strikes them they groan, they moan, they roar; and, according to the variety of their essence, according to the combination of their parts, their voices vary under that exterior touch. Only in the noisy world of animals nature speaks with individual voices; an animal hears himself in his own voice, he hears and feels the interior construction of his body. But as the spirit of an animal is only an idealisation of nature, so the voice of an animal is only an echo of its life, of its desires and aversions, which also are material, also referring to material things. The voice of the animal is only an expression either of physical pain or of physical pleasure—a manifestation of the desire of the flesh; it is a relation of matter to matter; the voice of the animal is the result of relation with the exterior world. However, amidst the noises and uproars of nature, amidst the rustling and clatter of soulless life, one hears music, although it comes not from nature, its tunes being wafted by God's breath from beyond the stars into the terrestrial lowlands. A musical sound is not a voice of nature—it is a spirit, it is a beam of external brightness that is heard. Nature has no melodies, which are a work of art inborn in man; it is an instinctive knowledge—melodies are the mathematics of sentiments.

The air surrounds the terrestrial globe with its transparent sea, and forms the blue vault over it; in that sea breathes all sensuous life; the spiritual life, speech and music are also born in it. When matter thrills in itself, then in the sea of air are born waves which follow each other; they are invisible; they expand into larger and larger circles until they strike our sense of hearing. When a wave of the sea, after having struck the shore, returns and meets another

coming wave, they both collide, break each other, and rise into a foaming billow; this is repeated again and again. The same happens with the waves of air, that are produced by shivering matter. However, when a certain body—for instance, a string—shivers in such a manner that its shivers are repeated monotonously—for they are produced in measured space of time—then every wave returning in measured interval of time meets a new coming wave, and consequently their mutual rise will happen, and will strike the hearing in measured intervals. That monotonousness, that measure begets musical sound. When those waves do not follow each other in measured intervals, then is produced a confusion of coming and re-percussed waves, and instead of musical tunes there is noise similar to that produced by falling peaks of mountains, as involuntary as the roaring of the waves of the sea, as tumultuous as the uproar of animals; and this means that there are born disordinate voices of nature, which cannot be imitated by any musical sound, which could not be co-ordinated by any art and melody. Soulless nature vibrates, but its vibrations are not regular, they are not produced at definite intervals of time. Nature does not count mathematically, it only vibrates, and for this reason it does not know musical sounds. Then one should bear in mind that the difference between musical sounds, their rise or their fall, is the result of differing quantities of numbers of those shivers in the same space of time. If a musical sound has to agree with another, then it is necessary that the quantity, the number of one musical sound in a certain space of time, should remain in a mathematical relation to the number of shiver-vibrations which the other musical sound makes in the same space of time. Thus if in the same space of time one chord produces twice as many vibrations as the other, then an octave is originated; if one chord makes in the same space of time two vibrations, whilst the other does three, then a fifth is produced. However, those sounds are only the material primitive elements of which music builds its enchanting works. A shepherd who knows only his flock, clouds that like airy ships sail above him, and stars scintillating in the heavens, has no knowledge of musical mathematics. Whence, then, came to him tunes that are as fresh as the breath of spring, as ambrosial as herbs shining with silvery dew? They came from this verity, that the laws on which the world rests are to be found within every man, the truth about God, about immortality, about everything that is noble and just, all that instinctively sighs in our breasts, before philosophy gives any elucidation. Similarly, the mathematics of nature, that weighs and measures the mighty of creation, that conducts the whirling worlds through the eternal space of the heavens, dwells unconsciously in man's heart in the shape of

presentiment and instincts before study and learning give them to him in the form of reasoned truth. Music is the mathematics of sentiments the knowledge of which is inborn in man's spirit; the tunes are natural art; man comes into the world with that art. That mathematics is an appurtenance only of spirit; the material world does not know it; nature has no notion of music; it does not know even what is a musical sound. The voices of which nature is capable are in the same relation to musical sounds as is matter to spirit, as heaven to earth, as a temporary manifestation to eternal durability. Colours mixed on a painter's palette are tunes forced out by physical violence from beings of nature; the seven notes of the octave are brought out from nature like seven pure colours of heavenly sun-beams when they are divided by means of a prismatic crystal.

As every musical sound remains in a certain mathematical relation to other musical sounds, consequently each one of them—because of its essence—longs to manifest that relation in reality; it longs to be united with another musical sound as with its completion. It could be united either in a sequence in time, when one sound follows another and in this manner originates a melody; or, again, when several tunes are produced and melt together and harmony is created. Melody and harmony are two of God's angels, who remained on earth when it lost its paradise of innocence; those heavenly envoys sing of God's thoughts that live mysteriously in all the world, and greet with a hymn the baby-angel that is born in the tiny habitation of our heart, and bind pan-existence in one eternal composition. That infinite melody has flowed throughout the centuries, throughout the world since the first day of creation; its waves are thousands of years, its tunes are the stars in the heavens and the nations on earth. That harmony binds those thousands of years and the stars and the history of mankind; it links together nativity and dissolution, the remote dead past and future centuries that are going to be born; it unites in common chords darkness and light, sufferings and joys, heartfelt griefs and bright hopes. That harmony came from the stars and touched Plato's spirit, but it was for him only a felicitous dream; he heard it only during one moment of happy ecstasy; Christian nations were the first to hear distinctly that sacred harmony which heals and soothes the contradictions of the spirit and the dissensions from it. The eternal composer wrote notes for that harmony-melody before He had created the stars, before He had played on the rays of His light; the quiet tunes of that harmony-melody live in terrestrial music, in the human heart.

Nature does not know either melody or harmony; she is familiar only with the lowest musical element, namely rhythm, as a monotonous fall of drops of water, as the galloping or the trotting of a

horse, as the rhythmical utterance of a quail, &c. However, that rhythm is only accidental, for it is unconscious and serves only as a stratum for melody and harmony. Time, measure, melody, and harmony are a free blossoming of spirit, its individual work raised above the material world. In pictures and statues there are reminiscences of exterior nature, consequently of human, animal, and vegetable forms; in poetry and drama there live human deeds; there are no such reminiscences in music, in which are painted and sculptured only the inhabitants of the spiritual realm born in the depth of the soul. For this reason one can express in words the contents of a picture, of a piece of sculpture, of a poem, but it is impossible to describe the essence of a musical composition, for music is a conversation of the spirit with itself. One is unable to narrate in words a musical composition, for human speech is a medium for expressing thoughts whilst music is that of sentiments, and sentiments are inexpressible. Words and thoughts always refer to some distinct, definite subject; for a subject, even if it belongs to the sensuous world, is a raiment of a thought—a thought of creation.

It follows from what has been said that every sound happens in time and space, and although every sensuous being exists in time and space, time and space are not sensuous. Therefore, a sound is like a deathless shadow of sensuous beings. Then a sound reveals the mechanical exterior composition of beings. It comes from without; it is, so to say, the symbolism of the interior being. It is thus with every sound, and much more so with a musical sound, which is differentiated from a sound through the numerical relation that can only be understood by the spirit. There are no intermediary links between irrational nature—be it even the most intelligent animal—and the rational spirit of man. As a sound shows the mechanical interior order of material beings, similarly musical sound, melody, harmony—consequently music—is the expression of the spiritual interior of man, of his most profound depth; therefore music is born from sentiments, it is a manifestation of sentiments, they being what is most personal and deep in man's spirit. Every man has a right to his sentiments, for what he comprehends with his mind is his property, whilst what he feels is himself. If musical sounds be no longer matter, but only its idealisation; if they are, as it were, a rupture of relation between spirit and gross sensuous nature; if music be the return and plunge of spirit into itself, consequently it is clear that music corresponds better with the spiritual disposition of Christian people than all other arts; that it is also a rupture with the material world and is entirely lyrical. It follows that music is a Christian art in its highest might. As art consists in the conciliation of the two contradictory worlds—namely of spirit and matter, of the interior depth with the exterior reality—hence that conciliation of contradictions is idealised in music.

Mediæval-romantic fancy, when it was really artistic, not only revelled in its works, but also soothed and harmonised contradictions, dissensions, and longings, and in that manner became an expression of infinity of spirit, of that infinity which fuses and binds contradictory worlds in one common harmony. That conciliatory, soothing might was revealed in music, and especially in harmony. The logical consequence of this was, that Christian nations, having the depth of their heart and spirit opened to the voice of the faith of redemption, had produced harmony, and became the first god-fathers of true music. Antiquity had not such music, for it had no harmony. Music began to bloom through Christian faith.

The first seeds of the spiritual art were sown by St. Ambrose in Milan, and St. Augustine speaks about Milanese singing thus:—“Voices flew into my soul, eternal truth welled into my heart, and the sentiment of devotion poured out in tears of joy, full of “sweetness.” Gregory the Great sat on the apostolic throne of music; he was the founder of the first school of singing. Three hundred years later a monk of Flanders, by the name of Hucbald, encouraged by genius, prompted by the angel of music, had plunged into the secret depth of harmony, and brought out into the world the first nucleus of counterpoint, consequently the beginning of the new music, that was going to regenerate the heart of Europe through its tunes. Already for a long time organs united their solemn and thundering voices with the prayers in God’s tabernacle. By and by, Guido of Arezzo had changed the manner of translating musical sounds into written signs—notes, and *circa* 1240 John Fornsete, a monk of Reading, whilst composing his simply beautiful “Sumer is icumen in,” introduced in it the first musical canon—*fuga per canonem*. In that manner the noble work of music had begun under the benediction of heaven, and was warmed by the tender hearts and pure devotion of great masters, and had opened wider and wider the enchanting and enchanted realm of tunes. Beside church music, that flowed like a majestic river, there rippled the crystalline brooks of worldly music. Troubadours, jongleurs, and minnesingers accompanied with melodies their dainty songs of mirth, of love, and their stately *Chansons de Geste* of chivalrous deeds.

Spirit withdrew within itself, and through this it was able to perceive the sacred mysteries of its essence, eternal verities, and superterrestrial guarantees that united man with heaven and infinity. On the other hand, that plunge into the depth of one’s spirit had produced faults—namely, the boundless confidence in oneself, which was often manifested in the desire for adventures and in the abuses of unbridled personal freedom. Hence that

chasing after adventures, peculiar to the Middle Ages; hence scholastic philosophy, that being blind to the laws governing both spiritual and material things, preferred the licence of syllogisms, in which there was no question of what was the truth in itself, but the desire to show personal subtlety of the thinker's mind; and which degenerated into an artificial and pedantic prattle. The same trifling with reality and its laws, the same confidence in personal, wilful authority had sacrilegiously violated music. Music, that child of the superterrestrial province, had degenerated through the neglect of verities existing in music-art itself, and was warped, through the capricious desire of musicians to show their artifices by violating the rules of counterpoint and melody and by satisfying their personal paltry aspirations. Music became then a manifestation of degenerated confidence in oneself. Whilst the unlearned music of the people, cherishing inborn sentiments and neglecting not the freshness of nature, preserved its truth and charms of melody, the learned music became as artificial and as entangled as was scholastic philosophy. Music could rise from its downfall only when man began to acknowledge general laws, and when, *ipso facto*, he had limited his personal licence. This happened only in the sixteenth century. As music solves contradictions of tunes by fusing them in harmony, similarly the artistic fancy of that great epoch was able to harmonise the interior with the exterior world, thought with nature, fathomless spiritual depth with temporal reality. The merit of lifting up music to artistic heights belongs to the Church of Rome, which alone was able to understand the deep meaning of the greatest philosopher that ever lived, the divine Plato, when he said: "One should not judge music through pleasure, nor search after that of which the only object is pleasure; but after music which contains in itself the likeness of the beautiful." There was no one since Plato who could give a better standard for music, and all those who depart from it are wrong, for beauty is the supreme purpose of every art.

When, more than three hundred years after the musical renaissance, you visit the vastness of St. Peter's in Rome; when that church, that seems to be built not by the hands of mortals, encompasses you with its immensity, as does God's world, you are shown a tomb on which are engraven these words: *Johannes Petrus Aloysius Prænestinus, Musicæ Principes*. In that tomb lies, in eternal rest, Palestrina, the Prince of Music, who had realised the decree of the Council of Trent, and reinstalled music on the throne of the most spiritual of all arts. After his death there was found on one of his manuscripts the following inscription: *Domine illumina oculos meos*, which testifies that the great, nay, the greatest master used to do his work with God. Consequently, those tunes of marvellous harmony, those sounds that diffused

through space of pan-existence, play to the stars quiet melodies, whilst they march in solemn procession; those harmonies and chords that resounded when light was born and led mankind through thousands of years; those tunes of God, that play in the heart of every honest man, were gathered in Pal  strina's heart; and what the inimitable master received from God he rendered faithfully to mortal men; he had translated the heavenly into terrestrial music. His compositions dwell amongst the people; they are those angels who guard mankind in order that it may not become savage through sensuality and may not perish through forgetting its immortal dignity. This is a verity irrefutably proved by the past and especially by the present history, for we see a nation who, having substituted in their music for beautiful simplicity entangled contortions of orchestration, for na  ve charm brutish frightfulness, for spiritual love sensual licence, and for elevating worship of God degrading self-worship, have descended in their nefarious deeds to such a low level that to qualify them as savages would not express justly and adequately the depth of their degradation. One could liken Palestrina unto Homer and Plato, for Homer forgot himself and his personal desires when he created his immortal songs, whilst Plato had plunged into superterrestrial ideas in those models of pan-existence, showing the paltriness of individual beings and of personal notions. As with Plato and Homer, the end of Palestrina was not himself, not his own person, but the primeval models of the eternal beauty. This is why he lives and shall live for aye and aye, for only he dies who egotistically rebels against general verities, placing himself above everything. Who lives in the truth and for the truth is eternal as the truth itself.

Whilst listening to the music of Palestrina, or to that of his spiritual kinsmen—Anerio, Allegri, Vittoria, Morales, Tye, Tallis, Orlando Gibbons, Byrd, John Dunstable, Farrant, Lully, Douen, Bourgeois, Goudimel, Rameau, Couperin, Le Jeune, Orlando de Lasso, Heinrick Isaak, Joquin des Pr  s, Arcadelt, and many others—our thoughts rise above terrestrial lowlands, painfulness, and full of celestial sweetness, of joy, of triumph, of infinite longing, flow into our souls and awaken in them the deepest mysteries of life and death, and solve, in a manner, all tormenting problems.

Yes, music is the most spiritual art. Here space disappears; of all heavy appurtenances of matter there remains only an unseizable trembling of the air, that fuses in the waves of sounds. As sentiments, thoughts, pictures of fancy, joys and fears, hopes and longings—in a word the whole of the inner history of the soul comes to being and flows away in time, similarly tones of music, its chords, its melodies and its harmonies disappear in time and rise

to eternity. Music expresses in the best manner the destiny of spirit; its prophecies and presentiments are clad in sounds. In music spirit hears itself in its ecstasies; it sees itself amongst angels, it feels that radiating wings of Chérubim grow to it, and those wings made of melodies and harmonies carry it into open heaven. The raiments of matter fall down. Underneath, below on the earth, matter and its weight remain, its hues, lights, and shades quench . . . dead.

As in history the sentiments of personal individuality could appear only with the Christian faith, which sanctified the deep importance and weight of every individual man, so music, that art selected and cherished by Christian sentiment, is the most suitable for expressing the personal individuality of every man, distinguishing him from other people. In music, more than in any other art, shine with proper hues the sentiments and thoughts and longings of our inner Ego. As the counterpoint, being the soul of Christian music, unites different sounds and tunes into a oneness of harmony, so the heart filled with faith fuses into chords terrestrial and celestial sounds, tunes of heaven and of earth, of death and resurrection; it binds into sacred union the personal individual characteristics of every man with verities that are the laws of all spirits and that were written by the Supreme Artificer before the creation of the world.

Man speaks with God's love by the medium of sounds and tunes, and reciprocally the harmony of the worlds, of eternity, finds an accompaniment in the heart of mortal man, for he himself is a sound that is born on earth and flows in the waves of melodies throughout the whole of eternity to God's throne. The angel of music sowed on earth, like heavenly stars, musical geniuses, who shine for their own and the world's glory, and the love of music grew in all hearts like the blooms in fields and meadows, which, although not sown and not planted, blossom and resplend like a carpet of variegated hues.

However, if it be true that love of music is to be found in the depth of our hearts; if we are convinced that love of music is born from sentiments, then it is not difficult to elucidate and to agree upon the true consequence of true music. Its end is to touch sentiment, to penetrate hearts with nobleness and with everything that is exalted and great; to plunge our soul into the pure fount of musical melodies; to fortify it through immaculate innocence, and to guard it from everything that is petty and soiled by low passions. Music, true music, should show that it reconciles terrestrial sentiments with the laws that rule the world, the temporary with eternal life.

SOISSONS.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT.

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YPRES.

CITY of stark desolation,
 Infinite voices of silence,
 Crying aloud in the day time,
 Whispering shrill in the moonlight,
 Ask of the world, appealing,
 "What are you now but a name?"

Hushed are your streets, and the rumble
 Of lorries and wagons and limbers
 And low, dull tread of battalions,
 Moving stubbornly cheerful
 Back of invisible fighters
 Muddily bedded in Flanders—
 These alone for your roadways,
 And these for the hours of darkness.
 Wide to inscrutable heaven
 Lie in their ruin all equal,
 Houses and hovels abandoned,
 Windowless yawnings and pillars,
 Chasms and doorways and gables,
 Tottering spectres of brickwork
 Strewn through the naked chambers—
 Never a home for the seeking,
 Not through the whole of the city,
 Save for the spirit-fled body.
 And over the breakage and rubble,
 Furious wastage of warfare,
 Rise in their piteous grandeur,
 Oaks still battling the tempest,
 Riven and broken Cathedral,
 Shattered, half-pinnacled Cloth-Hall,

Towers of solemn, gray greatness
Calling on heaven to witness,
Listening, steadfastly watchful,
For boom that will herald disaster
Down on their remnants of glory,
Asking the world appealing,
"What are we now but a name?"

City of wanton destruction,
Standing nakedly awful,
Token of agonized country,
When was an answer demanded
In so relentless a silence?
How can the asking be empty?
Name and naught else in your ruins,
Crowned in the heart as an emblem,
Child of the ravenous booming,
Page of heroic story,
Greatest in still desolation,
Never in all your peace-slumber
Garnered you fame as in fury.
Silent mother of splendour,
Stand when your ruins have crumbled
And, sinking to soil of Flanders,
Merged with the valiant sleepers;
And after that and for always,
As long as the breath of men's honour
Is to the earth as the springtime,
Speak with your voices undying:—
How in the anguish and glory
Belgium and Britain you stood for
World of men's honour undaunted
Just in the lines round your city,
Where the fierce waves of ambition,
Ruthlessly seeking their purpose,
Sank with the dead into Flanders.
Desolate spirit unconquered,
Here where the fury lingered,
Here where the graves of the honoured
Around your ruins are clustered,
Rise in your triumph eternal,
Built in the soul of man.

R. GORELL BARNES.

Ypres, October, 1915.

FROM THE SOUTHERN CROSS.

A YOUNG man lingered on the steps of a famous Thames-side building chatting in the crowd of English and Australians who were gathered together to welcome and entertain some wounded Australians. This young man was one of the wounded, and his pale face and strained eyes made the onlookers feel that, despite all welcomes and kindnesses, he was not yet at home in England. Far from his native land, he felt in this, the land of his allegiance, that he was on foreign soil. Born in Sydney, and indeed in the poorer parts of Sydney, his home and his heart were there. All that he loved are there or at the fruit farm not so far away, where he gained, as the hero limned by Mr. C. J. Dennis gained, the splendid thews and health that this hero gave up, perhaps for ever, in gaunt Gallipoli. What could Australia, from the point of view of homeliness, have in common with England? No doubt to-day they have sparrows and rabbits and other imported birds and animals of a more pleasing type in common; no doubt there was resemblance between the apples and "berries" of Australia and the Motherland: but the sea, the mountains, the gum trees, the native birds and beasts, the lie of scenery, the flow of water, the endless bush had nothing in common with England. To this lad's consciousness England was almost as foreign as the Grecian Isles he had visited, and it seemed to him strange to hear the chatter of English in the streets and recognise some of the sources of the Sydney slang of his boyhood. Someone said to him, "You know Sydney, of course?" His pale face coloured, and he sighed rather than said "Sydney," and as he said it the strained eyes for a moment grew dreamy and fixed on infinity, where dwelt the wonderful headlands of that Southern world which the little Southern Cross watches with eyes of hope. Yes, he knew Sydney; his father and mother were near there, and his little brothers and sisters too young for war. His father talked of coming over; what did the questioner think? His father was fifty-five: Did that seem too old? And so he chattered on. Then his new friend said, "But have you no English relations?" and the young man, turning his gaze on the sparkling Thames flood-tide that on this May day was gaily tumbling down to the sea, said slowly, with something like a nervous drawl, "Yes. I have "English relations, but they are far away." What is the address? The new friend opened his eyes and smiled, as he read a rather thumbled letter which the Australian soldier boy handed to him, and murmured, "It is a small world." This was the letter which had gone from England to Australia, from Australia to Gallipoli, and at last had run down the young warrior in a London hospital:

YEXITER FARM,

Worthiton-on-the-Moor,

England.

Dear Cousin Jane,—

We have never seen each other since we played in the fields here as little girls, but it is not too late to write to each other, though I am nearly ninety and you are more. I have here many family relics and portraits. If any of your folk at any time during this war or after come over, they must come and see their old cousin. I grow rather shaky, but how we did dance eighty years ago. My granddaughter, who is writing this for me, is twenty years old, and I have a great-grandchild of ten. It is only lately that I have got your address through the family law suit, in which the lawyers got much of the money, but not this farm.

Ever your affectionate cousin,

EMILY BRAYFIELD.

No date; the handwriting of a village school; the sentiments of a very aged, cheery cynic. The letter conveyed nothing to the Australian soldier, Harry Brayfield, but it conveyed a very great deal to his new friend, who had argued so long in the exhausting partition suit of *Brayfield v. Brayfield* to which the old lady referred. Do you know Mrs. Brayfield? Yes, I know Mrs. Brayfield well. She put me in the suit; almost my first important suit. She lives in the chimney corner. What is a chimney corner? Have you no chimney corners in Australia? Come, come, my friend, there must be no delay. You must come and see Mrs. Brayfield this week. "Wait a minute," said the boy, excitedly, and biting his lips as his wound gave him an intimation of human frailty. "Wait a minute. Is she a witch? I remember grandma told me that there were witches at Worthiton. Grandma said if she had stayed in England she would have been a witch by now, and said—that was a year ago—that if Cousin Emily were alive she would be a witch. We have no witches in Australia except the Blackboy witches."

Very earnestly this was all said, and, plainly, the boy was struggling with memories of things that he had been told about England; things that he had been frightened with or pleased with as a child. Suddenly England was no longer foreign or strange, and the young lawyer smiled with delight as Harry Brayfield found kinship with England through the medium of a witch of ninety years. So the springtide trip was arranged, and the barrister wrote to old Mrs. Brayfield with the news. They were to meet at a certain station by a certain train, and were to be whirled through the greenclad homely lands, sweet with song and redolent of pear and plum and cherry and early apple blossom, to the land of the witches where grandma's cousin dwelt. And the pair met as was arranged and sped West and South as was arranged, and

one fine golden afternoon found themselves standing on a little station road waiting for the conveyance from Yexiter Farm.

They were the only souls on the road, and they revelled in the fresh beauty of the scene, the sweetness of sun and air, the gold of the gorse, the thrilling of the thrush, the clearness of the clouds. And presently the conveyance came in sight, tumbling down the road with an alacrity that betokened dissolution. A large and aged horse ambled with a dangerous speed, and the great haycart that he drew seemed to shake with laughter at such speed. In the cart were three milking stools, two of which rolled about, while the third supported the frame of the most aged man in Worthiton, white-bearded, fresh-faced but infinitely wrinkled, and joyous in an autumnal way this fresh spring afternoon. The cart drew up with a jerk by the travellers, and the brass decorations on the horse—all, as young Harry learnt later, designed to ward off witches, a fact few people know—jingled for joy, since they, at any rate, had known Harry's great-grandfather, who had assiduously polished them when George III. was King. The old man was out of the cart with a speed that amazed the soldier, who looked at the tall, lean figure with the humorous bearded face as though something was familiar. "Master George," said the old farmer cunningly to the lawyer, "hast seen in Lunnon ma cousin Harry Brayfield?" The lawyer laughed but said nothing, for the keen-eyed Australian had already traced the secret of the curious familiarity of manner. "I'm Harry Brayfield," said he, "and you must be my grandpa's brother. You have just his shoulders." "I do be he, Harry, my lad, I do be he, and I be very old. But how, now tell me, now do ye tell without delay, how do be my brother James whom I did think dead, long dead? How do be he?" "He is well and hale, Uncle Charles." "Do he be so?" and the old man, heedless of Master George, rained down tears of memories and thankfulness, and placing his long, thin, brown hands on his great-nephew's shoulders, gazed through the mist of the stirred heart at this lithe scion of the ancient stock. It was a moving scene, but not one to witness, so George sought a bird-nest that never hung 'twixt sky and earth, while Great-uncle Charles and Great-nephew Harry knit without words the broken links of time. When George at last turned he heard the old man say, "For five hundered 'ears, lad, Yexiter Farm has been held by a Brayfield, all those 'ears and more, and now a Brayfield has come back in nick o' time. My son died long ago, his sons are dead in Flanders. I—so old, so old—be the last o' the name, 'mong males that be. But Harry be come home." The young soldier said nothing. Floods of something that he did not understand were entering his being. It was the personal call of the Motherland

through the broken, thin-voice of this strange gaunt, white-bearded, ruddy-faced, brown-handed old man. Something of the Old Testament seemed to ring through this strange interview in the brilliant May sunlight on that deep-hedged warm hillside.

"Come," said lawyer George, "we must make the cart comfortable for this wounded warrior. Did you bring no hay for him to lie in?" "He must make shift with grass, like 'Nezzar,'" said the old man. It was plain for a long drive that the milking-stool was out of the question, and lawyer George, who knew these parts and the farms, disappeared with a grunt, and returned in a few minutes so laden with hay that his own Inn would not have known him, and soon the Prodigal was lying in perfect comfort on a divine bed of last year's hay, with lawyer George watching over him from the height of a milking-stool, while old Farmer Charles skilfully steered the ancient steed up the long hill that led to the moor. They had so adjusted the Australian lad that he could watch the scene as they wound along the open lands where the green farms shone in the ever-extending distance like islands on the great moor. It was a land of wonderful distances, wonderful healing power, strange and holy silences. Little was said as they went along. Old Charles drove with infinite care to prevent the racking of wounds, but Harry thought little of wounds or war: he was, though he never said it to himself, really entering the land of the witches. A subtle witchery had woven itself round his being. He knew that he was coming home. He did not ask himself what home was like. He was not for an instant disloyal to Sydney and its matchless beauties, to his home in the great irrigated fruitlands of the Southern Cross, to his father and mother and the little brothers and sisters. But he was, all the same, coming home; anything might happen at any moment he felt, and it was not a dream like the dreams of the trenches or of the hospital; the dreams of dear home faces and tender cooling hands on his hot forehead. It was a reality that seemed to penetrate every pore, every thought. "Harry be come home."

Presently the cart turned off the long main road down a wandering elm-laced lane that passed on through a wood of Scotch firs, and then suddenly there was a vision of open fields, and in the heart of the greenery was set a large thatched and timbered house with many outlying barns. It was Yexiter Farm. And as they came in sight a young girl of ten or so, who was watching, turned and sped into the house with a call like a bell, and returned with an older sturdy girl, or woman rather, both running with amazing swiftness. As they reached the cart they stopped disappointed. "Where be he? Where be Cousin Harry?" "Dropped he down the well by gate," said the old man, grimly.

"He be black man." "Ye be old fibber, granfer," said the elder girl, as she caught sight of the hay and the khaki burden. But her voice was hushed. Tired—lulled by the air and the quietness—Harry had fallen asleep, and as he lay there a sudden dread fell on them all, the fear that he too had been taken, he whom they were longing to know and love. And then, stirred by the sudden quietness of the creaking cart, he opened his eyes, and saw looking at him his cousin, Esther Brayfield. There she stood, hands on hips, with just a glimpse of defiance at her grandfather, a glimmer of respect for Master George, and a wealth of pity and sympathy for Harry, the hero. The mingling of all these feelings in her face, so rosy and bright and healthy, made her certainly an attractive figure. The sight of her was an awakening that Herrick would have chosen in the merry month of May. And they smiled at each other. "Grandmother is waiting for you," she said, with sudden formality, "Cousin Harry, and will serve the tea herself." So the descent from the cart was made successfully, and Master George was bidden to tea, and leaning, almost unnecessarily on Great-uncle Charles and Great-cousin Esther, Harry was led into the Presence.

It is not a scene to describe in detail. Mrs. Emily Brayfield, who lives in the chimney corner, would not wish it, and those who know her reputed powers as a witch—and who does not?—are ever anxious to obey her orders. When Harry entered he saw in the half light a mighty figure emerge from the shelter of a chimney corner almost behind the flickering fire itself. Erect, but with slow steps, it came forward and, looking with piercing eyes at the young man, welcomed him to the Old Home. Piercing though her eyes were, they were full, too, of humour and kindness, and her voice partook but little of the keen brows. Gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman, was her voice, singularly sweet and musical. This gigantic presence overwhelmed the young man where Turk and Hun had failed. "Sit ye, my dear," said she. For days with her aged hands she had cleaned and prepared for this feast family silver, some of which had not seen the light for seventy years. Such a meal never was before since the beginning of time, and Harry had travelled many a thousand miles to win it: but it was not the vast abundances of jams and cakes and scones and cream and good things, but the sacramental nature of the feast in that old kitchen parlour, with its visions of black oak and shining pewter and ancient glasses, set forth by the shining white of tablecloths woven a century ago, that stirred the soul. It was to the old man and the old woman and all the folk a consecration of family life. A mystic presence overshadowed the feast; flowed in through the lattice windows from the gleaming fruit blossom of the orchard.

The hosts were old, but they had lived to say "Harry be come home" again. All the rifts of all the years had vanished. The Motherland had called to her children and they had come, and, having come, they are welcome for evermore: for such is the witchery of England, mother of many nations.

J. E. G. DE MONTMORENCY.

REVIEWS.

ABOVE THE BATTLE.*

Readers of *Jean Christophe* entertain a sentiment of personal relationship to his creator which no other living French writer inspires. The deep feeling, the charity, the idealism of that exquisite book have made the name of Romain Rolland familiar throughout the world, and have caused his admirers in every country to regard him as one of the authentic voices of "new France." In war as in peace he fulfils our expectations. He stands "above the battle." He remains a good European.

The essays and letters now translated appeared for the most part during the early months of the great struggle, and some of them are slight enough. Others, however, enshrine precious truths in noble language, and will be prized by future historians as evidence that the dominion of passion and hatred was not universal even in the crisis of Europe's fate. This does not mean that the author excuses the crimes that have been committed by the terrible enemies of his country. No one has written more scathingly of the shameful attack on "this small, innocent Belgian people, whose only crime has been to defend its independence and the cause of justice to the last. The world is revolted by it." No one has dealt more faithfully with the loud-tongued *intellectuels* and ecclesiastics, who have defended what they cannot deny and denied what they cannot disprove. "How clumsy you are! I believe that of all your faults *maladresse* is the worst. You have not said one word since the beginning of this war which has not been more fatal for you than all the speeches of your adversaries. Necessity knows no law! Here is the eleventh commandment; the message that you bring to the universe to-day, sons of Kant. We have heard it more than once in history. It is the famous doctrine of public safety, mother of heroisms and crimes. Every nation has recourse to it in the hour of danger, but the greatest are those who defend against it their immortal soul. The conquered Belgians have robbed you

* *Above the Battle*, by Romain Rolland. Translated by C. K. Ogden. (Allen & Unwin, price 2s. 6d.)

"of your glory. You know it. You are enraged because you know it. What is the good of vainly trying to deceive yourselves? Truth will be clear to you in the end. You have done your best to silence her—one day she will speak; she will speak by the mouth of one of your own in whom will be awakened the conscience of your race. Oh, that he may soon appear, and that we may hear his voice, the pure and noble voice of the Redeemer who shall set you free! Of all the Imperialisms which are the scourge of the world, that of Prussia is the worst. It is the enemy of European liberty, the enemy of Western civilisation, the enemy of Germany herself, and it must be destroyed."

These passages, and there are many more of the same character, show that Romain Rolland is not a cold-blooded observer, but a patriot and a man of heart. Yet he has the courage to keep his mind unclouded by the blinding storm, and the charity to forgive those who misunderstand and revile him. "A great nation assailed by war has not only its frontiers to protect; it must also protect itself from the hallucinations, injustices, and follies which the plague lets loose. To each his part! To the armies the protection of their native land. To the thinkers the defence of its thought. One day History will pass judgment on the nations at war; she will weigh their measure of errors, lies, and follies. Let us try and make ours light before her." He stoutly refuses to include the whole German people in his denunciation of their rulers, and he retains his esteem for his German friends. "Do not break down all the bridges, since it will ever be necessary to cross the river." Working in Switzerland at the exchange of the wounded, he discovers that the fighters and sufferers are not those who hate the most. "It is among those who are not actively engaged that is developed the harsh and implacable hatred of which certain intellectuals provide terrible examples." There are many in every belligerent country to whom this strong but gentle teacher will make no appeal. There are others, perhaps fewer in number, who will thank the author for spiritual refreshment in an age when the voices of the soul are almost lost in the din of arms.

G. P. G.

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ROMAN SYRIA.*

Mr. E. S. Bouchier is to be congratulated on his choice of a theme to succeed his very valuable book on Spain under the Roman Empire, and still more to be congratulated on the fashion in which

* *Syria as a Roman Province*, by E. S. Bouchier, M.A., Author of "Life and Letters in Roman Africa," "Spain Under the Roman Empire." With a Map and Plate of Coins. (B. H. Blackwell, Oxford. Price 6s. net.)

he has carried it out. The story of Syria is chiefly familiar to most people in connection with the history of Palestine and the records of Christianity. Mr. Bouchier does not deal with this aspect of the subject. We have, with this exception, an "account of the life and manners, the literature and antiquities of Central Syria and Phœnicia in Roman times, with occasional references to more outlying districts, such as Palmyra, Commagene, and Roman Arabia." The whole story is one of extraordinary fascination, for it shows us time's revenges in the most dramatic fashion, and makes the student of social history realise that the contrast between modern Syria and the splendours of the same land under the Roman Empire is really due to the inherent evils of that early civilisation. There are few more melancholy stories than that of Syria, the records of the rich coast from Antioch to Ascalon, of the cities that sleep in the basin of the Orontes, of the Palmyrene desert where the once famous kingdom of Palmyra is hidden away almost from memory, of the fruitful lands that still blossom in the plain of the Euphrates. The mountains that brood over the western gateways of the land, the great rivers that carry its memories to the sea, are ever echoing and murmuring with the story of great achievements and great failures in the centuries when the modern world was in preparation.

It was Alexander who brought Syria into the main current of history, and when the Romans succeeded, in the first century before our era, to the dominions in Western Asia; of the Selucid dynasty, and of the Armenian kings, they built up a province which was a bulwark for the whole West against the great Eastern monarchies and a safeguard for European trade with the uplands of Asia. So important was Syria that it was not handed over to the Roman Senate, but was governed by an imperial legate of consular rank, aided by senatorial legates and administrative procurators. Syria vastly prospered under the new *régime*. Arabs and Parthians alike were kept in check, and Syria was the first province of the new empire. The towns were organised with local government after the Grecian model, and became splendid centres of trade, law, and culture. The Antonine age was the great age of Syria, but in this very period were sown the seeds of weakness. The population was very mixed: Grecian and Macedonian stocks had been grafted on no less than four Semitic stocks—the Aramæans, the Phœnicians, the Jews, the Arabs—while the old Cretan stock, as represented by the Philistines, and the descendants of the Medes and Persians played a part in the life of the land. Trade extended this admixture of races, the population became more Asiatic in type, the Roman army of occupation became weakened in character as well as in the

practice of arms, the Romanisation of the whole area was never even a possibility.

The East took Rome to itself and transformed its essential civilisation. Nay, Syria went farther than this: it orientalised Rome itself. The Syrian dynasties, Emperors, descended from Julius Bassianus, the priest of Elagabal at Emesa, ruled the empire 193 A.D. to 249 A.D., and the reign of the notorious Elagabalus (218-222) marked the crowning point of Asiatic influence in the city of Rome. Nor with the destruction of this dynasty did the Eastern influence end. The great Diocletian, from his accession in 285 A.D., had an Eastern capital, Nicomedia, and he it was who vastly enlarged the Syrian province, extending the empire to the Tigris, and absorbing not only all Mesopotamia but the great plains north of Turkestan. But if Diocletian set his mark upon the East, the East as definitely claimed the extended empire for her own, and echoes of her myriad faiths extended even to the marches of Britain. In holding back Persia, Rome became finally implicated in the life and civilisation of Asia. But the East was not ungrateful, as is shown by the amazing history of Antioch, by the story of Berytus and its immortal school of law, which gave the world Ulpian and Papinian—perhaps the greatest jurists that the world has known—by a civilisation which evolved a new phase of life for Greek philosophy, and made it the vehicle for the adaptation of the principle of Christianity to the bases of pure thought; which gave the world, not only philosophers, theologians, and historians, but poets such as Meleager, the sweetness of whose music has haunted all succeeding ages.

Rome made it possible for Syria to become the *nidus* of a new civilisation, Syria made it possible for Rome to stand as a bulwark against the absolutism and tyranny and savagery of the upper and middle East; Rome and Syria together have recorded the first chapters of modern history. And yet it was at the cost for many centuries of the spiritual and material life of those intermingled outposts of the West and East. To anyone who reads the history of Antioch, the necessary decay and dissolution of this preparatory age are seen to have been inevitable. Society was based on slavery, it was permeated with the desire for pleasure, it was very corrupt in morals, and ever grew less capable of organised regeneration. Those splendid cities were cities of decay; though it was like the decay of some magnificent fruit which, even in the processes of decay, not only retains the outward vestiges of loveliness and splendour, but, in fact, maintains and nourishes the seeds of a new life. Side by side with the sated luxury of these cultured Syrian cities, we see also a great spiritual reaction, not the reaction of a large section of the population, but

the reaction of a few choice spirits who found in self-abnegation and example the means of carrying on the essential spiritual significance of this world of pleasure, luxury, and wasted lives. Mr. Bouchier, with remarkable skill, brings out all these features of the life of Syria under the Empire. It is the record of a great tragedy which still bears fruit in the misery of the Near East under Turkish rule; but, like all tragedies, this tragedy is rich indeed, not only with lessons for humanity, but as a direct force in the evolution of mediæval and modern civilisation.

J. E. G. DE M.

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ANNA JAMESON.*

The reading public should be much indebted to Mrs. Steuart Erskine for editing Mrs. Jameson's Letters; they are full of interest, and cannot fail to attract attention, not only on their own merit, but on account of her intimacy with most of the prominent people of her day. Mrs. Jameson's literary work was especially welcome to her own generation, as there were but few writers or critics on art at that time, and as Mrs. Steuart Erskine says in her introduction, "Modern criticism, as we know it, was yet "to be born." Ruskin was twenty-five years her junior, and his *Modern Painters* was not published till seventeen years after Mrs. Jameson had produced *The Diary of an Ennuyée*. Women writers at this period were rare, and this fact added greatly to the interest taken in her works.

Anna Brownell Murphy, who was the eldest daughter of an Irishman named Denis Brownell Murphy, a miniature painter of some note, was born in Dublin in 1794. When she was four years old, the family settled in Cumberland, and afterwards at Newcastle-on-Tyne; later they went south, and lived some years at Hanwell, and passed to London in 1806. The family consisted of father and mother and five daughters, of whom Anna was the eldest, a clever, imaginative, and highly nervous child, educated at home by a governess who was a good teacher, but not in sympathy with her pupil. Anna learnt much from her father, for between them there was a strong community of tastes, as well as love, and from her earliest years she took him into her confidence and consulted him in all her efforts at composition. She was quite a child, not more than eleven years old, when she wrote a poem on Collingwood, which is given amongst the letters. She became energetic, lively, and self-reliant, and not only tended and directed the little family of sisters, but entered into and worried over the financial difficulties of her parents (in the days

* *Anna Jameson: Letters and Friendships, 1812-1860*. Edited by Mrs. Steuart Erskine. (Messrs. Fisher Unwin, price 15s. net.)

before her father was appointed miniature painter to Princess Charlotte), evolving in her small mind many plans by which she hoped to help the family exchequer, while she also threw herself into her studies, especially devoting herself to languages. At the age of sixteen she went out as a resident governess, but her nervous state made the experiment a failure, and it was not until 1819 that she went as governess into the kindly family of a Mr. and Mrs. Rowles. In 1820 she met her future husband, a young barrister named Robert Jameson, good looking and agreeable. Anna was at once attracted and repelled, became engaged, broke off the engagement, but during her travels on the Continent with the Rowles family continued to correspond with him.

Her letters home at this time are written in an easy, natural style. The magnificent reality of the Alps almost "suffocated her"! She kept an exact journal of her travels in France, Switzerland, and Italy, and closely studied the Italian tongue. Her criticism of the "Venus de Medici" is interesting even in these early days; she says "that in all the casts the position of the head is stiff. Not so in the original, the whole is perfection." Her letters of 1821 from Florence and Rome show that she possessed the power of putting her pen on the high light in any pictures she describes, and subordinating all details to it, thus making her sketch vivid and interesting; to those who knew Florence and Rome even fifty years later, these letters will bring home memories that a mere guide or handbook would fail to produce. On Anna's return from the Continent she parted from the Rowles family, with the intent of setting up a school with the aid of her sisters, but want of capital prevented this scheme from taking effect, and in consequence she accepted the offer of a situation as governess in the family of Mr. Littleton, afterwards Lord Hatherton. Her mind at this time was still full of hesitation and doubt in regard to her feelings for Mr. Jameson, and for several years she was unable to come to any decision; but at length, in 1825, she decided to fall in with his constant entreaties, and they were "married at leisure, to repent in haste." She at once realised how unsuited they were to each other; from their first acquaintance she had felt this unsuitability, but his charming and affectionate letters had helped to dispel this impression, and, unfortunately, she had not the strength of mind to break off altogether from his influence.

Finding no hope of happiness in the married state, Anna turned to literature for consolation in her bitter disappointment; her first essay in this direction was *The Diary of an Ennuyée*, published anonymously as *A Lady's Diary*; in fact, her own diary of her travels and her trials, which achieved immediate success, and gave

her the *entrée* into the literary society for which she had always craved. She made many friends, who helped her though the difficulties of her position, prominent amongst them being the Proctors, whose daughter Adelaide, in later years, became a close acquaintance of the younger generation.

The Jamesons appear to have lived together till 1829, when he was appointed as puisne judge in the island of Dominica. He remained there till 1833, when he returned home for a few months before taking up a puisne judgeship in Canada. In the meantime, Anna was becoming reconciled to her life in London, incessantly active, both in writing and publishing, and daily making fresh friendships, for which she seems to have had a special gift. Anna had a strong desire to revisit Germany, and as soon as her husband had left for Toronto she set out on her travels again. She found the Germans extremely cordial, and her reception was indeed a flattering one. Her literary work was much appreciated, and a German edition of her *Characteristics of Women* was then on the point of being issued at Leipzig. Anna had brought many letters of introduction with her to Germany, and thus made the acquaintance of various interesting personalities. Ottilie von Goethe, the widowed daughter-in-law of the great poet, was one of them, and one for whom Anna ever after entertained the warmest affection and devotion; whether it was ever fully reciprocated is a matter of doubt. Through Ottilie, Anna made acquaintance and friendship with Adèle Schopenhauer and Sybille Mertens Schaffhausen, and became the intimate friend of all three. Her letters at this time from Weimar, Bonn, Frankfurt, Munich, and Dresden are all interesting and descriptive both of the people she met and the places that she visited. The following account of a thunder-storm on the Gmunden-See is worthy of quotation:—

“ Just as we had re-embarked, we saw one of these tremendous storms rolling down the valley, while the lightning seemed to dart from cliff to cliff and glided along the surface of the lake. We ran our boat in a hurry under a rock and ran up to a miller's cottage, where we found shelter. In another moment the waves were white with foam, the wind rushed over the lake as if driven by some tremendous power, the thunder echoed from mountain to mountain, and the lightning, falling on the summit of a mountain opposite, the Sonnenberg, set fire to the pines, which smoked for some hours afterwards. It was altogether a splendid scene.”

Most of these letters were written to her home people, and they express her never-failing love and care for father, mother, and sisters.

In 1836 Robert Jameson wrote home from Canada, asking his wife to join him there. Anna consented, and set sail in September of that year with a heavy heart, for she had no hope of happiness,

though she felt that by obeying her husband's wishes her future position might be better assured. It was a sad journey, accompanied by ill-weather and ill-health; nor was she met by her husband on her arrival at Toronto. The cold was excessive, both indoors and out. She writes: "Of the dreadful bitterness "of the climate I can scarcely give you an idea, and I feel it more "from the discomfort of the house in which we are lodged." She suffered much at this time from ague; by incessant work she *sent* the time away. She was in no way suited to the life; there was no society, and being on no better terms with her husband, who was in every way her moral inferior, one can imagine the misery of it all. She describes Toronto in *Winter Studies*, and no love of it guides her pen. Robert Jameson at this time was appointed Chancellor, an office for which his wife said he was eminently fitted, with a salary of £1,200 a year; but Anna cared for none of these things. Her only hope and longing was for "Home, Home, Home!"

Before anything was definitely settled as to her return, she was anxious to see a little of this New World; so, with friends, she rambled among the Red men, and saw with her own eyes the condition of women in savage life, "the first European female who "ever accomplished this journey" from Niagara to Lake Ontario, Lake St. Clair, Lake Huron. She peeped into the entrance of Lake Superior, thence passed in an open boat to the Mantoulin Island, met there a congress of 3,500 Indians, and returned in a canoe, about 250 miles, round by Lake Simcoe back to Toronto. As was her wont, Anna met and made many friends, and was received everywhere with great kindness and enthusiasm. She heard of Queen Victoria's accession while going up Lake Superior in a canoe. It was not till 1838 that she returned to England. Much delay had occurred in negotiating her separation from her husband, but at last it was satisfactorily arranged, he undertaking to allow her £300 a year and to raise no objection to her living apart. During Anna's stay in the States the American edition of *Characteristics of Women* came out, and she re-dedicated it to Fanny Kemble, now Mrs. Butler.

Mrs. Jameson's friendship with Lady Byron, which began in 1834, was renewed on her return to England, and became very intimate. Lady Byron was deeply interested in social schemes, especially in relation to women workers. Of the great number of letters which passed between them only two are preserved, owing, no doubt, to the unhappy ending of their friendship, which occurred in 1852. In the cause of Women's Rights Mrs. Jameson became acquainted with the foremost women of her day; amongst her friends were the Brownings, the Proctors, the Grotes, Joanna Baillie, Harriet Martineau, Sarah Austin, Maria Edgeworth, Mary

Mitford, Elizabeth Gaskell, and others. Occasionally, Anna received a rebuff, as in the letter given of Mrs. Austin, *née* Sarah Taylor, who felt very strongly that "All this business of women's work seems to me in a strange state and quite out of joint. They cannot and will not do their own work, and they want to do other people's. Why is this?" The improvement of education and the advancement of women was always dear to Anna's heart, and her keen interest in this cause never flagged. Her manifesto, "A profession of faith with regard to the mutual obligations of the sexes," is preserved in Weimar among the correspondence of Otfilie von Goethe, and is still of interest.

Mrs. Steuart Erskine has selected a most interesting series of letters, and her own Introduction to them is valuable, as it gives in a few words the salient features of Anna Jameson's life and work, a life so full of useful work that no time was left for repining over the past. She never spared herself, was exact and indefatigable in research, possessed "an infinite capacity for taking pains," and bequeathed to her own and future generations results which were worthy of their author. Mrs. Jameson, unlike so many writers, received instant recognition of her work. Her handbooks on art supplied a great need. As travel became easier, and interest in art developed, the demand for knowledge grew, and her accurate and solid research, combined with easy writing, appealed to the public athirst for information which was given in so pleasant a form.

Anna Jameson's life was one long study, of which she never wearied to the last, for her great series of books, which began with *Sacred and Legendary Art*, and ended with *The History of Our Lord*, on which she was engaged at the time of her death in 1860. The work was finished by Lady Eastlake.

From these letters one feels that Mrs. Jameson must have been possessed of a great charm to have attracted, as she undoubtedly did, such varied personalities, dramatic, artistic, and literary, and to have died appreciated and unenvied, and mourned by all the many friends she had been fortunate enough to have gathered around her.

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INLAND WATERWAYS.*

The inland waterways of Great Britain have hitherto been too little used for holiday and rest purposes, and at the present time, when foreign travel is difficult, many will think of exploring their

* *My Holidays on Inland Waterways: 2,000 Miles Cruising by Motor-Boat and Pleasure Skiff on the Canals and Rivers of Great Britain*, by P. Bonthron, Member of the British Motor-Boat Club. With 74 Illustrations and Map. (Messrs. Thomas Murby & Co., Bouverie Street, E.C., price 4s. 6d. net.)

own land in such brief holidays as are available. For this purpose they will do well to consult Mr. Bonthron's excellent and attractive book. Mr. Bonthron gives us thirty cruises. The routes covered show us the Thames from Thames Head to Tilbury, with tributary and creek and canal wanderings, 220 miles in all; the Grand Junction Canal and its branches give us 183 miles; the waterways from Leicester to the Oxford Canal, 57 miles; the canal from Bristol to Reading, 90 miles, the Gloucestershire and Warwickshire Canal system connected up to Oxford, 280 miles. The South of England canals give us some 180 miles of cruising, the Eastern Counties, in various trips reaching inland, over 200; the Manchester group of waterways 130, the Broads 120. Wales has the Wye, from Hay to Chepstow (100 miles), while the Scottish canals give 134 miles for cruising purposes.

The first long cruise took fifteen days, covered nearly 400 miles (in which about forty gallons of petrol were used), during which 291 locks were encountered. The first five days were on the Thames—Chertsey, Henley, Shillingford, Oxford, Eynsham, Lechlade; thence by the Thames and Severn Canal to Cirencester, Stroud, Stonehouse, and Saul; thence to Gloucester by the Gloucester and Berkeley Canal. This was on the eighth day. The party found the Severn at Gloucester, and reached Worcester the same night. The ninth and tenth days were spent on the Worcester and Birmingham Canal, in Worcester, Stoke Prior, King's Norton; thence by the Stratford and Avon Canal to Hockley Heath and Kingswood. On the eleventh day the party motored on the Warwick and Birmingham Canal from Kingswood to a point near Warwick, where they found the Warwick and Napton Canal (no one should miss Napton-on-the-Hill, where the party rested for the night). Next day they passed down the Oxford Canal to Banbury, and thence to Oxford and the Thames, within two days' run of Chertsey again. This was one of the earliest motor-boat excursions on these canals; the tourists were welcomed by the Canal Companies, and at the very comfortable and homely country inns. The quiet scenery is beautiful and restful, and though the holiday is in some ways strenuous with all the lock work, yet it is healthy, and mentally helpful in every way.

This is a practical book, and the number of tours sketched not only give a good idea of the various types of country, but full details of a very useful kind. The seven-day trip "round London" is a curiosity, and one full of interest. Chertsey to Kingston, London Bridge, Hertford (via Bow Creek), Field's Weir (and Bishop's Stortford), Ponder's End, Limehouse Cut, Twickenham, Chertsey; 158 miles and 79 locks). At one spot

on the journey the travellers found a notice threatening persons who tampered with the waterworks with "transportation." Of course, to-day with the present necessity to limit petrol to direct practical purposes, extensive canal and river tours by motor boat are out of the question, but much can be done, as these delightful journeys show, by pleasure skiffs: rowing and towing on the Sussex Arun, or the Kentish Stour, are full of joys as well as hard work. "From Canterbury to Ramsgate on the Great Stour" must be a delightful trip. Mr. Bonthron, in fact, discovers Canterbury, "a fine old type of city." However, it is unnecessary to go into the details and discoveries of the various tours. Canal touring makes us see England from a new point of view, and it will do much for the benefit of quiet old towns that once upon a time, in the palmy days of coach and canal traffic, were prosperous, and may well become even more prosperous under new conditions. Meantime, those who need and are able to get a period devoted to absolute rest, should turn to these quiet waterways and find it. If the tourist really takes up, as he should, this new method of restful holiday, the waterways of England, in so many ways neglected for so long, will revive, and this will have the effect of developing agriculture, and especially the local distribution of eggs, butter, and non-perishable vegetables. This trade needs development, and has too long been left in foreign hands.

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ANCIENT AND MEDIÆVAL PRAYER.*

Devotional works of the first rank are rarer than aloe flowers, and they spring from the most diverse sources: the personalities of St. Paul, St. Augustine, St. Bernard, Thomas Hilton, Thomas à Kempis, William Law, to name some representative devotional writers whose works persist, have very little in common, though they have a common goal. But while complete devotional works that have survived the test of use are very rare, yet individual prayers and slowly built-up liturgies have survived, and are used by thousands who have no knowledge of the date or source of the prayer or petition. Ancient liturgies are, in a sense, collections of prayers and litanies, hymns of praise and creeds, and as such can be asked to yield some of their gems for use in other lands. Mr. Plummer has built up this entirely admirable Book of Devotions from ancient and mediæval sources in the West, such as the Roman Sacramentaries (Leonian, Galasian, Gregorian), the

* *Devotions from Ancient and Mediæval Sources (Western)*. Translated and arranged by the Rev. Charles Plummer, M.A., Fellow and Chaplain of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. (Oxford: B. H. Blackwell, price 5s. net.)

Roman Missal, the *Missale Gallicanum Vetus*, and other early Gallican missals, the Mozarabic Missal and Breviary, the Ambrosian Missal and Breviary, the Old English Service Books. Mr. Plummer, in making the collection, is desirous to throw open "some of the treasures of ancient and mediæval devotion" to Church people, and to do something towards "Prayer Book enrichment." In certain cases the editor in his translations has modified prayers, mostly by omission, where the old use clashes with the teaching or practice of the Church of England, or when the length of the original devotions, as in the case of the wonderful Mozarabic prayers, is too great. Again, Mr. Plummer has put ancient prayers to new uses by alteration of season or period of use.

The volume gives us, first, morning and evening prayers to be used throughout the year, then prayers for sacred seasons and for Saints' Days, intercessory prayers, prayers for the departed, prayers for blessings, for special graces, for special occasions, and finally prayers for the use of the clergy in the course of their work. The section containing prayers for the dead or departed is historically interesting. Mr. Plummer says that "the late Dr. Ellicott, sometime Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, who certainly "was no Romaniser, once told a friend of mine that, in his "opinion, the loss of prayers for the departed at the Reformation "had contributed more than any other single course to despiritualise "the religious life of England." The fear of superstition certainly in this instance led the Reformers wrong: if the departed are alive, as is our sure and certain hope, then prayers for them are as necessary as for persons still on the earth. But prayers for the departed were open to grave abuse, and the terrible doctrine that there is no repentance in the grave was set over against the doctrine of purgatory. But though there have been no formal prayers for the departed since the Reformation, yet it is certain enough that every mourner has prayed for his or her departed not the less strenuously that the liturgy offered no help. Mr. Plummer, in the group of beautiful prayers of this type, certainly supplies a need, and no touch of superstition injures the prayer. The following prayer from the Sarum Manual is of singular beauty:—

"Absolve, we beseech Thee, O Lord, the souls of Thy servants and handmaids, our relations, our fellow-parishioners, our friends and benefactors, and all the faithful departed, that, being raised up in the glory of the Resurrection, they may live again among Thy saints and elect; through Christ our Lord. Amen."

Mr. Plummer says with respect to these prayers: "I think that

"one effect of the awful war now raging has been to make us realise more clearly our communion with the departed, especially with those who lay down their lives in this great ordeal; and I do not see how there can be any communion worthy of the name, which is not based on mutual prayer."

Mr. Plummer has added three names to the English Calendar of Saints that well merit admission:—

St. John Chrysostom, January 27, the greatest of Christian orators; St. Pancratius, or Pancras, the boy-martyr of Rome, May 12, who not only gives his name to a well-known London parish, but whose ruined church outside Canterbury is one of the earliest shrines of English Christianity; and, most interesting at the present time, St. Louis of France, August 25. There could be no better consecration of our alliance with our ancient rival, France, than the admission into our Calendar of this Royal Saint, one of the most beautiful characters ever developed under the grace of God,

'In that fierce light which beats upon a throne.'

The beautiful intercessory prayers are very notable, and it is no accident that an age which has developed the true doctrines of charity in social work should revive social prayers; such, for instance, as that for the poor: "Assist, O God, the poor, and grant Thy fatherly comfort to the destitute, that those who are devoid of earthly succour may receive divine protection"; or that for the charitable: "O God, the Rewarder of every good work, we humbly beseech Thee for those who minister to the needy from the fruit of their labours; give them spiritual riches for earthly, and for things temporal grant them life eternal." The Blessing at the end of the Service for Travellers is singularly beautiful: "May the Almighty God send His angel from Heaven, to direct His servants prosperously in the way of salvation." We hope that this Book of Devotions will be very widely used. It is an admirable supplement to the Book of Common Prayer, and contains much of the music of that famous monument of the Reformation.

SHORTER REVIEWS.

In "Leaves from a Field Note-Book" (Messrs. Macmillan, 5s. net) Professor J. H. Morgan has brought together various published papers that reflect his experiences "during the five months he was attached to the General Headquarters Staff as Home Office Commissioner with the British Expeditionary Force." His position enabled him to see things of the most intense interest for himself, and his wide literary

powers have enabled him to produce a series of sketches that bring before the reader with extraordinary vividness the experiences that our men undergo in France. The atmosphere of the war is reproduced with a skill that recalls some of Mr. Kipling's recent work. The volume opens with an account of Lord Roberts's visit to an Indian Hospital in France that should be very widely read, for it shows with wonderful vividness, not only the old Field Marshal in his element, but the passion of love with which he was regarded by the Indian Army. We see in all the changing scenes of life and death the English Tommy, the non-commissioned officers, the subalterns, and we are made to feel what entirely good fellows they are. Of the French officials we read a good deal in connection with the occupation by the Germans of a certain town. In truth, the *Maire* was a marvel of coolness, and the invaders seem, not only an army of brutes, but curiously stupid. The *Maire* in question paid a fine of 300,000 francs (imposed without reason on the town) in German receipts for goods looted—receipts which the recipients had been officially informed were "as good as gold." The General could not refuse his own Government's paper, but an order was secretly issued that the *Maire* was to be shot on the evacuation of the town. The evacuation, however, was somewhat hasty, and in the litter left behind the *Maire* found his own death sentence. This story is almost identical with one told of M. Max at Brussels. These sketches give one a terrible idea of the Prussian soldier and his gross brutality to women. Some of the stories are inconceivable, and they are admittedly quite short of other stories, but they are current and true. The following description of a Prussian officer is accurate but unpleasing: "He had high cheek-bones, protruding eyes, and a large underhung mouth, which, when he was pleased, looked sensual, and, when he was annoyed, merely cruel. The base of his forehead was square, but it rapidly receded with a convex conformation of head, very closely shaven, as though with a currycomb, and his ears stood out almost at right angles to his skull. The ferocity that was his by nature he seemed to have assiduously cultivated by art, and the points of his moustaches accentuated the truculence of his appearance. In short, he was a typical Prussian officer. In peace he would have been merely comic. In war he was terrible, for there was nothing to restrain him." The story of the Somerset lad in hospital is excellent, and the dialect quite correct; but there is one artistic flaw: the impression is left on the reader that if the gallant fellow had not been made to talk so much of his doings he would be alive now. However, perhaps this is super-criticism of what is an attractive and vivid book.

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Mr. Benjamin Burges Moore's volume entitled "From Moscow to the Persian Gulf: Being the Journal of a Disenchanted Traveller in Turkestan and Persia" (Messrs. Putnam, price 10s. 6d. net) is certainly a record of personal disillusion. Matthew Arnold, Fitzgerald, and a whole group of modern writers have woven round Nishápúr, Omar's city, and many another Persian city, a charm that is eternally irresistible; it has been left to an American traveller to show us those cities and those lands in their naked dirtiness, squalor, and uncomfortableness. But this narrative which shows us only the dregs of dead civilisation makes us understand the wonderful charm that we associate with those old musical names. Given a sufficient distance from man and the cities he pollutes, and the animals that he ill-treats, and all the magic is

there, and makes the poetic mind believe that one day all will be well again and Persian, or perhaps Russian poets, will sing once more of the rose. Peep after peep makes the poetic conception possible. We see Mashhad in the distance: "over a screen of poplar trees, a golden dome and a larger one of turquoise-blue besides a minaret." Again: "The sun having dipped behind the hills, the snow mountains begin to flush like roses, then gradually acquire a glaze of lavender that pales with the waning light. The walls of Nishápúr soon come in sight: high battlements of dried earth now empurpled by the sunset"; "Somewhere on the uninhabited plain, across which I am gazing in this quiet golden light, lay, two thousand years ago, the great city with the boastful name, Hecatompulos"—where Alexander smote Darius; "a great table-land, tinged with varying greens, lies before us. On every side hills and mountains form an amphitheatre, where Tihrán is just visible across the plain, nestling at the foot of the hills . . . the blue domes and clustered minarets of the capital grow each moment more distinct." "To-night [at Isfahán] there is a young moon, and from the terrace in front of my rooms, the Consulate garden seems a land of departed spirits. The *chinárs* stand out in rows of white, like ghosts of trees; and in the network of slender boughs just garlanded with green, a myriad of pallid stars appears enmeshed. The crescent moon floats across a tremulous sky of sapphire." All this gives some fleeting notion of the essential poetry of land that has lost its old civilisation and not yet acquired even a vestige of the new. But time will win the fight. Mr. Moore should read again Browning's *Love Among the Ruins*, and perhaps he will recover the sense of enchantment. Meantime we must protest against the preciousness of his prose. It is like late Latin. "Hodiernal Persia" is the sort of phrase we mean.

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Dr. Bernard Hollander has produced a useful if profoundly depressing book in his volume entitled, "Abnormal Children (nervous, mischievous, precocious, and backward): a book for parents, teachers, and medical officers of schools" (Messrs. Kegan Paul, price 3s. 6d. net). About a half per cent. of the population is mentally defective, and the deficiency is due to heredity from one or both parents—drunkenness, immorality, pre-birth conditions, the circumstances of actual birth, the ignorance of the mother, insufficient and improper feeding in infancy, febrile diseases, bad hygienic conditions, bad example, and defective education. Actual cases of idiocy may be said to be incapable of any notable form of education, whilst idiocy in its worst form means the total absence of intelligence. On the other hand, imbeciles are very susceptible to education, though "all the evidences of imbecility can rarely be eradicated," while feeble-minded children are capable of considerable training. They require constant supervision and continual good examples. All these classes are to be distinguished from "backward children" who "closely resemble normal children," and are to be very carefully distinguished from them. They must not have an undue volume of education thrust upon them. But, as the author shows, "backwardness" is sometimes *due* to bad and incorrect teaching, and is not inherent at all, and we are all "backward" in some direction. But the really backward child is slow in practically all booky subjects. Dr. Hollander takes us through the character defects of children—"ill temper, jealousy, vindictiveness, callousness, cupidity, bragging,

"stubbornness, impudence. . . . To cure these character defects by "moral education, we must first of all remove all that cramps the soul "of childhood. We must realise that some children need hard work "and will be saved by it, while others need rest and leisure; some are "spoiling for lack of kindness and some for lack of severity; some need "more control, some more freedom." We are then taken on to consider moral weak-mindedness. This may be due to wrong physical conditions. "Only on a sound physical basis can sound moral ideas take root." We are not sure that this is universally true. Some of the finest moral thoughts have come from men living under terrible physical disabilities. We have next chapters on nervous and precocious children and their disorders; on "insanity in childhood and adolescence," on "abnormal "heads of children and their significance," on choice of pursuits and moral education. On the whole, this is a useful book, and one making for increased national mental health.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

In "Prussian Memories, 1864-1914" (Putnam's Sons), Mr. Poultney Bigelow records some of the events and impressions of a varied life. The son of the American Minister to France during the Second Empire was accustomed from childhood to the society of courts and diplomatists. Being sent to Germany for his education, he became the playfellow of the Kaiser and his brothers, and he draws a pleasant picture of the family life at Potsdam. There are also a good number of anecdotes of William II. after his accession; but he has not seen him since 1896, and therefore makes no attempt to pronounce on his responsibility for the present war. "Towards him as a man I felt "gratitude, and for his talents much respect; nor am I conscious of "having ever uttered, in word or print, anything that could not be "repeated in his hearing, and with profit to the listener." On the other hand, he frequently expresses his detestation of the arrogance of the military class, and laments its ascendancy at court and in society. Some curious stories are also told of the brutality of Bismarck and his son. The author does not confine himself to Prussia, and he has a good deal to say of notable events of recent years beyond the bounds of Europe, such as the Spanish-American War. Some of his most amusing pages describe the shortcomings of his country's diplomatic and consular representatives. Mr. Bigelow has seen much of the world and its rulers, and, as he possesses a caustic pen, he has produced a volume which, if not very profound, makes interesting and agreeable reading.

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Mr. Hermann Reinheimer, in his volume entitled "Symbiogenesis: "The Universal Law of Progressive Evolution" (Messrs. Knapp, Drewett & Sons, Ltd., price 10s. 6d. net), continues the investigation begun in his work on Evolution by Co-operation. He defines sybiongenesis as "the mutual production and symbiotic utilisation of biological "values by the united and correlated efforts of organisms of all descrip- "tions." He declares that the secret of progressive evolution "has "always consisted in the operation of an important economic or quasi

"economic principle, such as that rendered emphatic by the results "of organised human labour." All life, he thinks, is ruled by bio-economic principles (this is almost a truism), and that the greatest of these is symbiogenesis, for it involves "a definite evolutionary path and "pathogenesis an opposite one," and this opposition leads to the destruction of the latter "whenever the respectively differentiated "organic substances meet." Mr. Reinheimer tells us, at the close of his introduction to this highly technical and very thoughtful book, that his symbiogenetic theory supports the Lamarckian doctrine or principle of orthogenesis (that is to say, progressive variation along a definite line), for "bio-economic factors provide a definite and persistent principle "for the accumulation of variations." Mr. Reinheimer makes a significant remark when he writes: "The great world-religions have "been of immense evolutionary value by laying down dietetic and "hygienic rules for their adherents to obey. Nor has science been able "to supersede their teaching." We should have thought that this was equally true of what Mr. Reinheimer call psychogenesis. The book is a very suggestive one, but we do not pretend to accept all or nearly all of its conclusions. Economics determine the course of physical life and of physical evolution: that we admit without using long and cumbrous terms. We do not admit that this law applies to the evolution of personality, or affects the goal of souls save in so far as particular economic conditions affect the life here of particular individuals. The life is more than the raiment, and this book is really a philosophy of clothes, the clothes of the soul.

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Count Charles de Souza has now issued the second volume, which he calls "the second phase" of the "strategic history of the war," entitled "Germany in Defeat" (Messrs. Kegan Paul, price 6s. net). This volume carries from the German retreat on the Aisne to the first battle of Ypres, and the end of the first great German offensive in the West. Count de Souza thinks that the Germans fell back on the Aisne only, and did not complete their retreat because of their fear of home and neutral opinion, and because of the early coming up of reinforcements. He finds a close connection between the attack on Antwerp and the rapid expansion of the Allies' left wing to the coast. This is probably sound. German tactics are fully discussed. They seem rarely sound, since they are based on wrong data. The map and plans to the book are invaluable.

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We must draw the attention of librarians to the volume entitled "Best Books of 1914 (first half-year)" (Messrs. Stanley Paul, price 4s. net), compiled by Mr. Arthur John Hawkes, with the assistance in special sections of Professors Sidney Webb, H. J. Fleure, C. Anderson Scott, C. Roberts Chapple, and by Mr. W. G. McNaught (the Editor of the *Musical Times*). It is an extremely useful and skilfully selected and classified list; mainly compiled from the monthly lists in the *Librarian*. The Dewey Decimal system of classification has been adopted, with an alternative re-arrangement devised by Mr. Hawkes. The class number according to the Brown "subject" scheme has been added by Mr. George Fry, of the Bournemouth public libraries.

NATIONAL UNITY AND THE COALITION.

IT is now a year since the Coalition Cabinet in this country came into being. About the same time Italy joined the Entente and the war took on the character and extent which now mark it. The object here is to discuss the position of the Coalition to-day and the duty of the public towards it in the light both of the war in its present phase and of the Parliamentary position. When the Coalition was formed it was formed in the interest of National Unity, and, subject to an occasional sneer by one of Lord Northcliffe's many newspapers—a sneer not to be taken too seriously—National Unity has been the agreed aim of English political organisations.

On the surface it may seem that the Coalition has fallen on evil times. Sir Edward Carson accuses the Premier of using the bravery of our soldiers at Kut and elsewhere to cover up his own follies and failures. Mr. Massingham, in *The Nation*, has been talking about Liberalism being beaten to its corner. Irresponsible writers and speakers denounce the Government on most occasions and on any or every ground: in the House of Commons itself "ginger" groups are seeking to justify their existence. The Irish disaster is used as a weapon against the Government in power when it occurred. But are these symptoms more than superficial? It will be granted that the Coalition Government is only justified if it does secure a greater measure of national unity than otherwise: and perhaps only desirable when national unity is threatened or is of special value.

First about the latter at the present time. The war is in a very different stage from that of a year ago. Blood and treasure have been poured out to an extent unequalled in history on both sides of the struggle. The area of conflict is larger than ever; the number of participants is greater; the many aspects of war are becoming more realised by the mind of Europe and America. It is not a stalemate, but it is a stage in which the staying power of all the combatants is the quality which is most thought about. There is no need to believe all, or indeed half, of the stories of Germany's economic exhaustion or those of the efficiency or inefficiency of the fleets and armies of any warring nation, but it is surely obvious

that every country engaged in the war and every country looking on at the war is more concerned than at any previous time to inquire as to the solidarity and the whole-heartedness of every belligerent nation. Any change in any one of them is now of more account in public opinion and probably, in fact, than at any earlier time. If a German Minister, for instance, resigns, everyone is agog to see what it means. Does it not therefore follow that every reason for the maintenance of national unity which applied a year ago applies with greater force to-day? If so, it applies to an especial degree in the case of England. The fortunate position of Britain, her control of the seas, her relations with her Colonies, and, as many think, her system of trade, have given to her a resourcefulness greater than that of any of her Allies. And so as time goes on, at least until the gigantic potentialities of Russia can be brought into full play, the part of England in the great Alliance becomes of increasing value. Anything which struck either our friends or the enemy as showing deep cleavage in this country and a hesitation as to leadership would be the gravest blow the Entente could receive. Coalitions of nations have generally in history been like great guns—overwhelmingly powerful when first made, but with a short effective life. An International Coalition just entering its third year cannot afford to have its vitality shaken.

If, therefore, national unity in Britain be so urgent, how is the Coalition maintaining it, and what would alternatives be likely to effect? The first duty surely is to retain the support of as much of the nation as possible for the war itself. Can anyone say that at the present moment there is any greater opposition to the war than there was at the beginning? It is certainly not so in the House of Commons. Mr. Burns maintains a patriotic silence. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is seen and not heard. There is the high-toned, attractive personality of Mr. Ponsonby, who but rarely intervenes. There is, too, the powerful but soured mind of Mr. Snowden. Who the others are it is difficult to recollect. It might be a good exercise for the historical student to find a parallel for this maintained unanimity in so long a war. The main reason doubtless lies in the issues of the war itself, but those who would appraise the Coalition must, in fairness, remember this circumstance. There is, of course, more opposition to certain methods which the Government have adopted. Compulsory service, though only brought in as the final edging of a great voluntary army, has many more opponents in the House than the war itself; and these opponents have the advantage of being led by Sir John Simon, whose lofty character and subtle mind will make him a great Parliamentarian. This group has had some, though not much, effect on the details of Military Service Acts. It does not weaken

the Government, if only because it acts as an admirable counterpoise to the devotees of compulsion as the only method, of whom Mr. Ronald MacNeill is the fugleman and Captain Amery the intelligence staff officer.

Again, too, the various statesmen who have left the Ministry, have none of them done so at the head of a great popular movement. Mr. Birrell has retired in expiation for a grave, though generous, error of judgment. Sir John Simon went on the one point of conscription. Sir Edward Carson, as far as can be ascertained, left because he wanted immediate coercion of Greece and found it difficult to work with his colleagues; and Colonel Churchill, for the excellent reason that he could not endure a sinecure. Such events do not help a Government, but, when unaccompanied by great popular support, do little to impair the Government's authority as the representative of the nation.

Why, then, it may be asked, has there been so much criticism in Parliament, and so many indications of individual members wishing to wound? Is not the answer largely one turning on the psychology of the M.P., and the conditions of Parliamentary life? In ordinary times, life in the House of Commons, for those who take it seriously, is one of constant party fighting, tempered—or shall one say relieved?—by long hours of work on Committees. This routine has gone. There is hardly any committee work. Private Bill legislation is dead, and the Parliamentary Bar has ample leisure to attend its funeral. For those members who are not in office, or on the special committees connected with the war, or engaged in local government, there is nothing to do, however experienced in business or affairs they may be. This is particularly hard on men who have deliberately chosen a Parliamentary career, and given up for it all other kinds of public or private work. The months go on, and there is little scope for their energy. No one at home grows younger during a war, and men feel, even if they are not fully conscious of the feeling, that the opportunities of their lives are slipping away. They, too, share with the people generally, the sorrows and anxieties of war, all the harder to bear, the less a man has to occupy his mind. Can it be wondered that an outlet is found, and that criticism of all kinds, and on all subjects, becomes prevalent, even to the forgetting that this is a national Government, and that the Hun is listening at the key-hole? And criticism, to be conspicuous, must be barbed. Everyone knows the story of Samuel Rogers, kind and sharp-tongued, who was asked why he always said such ill-natured things. "I have a weak voice," he replied, "and if I don't say 'ill-natured things, no one will hear me.'" The craving to be heard counts for much. Hence come many supplementary

questions, and not a few speeches, otherwise needless. Opportunities for all this come the more frequently because of the reticence appropriate to a Government in war. There is no doubt, as will be discussed later, that this has been carried too far. Much of the unrest which has shown itself, would have been allayed by fuller knowledge.

Considerations not unlike those which apply to the House of Commons, apply to the Press as well. In the Press of the United Kingdom, as in the House of Commons, nearly everywhere there has been given, and is still being given, a steady support to the Coalition Government; and here again, in the year that has passed, there has been little or no increase in the organs of public opinion which are concerned to destroy the Coalition. The *Morning Post* (which is Lady Bathurst) is quite entitled to pursue the ideal of Protection in war time, as in peace, though the rest of the world may wonder. The *Times* and its dependent newspapers (which are Lord Northcliffe) may continue now as ever to support nothing continuously, save themselves. Apart from this, the Press is behind the Coalition to-day as much as it was when the Coalition was formed; probably more so, for the early chill is off the Liberal newspapers. And this has the more significance, for information is life itself to journalism. No class of the community has suffered more from the rigours of the Censorship, and the almost chronic silence of those at Headquarters.

It is more difficult to gauge the changes in public opinion, apart from its expression in Parliament and the Press. The leisured and frivolous classes, both greatly reduced in number by the war, no doubt spend time, which hangs heavily, in denouncing the Government, and the Premier in particular. The Services as ever deprecate civilian Ministers, and civilians expand upon War Office stupidity. This is the period for freak candidates and scare-mongers, but the career of Mr. Pemberton Billing, and the result of the Tewkesbury election would hardly seem to show that alternative men or methods are gaining much hold on the public. London is probably the most feverish part of the country, and has many of the characteristics of Athens in the Peloponnesian War; but London is often curiously wrong, and every mile people get away from it the fretfulness seems to die out of the air.

As to the grounds of the attacks upon the Coalition which are made under the conditions just described, they resolve themselves into two: (1) that the Government in the conduct of the war has been slow and hesitating, and has often failed; and (2) that, in its Parliamentary programme, whatever it has done it has done too late.

In such a war as this, no matter by whom conducted, there would

be bound to happen some things to which such criticism could plausibly apply. With the machinery of government in all directions adapted to peace, to a large Navy and a small Army, there must be rents and tears and breakages when that machinery is extended and used for material in colossal excess of its usual needs. In execution, as distinct from policy, there seem to have been grave mistakes; but as the defence and explanation of these executive acts cannot be given till the war is over, the decision upon them is unattainable at present.

The defence of the Government rests on two foundations. First, as regards the conduct of the war: the whole of the Allies, so far as is known, have been kept in step, and it is not possible to point to anything planned or carried out by each Government which was done without reference to its Allies or which has not received their acquiescence and support. Much would doubtless have been done differently in a war in which England alone faced a solitary foe. Much, which on the surface seems hard to defend, can only be understood in reference to the delicate problem of neutral nations. And who can tell at present which of the successes or the failures is due to the predominant influence and judgment of which of the Entente Powers? In the result the Central Powers are faced everywhere with a ring of steel, the command of the seas is established, and neutrals grow more friendly. Are these grounds for withdrawing from the Coalition the confidence of the people?

The other foundation of defence lies in the fact that in Parliamentary matters the Government have at each step taken the country with them. The most obvious illustration arises from the Military Service Acts. On the one side it is said that compulsion is in principle a crime; on the other, that what was done last month should have been done a year ago. Is either contention true? The first is a hard saying when the nation's existence is at stake, and the analogy of President Lincoln, though pushed too far by some politicians, is relevant. The second would be a plausible criticism of this country were it really governed on Prussian methods. But those who would have liked compulsion a year ago would have had with it convulsions and national turmoil which would have spoiled its value. At every stage in this controversy, so far as it is possible to ascertain the main current, not only of national opinion, but of national desire, the Government has neither gone ahead of, nor lagged behind, the real national will. The difference of atmosphere in Parliament between that which received the first Military Service Bill and that in which the second passed is one clear proof of this.

And this was not due to any growth of Jingoism. If there be any change in these three months in the nation's temper with regard to the war, it is a change to greater gravity

and sense of responsibility, and not to greater military ardour or lust for fighting. The same defence holds good in other matters. Restrictions upon trade, the increase of taxation, the tightening of Regulations for National Defence, can only be efficacious in a country like ours when they come about at the earliest moment at which the nation is ready to receive them and the situation demands them. Those who will contend that these things have been done too late or too early have the burden of proof upon them, and one does not know where to look to find that burden discharged.

If these be the grounds of the attack upon the Coalition, those who make them may fairly be asked what they would put in its place. Is Labour to be turned out of the Government to make it more vigorous? The recent vote of the Miners' Association, the course of Parliamentary debates, the intense feeling with regard to Industrial Conscription—do not these things show that a Government without Labour represented in the Cabinet would be like a ship on a dangerous shore deprived of a lighthouse?

Are the Leaders of the Conservative Party to return to the attitude of patriotic opposition? What would be the result? A Government which neither had the strength of the Government which began the war nor of the Coalition, which would thereby be dissolved: and the Conservative Party, like the rest of the country, would have to suffer from this or take the responsibility of forcing an election, which would turn the national mind from the most righteous of wars to the most bitter political strife.

Or is the Coalition to lose its Head and its Foreign Minister, and Lord Northcliffe to be happy at last? Setting aside the fact that the greater part of the country has more faith in Mr. Asquith than in any other living statesman, that Liberalism and Labour, to say nothing of many Conservatives, would be disgusted at any alternative, could it be anything less than madness to deprive the country and the Allies of the two men who, to a greater degree than any statesmen in Europe, have all the threads of this war in their hands, and know the course of each thread from before the beginning of the war?

These three methods being put aside, what remains, or is involved, in vague talk of reconstruction? A change here and there of individual Ministers, though the reason for it does not leap to the eye, is not the dismissal of the Coalition, and the position of to-day would remain. Some ingenious people talk of calling up the second eleven. Who are the second eleven? They have no coats or cricket caps to distinguish them, and most, if not all, of those who would be described as of the second eleven by others than themselves, are the strongest supporters of the first eleven now batting. It is the simple fact that outside the Government,

while there are many able men, there are none with the combined authority and experience which the members of the Cabinet possess. There is everything to be said for Sir Edward Carson, as an advocate, and Sir Henry Dalziel is a shrewd Parliamentary, but as constructive statesmen they have still to be taken on trust. So it would appear, in view of these difficulties, to be the duty of patriotic men to support those they have to lead them at present, and not at this crisis in the nation's life to spring into the unknown. This does not mean that the Government ought to be free from constant stimulus and comment. Many things can be achieved by pressure which is not disloyal, but which is based on knowledge. The Labour Party, though the most deeply seamed of any, has again and again affected both the legislation and the administration of the Government. The Conservatives have prevented some things which their own leaders would have liked to do. Even Liberals who, as their leader is Premier, are expected to be the most docile, have not been without influence on Government action in some matters of high importance. And all parties and sections, if they are agreed, can, of course, exert perhaps determining pressure, particularly in Home affairs. It may be hoped that some such pressure will be exerted in the direction of further information for the public at large. Those who heard the speeches of Mr. Asquith and Mr. Bonar Law in the Secret Session are not likely to forget them. Some things in them cannot be said in public, but it is a thousand pities that the bulk of these two speeches are not known far and wide throughout the country and, indeed, throughout the Empire.

A point has been reached in this war when the belligerents—it is scarcely an exaggeration to say all nations—are anxious to know whether all sides of the struggle are fully considered and provided for, and that the needful intensity is maintained. It has never yet been proved, and herein lies the chief ground of criticism, that more information could not safely be given to the British public. After all, in this country, whatever happens elsewhere, public opinion is the final arbiter, and opinions are formed more easily in ignorance than they are in knowledge. Much, nay most, of current criticism of the Government is marked by short views: but in the dark the only views are short ones, for no one can see far. It is not only the people and press of Chicago who value Sir Edward Grey's opinions, expressed in an interview. English people would be equally grateful for similar food.

The fact that the Coalition is faced with no immediate alternative is no reason why this public desire should not be satisfied to the limit of safety, and why the powers of exposition which the Government possess should not be used much more than they have been.

For, if the weakness of a Coalition be its detachment from party and party loyalties, its strength should lie in the variety of its talents. It is as much Mr. Lloyd George's *métier* to stir the country as it is that of Mr. Asquith to lead it. Lord Curzon's speech to the Primrose League was a real help towards winning the war. The clarity of Mr. McKenna in his financial statements is susceptible of imitation in other departments of the State. However busy Ministers are, they cannot safely ignore their duty as spokesmen to the people as well as for the people. Only let them so speak as not to appear to quarrel.

There are reasons for thinking that the duty of exposition is now better realised, as for instance in the Air Service debate. Nothing was then said to help the enemy, but what was said helped the Government, and the discussion showed the House of Commons as an assembly which welcomed the defence and liked to think of the Government as being right. If this be so, it will remove the most plausible excuse, which, after all, is not a reason for attempting to destroy or even weaken a national Government.

Besides these considerations, there are two others which support the contention that it is right to defend the Coalition against all its enemies. The first is that arising from the state of Ireland. Whatever judgment may be based on recent events, it follows from them that Ireland ought not again to be governed by any one English party. A gleam of happy augury which attached to this tragic rebellion was that there were Irishmen, indeed armed Irishmen, of all parties concerned to put it down. That has a significance which will be lost if the restoration of order is followed by party Government. All honour to the men—Unionists or Home Rulers—who preserve by wise counsels the seed of better things which thus appears even in the midst of carnage.

The other matter is the state of things in the country, apart from political or journalistic controversy. A Coalition Cabinet is the only form of Government which really reflects what is happening in the country. There exists, and, so far as can be discovered, exists with growing strength, a real Coalition in the country among the men responsible for local government and for public affairs. It is seen, of course, in the support which all kinds of politicians and electors have given to Coalition candidates at bye-elections: it was seen the other day when, at a private but important meeting of a provincial Liberal federation, the names of Mr. Bonar Law and Mr. Henderson were received with as genuine cheers as those of the Prime Minister and Sir Edward Grey. But this only means a political alliance. The actual cohesion of classes and individuals goes much farther. Ever since the war began the tendency has been growing. The shock of the war itself drew people together.

The recruiting campaigns, which displayed those who had been opposing one another for many years now in cordial agreement, gave it much impetus. The Red Cross and St. John Ambulance work, which is all the while growing in extent, has helped this new spirit of co-operation, and helped it among women as well as men. So have the activities of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association and the Soldiers' and Sailors' Help Society, particularly where they have shown flexibility of method. In a considerable part of England the various defence and relief committees formed in view of invasion or for other reasons, have won to the notion of organising the community and acting for it in an emergency. And in the later stages of the enlistment problem the Advisory Committees and the various Tribunals have brought together responsible men who find that in the innumerable decisions that have to be made, the differences of opinion rarely, if ever, follow old lines. Alongside these public activities has been the unifying influence of common sorrows, and the interfusion of all classes in the Army reacts upon those who have to stay and work at home. These things and the absence of all elections are everywhere turning the minds of the public from controversial issues. Everywhere there is a new alignment. It began with local leaders. It has spread and is still spreading quietly and half-consciously among the rank and file. In scores of towns and counties it is the simple truth that

"None are for a Party,
But all are for the State."

The value of this re-composition of public and social activities on these new lines needs no pointing out. It obviously strengthens the country's power of endurance, and the capacity for co-operation grows with exercise. It follows that the natural expression of it is a Government which similarly combines, and let us hope will end by fusing, its various elements.

The re-establishment of any party Government would blight and probably break up this unity in all parts of these islands. It is to be hoped that this will be recognised, both by politicians who are exercising their critical gift and by the Government itself, who will feel the justice of the application of the text, that from those to whom much is given, much will be required.

W. RYLAND D. ADKINS.

PACATA HIBERNIA.

IT is the function of Ireland alternately to charm and to exasperate the comfortable inhabitants of Great Britain. What a little while it seems since those who thought of her at all thought of her with not unkindly toleration as of a somewhat troublesome child now at length growing up, who might perhaps before long be trusted, under suitable regulations, with a latch-key and with a moderate allowance for pocket-money! Mr. Synge's Plays and Mr. Yeats's Poems had become fashionable, and Irish Nationalism was beginning to be looked upon as almost respectable. It is true that with the introduction of the Home Rule Bill threats of physical resistance on the part of a section of Ulstermen began to be heard, and the imminence of civil war in Ireland to be cheerfully proclaimed in the columns of London newspapers. The arming of the North-East was followed—fatally and inevitably—by the arming of the rest of Ireland. Nevertheless, few people believed that anything serious was in the wind. My countrymen have the reputation (not more deserved, so far as I can judge, by them than by humanity in general) of saying more than they mean. "Oh, 'you Irishmen, *toujours* Ballyhooly," grunted the estimable Mr. Broadbent, as he composed himself once more to the slumber which the noise of contending factions had momentarily broken. An excellent citizen, Mr. Broadbent, but a little dull of understanding. Continued good living and a secular peace (after thirty years the incredible tidiness of the English Midlands still astounds me, as it did when, for the first time, a small and homesick school-boy, I gazed upon it from a railway carriage) are not perhaps the best preparation for understanding and ruling a poor country wherein the clash of arms has never been silent for long.

Between the two islands so near together, so necessarily interdependent, there lies a gulf deeper than the Irish Sea. A bridge may be built, but it is first necessary to know that the gulf exists. That knowledge may perhaps be quickened by the tragic events of the past month. Since the outbreak of the Great War the mentality of most Europeans has undergone a change. French International Socialists like M. Gustave Hervé have discovered that they love France before all other countries, and that the hated

French *bourgeois* is a loyal companion in arms to the French artisan. Mr. Broadbent himself, whose patriotism two years ago was rather an affair of collective self-complacency (Providence having indeed ordered the world with proper regard to his personal and national well-being), now looks on England with other eyes, more especially since that boy of his came back with the Military Cross, won "by very gallant conduct" somewhere in Flanders. For that very reason he will, I believe, be more ready to understand his enemies, even those who are of his own household.

As an Irishman I most gratefully recognise that public opinion in this country has shown a greater disposition to estimate the Irish situation at its true value, and to deal with it in a statesmanlike fashion than two years ago I would have believed possible. Englishmen, in fact, have learned to appreciate Patriotism, even when it turns against themselves. For mad, misguided, and in many respects criminal as was the late Irish insurrection, it would be a great mistake to imagine that it had behind it nothing more estimable than German intrigue and churlish disloyalty. All manner of motives, as all manner of men, were mixed together in this business. Vanity, crazy ambition, greed, played their part. So also did courage, self-devotion, and a certain not ignoble—if ill-directed—idealism. Some were caught in the net of their own past. "I have been an Extremist all my life," said one of the leaders before his execution. "When I was asked to join I knew "it was hopeless; but I had to do it."

It is more than likely that many of the rank and file had, until the last moment, no idea that anything more serious was intended than one of those armed parades which had so often been permitted in Ireland—North and South—during the past five years. Once the shooting began it must have been almost impossible to draw back, even if they had not been excited by the idea that they were called upon to strike a blow for the freedom of their country. The decision to attempt a rising on Easter Monday was only taken by the insurgent leaders on the day before; and is said to have been carried by five votes to three.

"Father," said a lad, as he lay mortally wounded in the Dublin Post Office, to the priest to whom he had just made his last confession, "isn't it a grand thing to be dying for Ireland!"

What was in the minds of the leaders? Did they really expect to win? What promises of assistance, if any, had Germany given? It is impossible to say. Their famous proclamation gives us no clue.

"Irishmen and Irishwomen!" it begins. "In the name of God and of the dead generations from which she receives her old traditions of nationhood, Ireland, through us, summons her

children to her flag, and strikes for freedom. . . . In every generation the Irish people have asserted their right to national freedom and sovereignty; six times in the past 300 years they have asserted it in arms. . . . Standing on that fundamental right, we hereby proclaim the Irish Republic as a Sovereign Independent State, and we pledge our lives and the lives of our comrades-in-arms to the cause of freedom, of its welfare, and of its exaltation among the nations. . . . We place the cause of the Irish Republic under the protection of the Most High God, Whose blessing we invoke upon our arms, and we pray that no one who serves that cause will dishonour it by cowardice, inhumanity, or rapine."

I like to think that these last words were wholly sincere, and that any crimes (over and above that of rebellion) committed by the insurgents, were the work of individual ruffians, such as all countries produce. The evidence is conflicting, as was to be expected in the confusion of street fighting. But, in the main, the insurgents appear to have fought a clean fight. This is notably the testimony of a senior officer of the Dublin Fusiliers, who was a prisoner in their hands from Easter Monday until the collapse of the rebellion on the following Friday evening.

The puzzle is, of course, to discover how any one, however ignorant, could believe that Ireland's cause would be served by shooting English and Irish soldiers and Irish policemen in the streets of Dublin, or that freedom could be won in alliance with the violators of Belgium. Yet many of the insurgents were far from being uneducated persons. Small as was their number in relation to the total population of Ireland, they yet had amongst them representatives of every class in Irish society. Of the leaders (to name but a few) Pearce was a schoolmaster; Thomas MacDonagh, an Examiner of the National University—a young man of extraordinary ability and (I am told) personal charm; Joseph Plunkett, a poet and dreamer; Connolly, a labour leader who had won his way by qualities of character much superior to his more famous associate, James Larkin; Madame de Markievicz, the daughter of a Unionist landlord, so little Irish in sentiment that in her old home the clocks were always kept to English time, though the family had been settled in Ireland for many generations. How, then, are we to account for this amazing incident? How far were the Irish people in general sympathetic to the insurgents?

To answer the first of these questions fully, one would have to go back, if not (after the manner of the old Irish chroniclers) to the Flood, at least for many centuries. I will be merciful to those (and they are many) who are averse from historical inquisitions, and content myself with a brief survey of the past fifty years, and more especially of the past five. If during that period there were many incidents which both England and Ireland regret, such a

survey is, on the whole, full of consolation and encouragement. For these years have seen the gradual substitution of a Constitutionalism for Physical Force. The era opened badly, it is true; and the years which immediately followed the Great Famine of '46 are among the blackest in Irish history. Hunger, pestilence, and enforced exile were the lot of hundreds of thousands of Irishmen, women, and children. O'Connell, that great leader who strove mightily to wean his people from the secret combinations which were at once the immediate hope and the ultimate damnation of their cause, died of a broken heart. The Young Irelanders, from whom our modern Sinn Feiners inherit whatever is noble in their ideas, broke out in despairing revolt. Private greed and public folly enforced and permitted eviction clearances upon a scale unknown before or since. Coffin-ships bore to the other side of the Atlantic a vast army of emigrants, and in the hearts of this army went an inextinguishable hatred of the country whose rulers were thought, not without reason, to be the authors of the catastrophe.

Of those who remained behind great numbers of the dispossessed crowded into the slums of Dublin to swell the mass of ill-paid casual labour. Already we can discern the origin of two principal factors in the recent rising—the Irish-American irreconcilable and the hopeless, desperate figure of the half-starved, scandalously housed, disciple of Larkinism. In the years which followed conditions gradually improved throughout the country districts of Ireland. Forced by the Land League to take the land problem seriously, Parliament from 1880 onwards passed a series of measures which have at length rooted the occupier in the soil, and have brought peace to districts in which previously discontent and agrarian outrage were endemic. There is no doubt whatever that the bulk of country people in Ireland are far more comfortable to-day than their forefathers for many centuries. Successful efforts have also been made at the instance of the Irish Party to provide rural labourers with decent dwellings; but wages both in town and country remain low, and housing in Dublin is still a reproach to all concerned. Thus, while through the greater part of the country the economic discontent has tended to disappear, there yet remain certain black spots, the natural breeding grounds of revolution. It will be found, I think, from examination that the late insurrectionary movement was largely identified with districts to which this remark applies, *i.e.*, with Dublin itself and to the ill-famed area around Loughrea, Craughwell, and Athénry, where secret agrarian societies lingered long after their extinction in the rest of Ireland.

But it would be a great mistake to seek the origin of recent troubles solely in what remains of economic discontent. Patriotism

is not the monopoly of either rich or poor; and the craving for national self-expression is found among all classes. The history of the country sufficiently explains why, despite a long training in constitutional agitation, there were still people in Ireland who believed that Irish rights could only be won by successful rebellion. The idea of recourse to physical force for the redress as well of political as of social grievances has never quite died out in Ireland. Every concession to legitimate popular demands has always tended to reduce the influence and the numbers of the physical force party: every check or refusal has tended to increase both one and the other. Four or five years ago most of us had good ground for believing that constitutionalism had won the day, and that the reappearance in arms of a revolutionary party upon Irish soil was unthinkable.

I do not see how anyone, viewing impartially the course of events since the introduction of the Home Rule Act, can doubt that the rise of the Ulster Volunteers was fatal to these hopes. It could not be expected that Irish Nationalists would be unaffected by this movement or by the benediction which it received from high quarters in Great Britain. Before long Nationalist Volunteers began to be heard of in various parts of Ireland. The first Volunteer leaders were, as the event has proved, dangerous men, and it became necessary to create a responsible executive. Mr. Redmond, therefore, proceeded to nominate a number of persons to act as members of the Volunteer Provisional Committee. It is not clear how far the two sections of that Committee were ever able to work in harmony, but events soon occurred which rendered a split inevitable.

The first of these was the landing of arms at Howth on July 26th, 1914, a landing which quickly brought the Volunteers into collision with the soldiers and police and resulted in the deaths of a number of both parties and of several ordinary citizens in the streets of Dublin. From the statement subsequently issued by Mr. John MacNeill, it would appear that Mr. Redmond's nominees were not cognisant of the projected landing. A few days later came the outbreak of the Great War. Mr. Redmond, at once, in a series of speeches, delivered in the House of Commons and in Ireland, pledged Ireland's support to the cause of the Allies. On September 26th the extremist element on the Provisional Committee, though a minority, proceeded to expel nominees of the Irish Party on the ground, principally, that "Ireland could not, with honour or safety, take part in foreign quarrels otherwise than through the free action of a National Government of her own." The manifesto published by the Sinn Feiners upon this occasion was signed by a number of persons of whom several have within the past few weeks been killed, executed, or imprisoned in connection with the recent rising. Among others we find the names

of John MacNeill, O'Rahilly, Thomas MacDonagh, Joseph Plunkett, P. H. Pearse, Eamonn Ceannt, and Sean MacDiarmada. A day later (September 27th) the following declaration was issued by the notorious physical force society, the "Clan-na-Gael":—

"To the Irish Race at Home and Abroad! We, the representatives of the Clan-na-Gael in America, in convention assembled, deem it our duty to protest against the worst betrayal of Ireland since Castlereagh sold the Irish Parliament. The action of John Redmond in guaranteeing Irish military support to England in her war with Germany, is treason to Ireland, dishonouring to the Irish race, and intended to destroy for ever the hope of Irish freedom. . . . Mr. Redmond's actions for several years past leave no doubt that this action is the result of a corrupt bargain with the English Government. . . . Daniel O'Connell's maxim that England's difficulty is Ireland's opportunity was founded on and justified by the facts of Irish history. It is equally applicable to all forms of Irish effort. England has never yet granted any concession to Ireland willingly, or because of the justice of Ireland's demand. Every such concession has been wrung from England's fears. . . . Ireland's interests would be best served by England's defeat in this war. . . . Ireland," the manifesto concludes, "must purge herself of the shame and disgrace of Redmond's treason."

In these two manifestoes we hear the voice of the irreconcilable elements in Ireland and in America. Both sections have been consistently hostile to the Irish Party and to the Constitutional Movement which it represents. Their press has continually attacked, belittled, and undermined the work of Mr. Redmond and his colleagues, and in the stormiest days of political controversy no political opponent in this country has ever used such violent language about the Irish Parliamentary Party as we can discover in one issue after another of the Separatist press. Already in July, 1914, *Irish Freedom* had written: "Mr. Redmond has embraced volunteering, but his kiss is the kiss of Judas;" and a sheaf of other extremist journals, such as the *Irish Worker*, edited by James Larkin, *Sinn Fein*, and the *Irish Volunteer* (not to mention still more obscure sheets), echoed the epithet in every number.

Sir Edward Carson, on the other hand, was hailed by these people as "The New Liberator." In *Irish Freedom* of August, 1914, I find a long article under this title, from which I take the following significant passage:—

"It was he—Carson, the Liberator—who shook Ulster from the English grasp, and wakened in the rest of Ireland the courage and the hope of freedom which had slumbered long. . . . It was he—the Liberator—who snapped his fingers at the whole boasted

British Navy, and made the British Admiralty the laughing-stock of the whole world. He drove—not the proverbial coach and horses—but a score of rifle-laden motors through a British Royal Proclamation; he laughed at English law, and marched his forces, armed, through their city, and the impotent English Government could only hold up its finger at the naughty men. Without a shot fired, the Liberator has taken his province out of the sphere of English authority. Men of Ireland, learn the lesson! England fears your guns."

Dread of conscription reinforced the arguments of the extremists. The *Irish Worker* of October 24th, 1914, contains an article headed "The Ballot or the Barricade," of which a portion reads as follows:—

"Therefore, the Militia Ballot Act, or some form of conscription, will come. Are we to make provision beforehand for a fight that will be necessary? We of the Irish Transport Workers' Union, we of the Citizen Army, have our answer ready. We will resist the Militia Ballot Act, or any form of conscription, and we begin now to prepare our resistance. Upon the Volunteers we urge similar resolves, similar preparations. . . . The resistance of necessity must take the form of insurrectionary warfare if the resisters are determined to fight in Ireland for Ireland, instead of on the Continent for England. . . . In short, it means barricades in the streets, guerilla warfare in the country."

From this time onward, the issue was clearly set between those who desired, above all things, to uphold the Constitutional movement and to throw the strength of Ireland upon the side of the Allies; and those who sought Irish freedom by force of arms in sympathy and in alliance with Germany.

Some answer must now be attempted to the second question: In what proportions were the Irish people ranged under these different flags? When the split in the Volunteer movement occurred, the total number of Volunteers was variously estimated at between 150,000 and 180,000. Of these, between 10,000 and 11,000 followed Mr. John McNeill and his colleagues, and became known as "Irish Volunteers." The remainder—some 150,000 strong—under the title of National Volunteers" remained with Mr. Redmond, and official reports show that of these close on 30,000 had joined the Army at the end of last year. It is interesting to observe that the corresponding figure for Ulster Volunteers is almost precisely the same, or 29,505 as against 29,928. When it is remembered that the Volunteers were for the most part young men, and like all young men naturally prone to extreme views, it is at least reasonable to infer that a much higher proportion of the total population of the country remained loyal to Constitutionalism. This is all the more remarkable

when it is remembered that ever since the Liberals came into office in 1906, hopes of the immediate enactment of Home Rule have been repeatedly disappointed. The Irish leaders have been obliged, time after time, in face of successive disappointments, to ingeminate patience (not an inspiring war-cry to an ardent people), and to ask for continued confidence. Happily, that confidence was not withheld, but patience was sorely tried. The omission of Home Rule from the Liberal Programme in 1906, the precedence accorded to the Insurance Act after 1910, the notable patronage extended to the Ulster revolutionary movement and to the Ulster Provisional Government, the Curragh incident, the projected partition of Ireland, the inclusion in the Coalition Government of the chief of the Covenanters, above all the enforced postponement of the Home Rule Act—all these were bitter pills for the Nationalist rank and file. In view of all this, it needed great courage for an Irish leader to tell the young men of Ireland that their proper place was in the British Army. Only those who are quite ignorant of history could have been surprised if his pleading had met with no response. As it is, though I should be very far from pretending that Ireland is without her share of slackers, and even perhaps of cowards, that country has responded nobly to the call. According to the official report furnished by the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland to Lord Kitchener in January, 1916, 126,339 men had joined the colours up to October 9th, of whom 75,293 were new recruits. By March 15th last the latter figure had grown to 97,394. It is to be remarked, moreover, that this does not include any Irishmen who enlisted while either permanently or temporarily resident in Great Britain, or of those who joined the Colonial Forces. As long ago as February, 1915, returns carefully prepared by the United Irish League of Great Britain showed that over 115,000 members of that organisation had enlisted in the Army since the outbreak of war; and I am informed that about 20 per cent. of the Colonial troops are Irish born or of Irish parentage. Taking them all together, and adding in the smaller number who joined the Navy, one would certainly not exaggerate if one put the total of Ireland's contribution at well over a quarter of a million voluntary enlistments, a number which, in any other war, would of itself have constituted a very formidable Army. Four hundred thousand is probably nearer the mark.

The disciples of physical force have now received a terrible lesson in the folly of rebellion. Once more, as so often in the past, they have put their principles to the test, and the end now, as always, has been disaster for themselves, and, if there were no other way, for the cause of Ireland. The rising has resulted in the ruin of a great part of the Irish capital, and in the deaths of many peaceable folk, including women and children, and of gallant soldiers and

policemen, shot down in the performance of a hateful duty by the hands of their own fellow-countrymen. What remains? Nothing else as I see it, but to pick up once more the threads of constitutional action and to arrive at a settlement which will conciliate Irish with Imperial loyalty. That such a settlement is possible is the conviction not merely of a few persons, but of the great body of the Irish people. It is not only that the insurgents were relatively few—hardly a tenth of the number of Irish recruits to the British Army since the outbreak of war. Even in places where Sinn Fein was known to have a strong hold, the population was definitely hostile to the rebels. Thus in Tralee, when Steck and Collins were arrested, the crowd, far from attempting a rescue (as had been feared), cheered the escort of Dublin Fusiliers with cries of "Up the Dublins! Up the King!" "That was the first time," wrote the officer in charge, "that I ever heard that war-cry in Ireland!" Similar incidents occurred in Dublin and elsewhere; and in many places Nationalists took an active part in disarming the insurgents. In Newry, Ulster and National Volunteers took turns in guarding the Post Office, and thus set free regular soldiers for other duties. But if we are to realise this hope it is necessary that all parties, and not one only, should cease to toy with the idea of armed resistance to the law, whatever it may be. It surely is not too much to expect that those who have themselves seen what warfare means, whether on the battlefields of France or in the streets of Dublin, will renounce henceforward all thought of civil strife. It is not, it cannot be, impossible to reconcile loyalty to Ireland with loyalty to the Empire. Irish soldiers at least find no difficulty about it. While the insurrection was still raging, the official report from General Headquarters in France, dated April 28th, informed us that "The day has passed quietly since the gallant fighting of the 16th Irish Division broke up the German attack delivered yesterday under cover of gas." And the 16th Division was mainly recruited from the ranks of the National Volunteers. Is the gallantry of Irish regiments in France and in Gallipoli to count for nothing? Is the free-will offering of the blood of thousands of young Catholic Irishmen to be disregarded? Must we renounce Nationalism before we can be received as Loyalists? Are Sinn Feiners to be proved right after all—or wrong only because too weak?

What has been done in South Africa and in Canada can surely be repeated nearer home. No one was ever yet a better Imperialist for renouncing the Motherland that bore him. The figure of Louis Botha is surely of the utmost significance. I do not insist further upon this, for the example is too recent to be overlooked; but it is sometimes strangely forgotten how close a parallel with Ireland

was and is to be found in the great Dominion of Canada. Two races, poles apart in character, sentiment, and tradition, two religions, Orangemen and Catholics—all the familiar features of Irish life—are to be found in Canada to this day. Yet there, as in South Africa, self-government has done its work. I was reading, the other day, a poem written by a French-Canadian named Fléchette. The poet describes for us a French-Canadian father showing to his son the English flag flying upon the vessels in a great Canadian port. This flag, he tells his son, is everywhere respected, and throughout the world brings with it, together with the commerce and the tongue of England, principles of right, justice, equality, and freedom. Then the boy interrupts him:—

“ Mon père, pardonnez si j’ose
 Mais il y a un autre, à nous !
 —Oh, celui-là c’est autre chose
 Il faut l’adorer à genoux.”

Even to-day one might find a match for these French Canadians among Irish soldiers at the Front who (as I chance to know) have many times fought their hardest—and how hard that can be, let the Germans say!—round an unauthorised flag of “rebel” green.

The late Lord Salisbury once said that Ireland needed, more than anything else, twenty years of resolute government. At the present hour I am not disposed to dispute the statement. With the settlement, wholly in principle and largely in practice, of the land question, with the enactment of many other measures which need for their success, beyond all else, firm as well as sympathetic administration, the era of direct remedial legislation has perhaps come to an end. But what Lord Salisbury failed to see—or at least feared to admit, is that Castle Government is of necessity weak government. The unfortunate Englishman who becomes Chief Secretary for Ireland is dragged hither and thither by contending British and Irish factions. He goes to Ireland honestly intending (one does not doubt) to hold the balance even—to be guided by his own honest judgment—to enforce the law with impartiality against all misdoers alike. But he quickly discovers that this is impossible; and even if some crisis in British politics—an unpopular Education Bill or a War Office scandal—does not cut short his tenure of the Irish office, he is soon driven to lean, in the everyday work of administration, upon some section of the Irish people, to the practical exclusion of the rest.

The Orangemen boycott him if he recognises in the most timid fashion that Nationalist Ireland has any claim upon him. The Nationalists will not help him to suppress the most dangerous movements even of their declared enemies—whether in Ulster or

elsewhere—because to do so would be to assist the English Government to coerce fellow-Irishmen. Nor is it the head of the Irish Executive only whose hands are tied. There is not an experienced Civil Servant in Dublin but can tell you how the work of his own department suffers through the absence of popular sympathy with the Administration. Wherever we touch Castle rule in Ireland—whether it be in relation to the land or to education, to the Poor Law, to housing, to Factory and Truck Acts, to the Volunteer movement, to the press, we discover, not its brutality (of which perhaps enough has been said), but its inefficiency.

First and last it is baffled by ingrained sympathy with the offenders against British-made law and a British-directed Executive. Certain Boards of Guardians defy the Local Government Board, certain publicans outwit the police, certain employees habitually evade the Truck and Factory Acts, in the guise of patriots resisting an alien Government. "The Jury" (or "the Magistrates"), "in spite of the evidence, refused to convict." Of course they did, and of course they will, until Irish people feel that the law which has been broken is *their* law, and that the Government which prosecutes the law-breaker is *their* Government. It is futile to lay the blame on individuals. Mr. Birrell and others have manfully shouldered responsibility for recent disasters. But, before we condemn the late Chief Secretary, let us remember that the decision to permit the original arming of Ulster was made by the Cabinet, that his policy in past years won for him the respect and affection of the great mass of the Irish people. This alone, it may well be, kept thousands from joining, or sympathising with, the insurgents. Had the Home Rule Act not been upon the Statute Book, the rebellion would assuredly have assumed much more formidable proportions. Liberalism has no need to stand in a white sheet.

The cause of Irish restlessness is to be found deeply embedded in the structure of the Irish administrative system. There is but one road to Resolute Government in Ireland, and it is the road that is called Self-Government.

H. LAW.

SWEDEN AND THE BELLIGERENTS.

INSULAR PSYCHOLOGY AND CONTINENTAL MENTALITY.

ONE of the many disadvantages of our insularity is an almost invincible incapacity to understand the genius of foreign peoples, to divine their deeper instincts, and to discern the obscure and devious ways in which they work. And in statesmen whose function it is to transact the international business of a great Empire this is a serious and at times a fatal drawback. Experience has taught us bitter lessons on this subject already, and it is to be feared that we have not yet paid her fees in full. To be just to our political leaders, it should be said that they seldom make an effort to divest themselves for a moment of the ideas, emotions, and traditions that swathe their minds in order to breathe the mental and moral atmosphere in which other peoples live and move, and to look at things through that unfamiliar medium. They are content to guess the motives to which those people are impressible, and to gauge their actions just as though they were dealing with Britons. Inherited peculiarities, national temperament, prevalent ideas, the tone of moral feeling, and transient waves of prejudice and passion all go for nothing in the estimate on which our statesmen's judgments and actions are based. And as a result the end in view is generally defeated by the endeavour put forth to achieve it. In this way we misunderstood Germany, Austria, Bulgaria, and Greece, and we continue to remake the Swedes as we remake all Continental peoples, after our own image and likeness, and to blame them for their deviations from the type. The notion that under such conditions our professional negotiators can ever hope to touch the soul-stops of other people so as to harmonise them with our own, is preposterous.

The Swedish people are high-souled, warm-hearted, sentimental, and impulsive. Physically hale and robust, lovers of free air, and socially hospitable to a fault, they differ from the German in their distrust of the abstract and the vague, and in their love of individualism. Despite a certain vein of sentimentality, their feeling is mostly for concrete fact. In this, too, they differ from

their German kindred, that they can afford to live in the present, instead of breaking down its limitations, evolving a new future out of morbid conceptions, and seeking to realise that and impose it upon the world. Their aims are generally commensurate with their means, and they feel that they can best compass them by dealing with the stuff of national life in an orderly way, by toilsome endeavour, respect for the bounds set by circumstance and avoidance of eruptive fervours. And yet they are permeated with a quick, almost aggressive spirit of dignity, which feels and resents a slight as though it were a blow. For their history is an inexhaustible source of honourable pride, which in normal times bears itself with quiet dignity; but in moments of national emotion like the present, when all the lesser States are puffed up by a sense of their own importance, it is liable to assume forms which we mistake for frowardness and petulance.

THE DRIVING FORCES OF SCANDINAVIAN POLICY.

When taking stock of the present attitude of the Swedish people, of their inarticulate hopes, their avowed fears, their obvious interests, their political currents and fleeting passions, we would do well to bear constantly in mind three or four facts which shed a helpful light upon much that might otherwise be obscure. Thus the embers of what one might term for lack of a better word, Imperialism, or a striving after a predominant place among the Scandinavian States, have never been wholly extinguished in the country. They have been kept aglow now by imaginative poets, now by ambitious statesmen and monarchs, since the days of Charles XII., bursting once and again into a mild flame, but never into a consuming fire. But they have never been tended by more than a small group of visionaries.

Another point worth noting is the lack of cordiality in the past among the three sister Kingdoms, owing largely to that hankering after hegemony which inspired the policy now of the one, now of the other, from the day when the Danish Queen Margrethe, by dint of craft and casuistry, united all three nations under her sceptre down to the year 1810, when another Danish monarch* attempted to achieve the same feat. That this yearning for Imperialist ideals and its consequences on the reciprocal relations of the three peoples have not yet wholly vanished, is evident to all who are conversant with current Scandinavian politics, as affected by German intrigue. But before appreciating the force of this striving for over-lordship as an active factor, one would do well to weigh the influence of the political bodies in whom it is incarnate. And here one should

* Frederick V.

be especially careful to distinguish the Swedish nation which, if mostly inarticulate, is shrewd and practical, from a few demagogues whose voices are sonorous, but whose sphere of influence is bounded by a few electoral constituencies.

Fear of Russia is a third element which has continually made itself felt in Swedish politics, ever since the days when Gustav Wasa's sons gave battle to the forces of Ivan the Terrible. The westward movement of the Tsardom, slow as that of a glacier, but continuous down to the beginning of the nineteenth century, was watched by the Swedes with anxiety bordering on terror. With the annexation of Finland to Russia it apparently subsided. For it was felt that Finland would thenceforth act as a buffer State between the Slavs and the Swedes, and the tranquillising conviction gradually spread among the people that Russia's destinies were leading her to the Far East and the Near South-East, rather than to the countries of Scandinavia. As a matter of fact this fear of the Tsardom was never wholly shaken off; it persisted in a latent state. It only needed a cleverly directed effort to revive it, and this was supplied by the historian Hjärne* and concretised by MM. Fahlbeck and Sven Hedin, who a few years ago conjured up the phantom of Russian aggression, and stirred Swedish patriotism to its unplumbed depths.

Lastly, it should not be forgotten that in all former crises the decisive factor used to be the Crown. This is so true that it has aptly been said that the history of Sweden is the history of her kings. As a matter of fact, the political and social ordering of the country was in all essential aspects mediæval, down to the close of the first half of the nineteenth century, when the first constitutional reforms were introduced. These, however, being relatively slight, failed to satisfy the population, which is one of the most highly educated in Europe, and therefore thoroughly qualified for the task of self-government. That the bulk of such a people should be refused a vote, as was still the case after the reforms, seemed an anomaly to the late Karl Staaff, the most influential and constructive statesman in the country. His untiring efforts, and the support he received from the Socialist and Liberal parties† secured universal suffrage, tempered by proportional representation, and the first elections on this basis took place in 1911.‡ It follows, therefore, that the destinies of the country are no longer in the hands of the Crown or a Court party, as in former times, but in the keeping of the

* An eminent Professor of History at the University of Upsala.

† The Conservatives also extended the suffrage.

‡ They resulted in the return of 101 Liberal supporters of Staaff, sixty-three Socialists and sixty-four Conservatives.

people, who, despite a puissant element of sentimentality, is characterised by shrewdness, moderation, and a love of peace. And this is a factor of considerable moment, although it should not blind us to the circumstance that even in democratic countries war is still made, not by the bulk of the nation, which is everywhere inarticulate, but by a minority, which lead or mislead it.

THE ORIGINS OF ACTIVISM.

The so-called activists—a small but trumpet-tongued minority—would fain see their people work out its destinies by “blood and iron,” under the aegis of Germany. They form the extreme wing of the group known as “Young Sweden,” a school of politicians created by the Swedish historian Harald von Hjärne, who in some respects resembles the German von Treitschke. His historic works, the outcome of assiduous research, poetic vision, and patriotic purpose, have considerable scientific value. Through them he diffused a pleasing lustre over the far-resonant deeds of Sweden’s heroes, without doing violence to fact. But the breadth of outlook and historic judgment, which impart scientific value to his writings, are somewhat warped by national bias, and by the unconscious habit of measuring European events by their influence on the destinies of his country. He succeeded in exerting a puissant influence over the intellects of the rising generation, and fanning the embers of national ambition which material interests appeared to have choked out. In a word, it was he who prepared the ground for that very partial revival of Imperialist cravings which the events of the past two years, coupled with German influence, have hardened into activism.

One of the first concrete results of this endeavour to draw Sweden from the enjoyment of idyllic quietude into the whirlpool of European politics was the reorganisation of the army on the basis of universal military service. The measures directed to this legitimate end were at first partial and inadequate, nor could any urgent plea be derived from the international situation, in favour of more strenuous efforts. It was not until the secession of Norway and the proportionate weakening of the forces available, that the subject was agitated with vigour and tenacity by the Conservatives, who at the election of 1911 were defeated by the Liberals and Socialists combined. On this a cry of alarm was raised, which resounded through the length and breadth of Sweden, compelling even Staaff to bring his policy more nearly into line with that of his political adversaries. Pamphlets and books were issued from the press calling attention to the imminent danger of invasion that threatened from Russia, and making appeal to the

patriotism and self-abnegation of the people. The enthusiasm and extravagances of national passion were thus evoked, and the ideals of Charles XII. readjusted to the requirements of the peasants of Jämtland and Dalekarlia. The people eagerly subscribed over a million sterling for a cruiser to be added to the Navy. Thirty thousand peasants were brought to Stockholm, where they marched in procession to the royal palace and besought the King to make adequate military and naval preparations. Gustav V. delivered a brief allocution, which caused the resignation of the Liberal Cabinet, whereupon the agitation spread throughout the length and breadth of the land.

SWEDEN'S PRESENT LEADERS.

Since the outbreak of the European War, Sweden has been governed by a non-political Cabinet, under the Premiership of Professor Hammarskjöld, a scholar deeply versed in juristic lore, the cord of whose political programme is made up of deftly twisted legal concepts, international treaties, and conventions. His idea of neutrality would seem to be that its application should be as spontaneous and free from outside constraint as its origin. The Government ordered a partial mobilisation on August 2nd, 1914, but made it clear that the unique object of the measure was the maintenance of neutrality. Since then it has not perceptibly swerved from this attitude, despite certain fitful appearances, which occasionally served as texts for sharp strictures on the part of the *Entente* press. The Minister of Foreign Affairs, Herr von Wallenberg, is a financier of high repute, in whom the national spirit of chivalry and loyalty is strong and active, and whose conception of latter-day politics reposes upon a sound acquaintance with realities. In his professional sphere it has been his good fortune to render lasting services to his country, and indeed to all Scandinavia, which will be fully recognised when the ebullition of the moment has subsided and the entire nation becomes alive to the necessity of adjusting desires to power, and weighing doubtful profit against ruinous loss. His views of the international situation, even when they differ from those prevalent among ourselves, are generally determined by true insight into the elements that compose it. As far back as March, 1914, he gave it as his opinion to a friend of mine that the friction in the Near East would within a brief span of time culminate in a European war. A firm believer in the law of cause and effect, he treats politics not as an amalgam of unfruitful theories, dangerous speculations, and poetic tinsel, but as the art of the possible. And there are few politicians in King Gustav's realm to-day who have a surer eye for what is

possible for Sweden, or a more ardent desire to see national interests preferred to chimæras than her present Minister of Foreign Affairs.

Another of the prominent men of the country is the leader of the Socialists, Hjalmar Branting. He is typical of the people who, since universal suffrage was placed on the Statute-Book, are supposed to rough-hew their own destinies. Moral courage, a strong sense of justice, and communicable social enthusiasm are among the qualities that have won for him a powerful influence over deputies and people. His public activity has been marked by traits which invariably go together with successful leadership: initiative, originality, tempered by manly considerateness and a capacity for readjusting, and therefore subordinating party tactics to national requirements, and the shifting conditions of the democratised State. His field of observation has been broadened by a knowledge of foreign tongues, and personal intercourse with the leading men of Europe. His acquaintance with the working of democratic institutions wherever they are established enables him to sift the essential from the accidental bearings of the problems to which they give rise. The view he takes of his country's interests, and of her international relations during the present crisis is in all material respects identical with that held and expressed by the late Karl Staaff. Herr Branting's public utterances are replete with that shrewdness and sound sense, which popular orators scorn as homely and ambitious statesmen find elusive.

Those chiefs and their political followers are profoundly convinced that they could not render their country a better service than by working to keep it out of the war, and they seem firmly resolved to discharge their task. Among themselves they differ as to the scope open to them within these limits for practically recognising certain claims put forward by the activists for the utilisation of the present conjuncture in order to set the country on a higher pedestal. And it is the bye-play resulting from efforts in this direction which has occasioned the friction, so often deplored, between Sweden and the Allies. The subject is too delicate to be dealt with in a few paragraphs. It is more important to remember that the impulse which those men have in various degrees contributed to Sweden's neutrality has been intensified by other healthy influences, under which the Parliament and the main body of the people seem to have definitely ranged themselves. In the Riksdag the great majority of deputies are for quiescence, and the Cabinet itself, which is often supposed to be amenable to other and less favourable influences, has credibly declared the aim of its policy to be the observance of neutrality, combined with the

legitimate pursuit of national interests and the due maintenance of national dignity.

But it would be a mistake to account for this resolve by ascribing it to a recent change in the national temper. The instinct of the Swedish people has been essentially right throughout the crisis, because its orientation was towards solid facts, and its sympathies went with social and moral progress. All that has really happened is that a cloud of misapprehensions has lifted, and the issues have become unmistakable. The distrust of Russia craftily sown by German agents and spread abroad by their unsuspecting Swedish dupes has been largely dispelled, and the elements of the political problem have thus been freed from the adventitious tangle of falsehood with which they were ravelled.

YOUNG SWEDEN'S IDEALS.

This tangle, however, has been only partially unravelled. The activists are still on the war-path. This group is composed of restless politicians, some of them high priests of science and men of letters, idealists, and poets with the idealists' faculty for illusions, who dream of a resurrection of the Sweden of Charles XII., honestly believe that the hour for realising it is now striking, and deem it a sacred duty to arouse the nation to a sense of the necessity for immediate action. And with that amazing benevolence of judgment which characterises most day dreamers, they picture to themselves the German people as the generous elder brother by whose side the Scandinavian race may rise to a higher place among the nations, and receive a more momentous mission than any to which it has devoted its energies since the days of the Wasa Kings. The means by which these representatives of Young Sweden would attain their ends are an alliance with Germany, to be straightway cemented by a declaration of war against Russia. They are not merely encouraged but incessantly egged on by a host of touts from the Fatherland, and clever authors of articles, pamphlets, and books.

The Activists constitute no new phenomenon. New only is their vigorous agitation for war. There have always been Activists in the country, because at no time did the dream of a Great Sweden, leader of Scandinavia, and champion of the northern branch of the German race, cease to be cherished. Its form had undergone changes, and the means of attaining its aim, as well as the number of its champions, varied with the shifting political conjunctures. Formerly it was to be realised with the help of England and France. To-day it is to be worked out through an alliance with Germany and Austria. But in the past whenever

the moment for action came, the spectre of a great Power, formidable and vindictive, rose up as an insuperable barrier to the onward march of Sweden's forces. That Power was always Russia. And its paralysing influence was ever irresistible.

Even in relatively recent times the embers of Swedish Imperialism never wholly ceased to glow. Bernadotte's son, Oskar I., who was born in France, pursued the Will o' the Wisp of Swedish hegemony in Scandinavia, and would fain have accomplished his design with the help of Prussia's enemies. His son, Karl XV., was the clumsy continuator of this policy, which was vigorously championed by his Minister Manderstrom. Again, during the Crimean campaign, Sweden steered straight for the same goal, prompted by Napoleon, whose diplomacy in the early part of his reign deserves a higher tribute of credit for sagacity and resourcefulness than it has yet elicited. It is worth noting that it was against German attacks that Napoleon and Queen Victoria's Government undertook to guarantee Sweden by the treaty concluded in 1855. But even then Russia was reckoned the most dangerous of Sweden's political enemies by the classes who ruled the country, and so strong was this feeling that the moment Russia's hands were tied by the Crimean campaign, a movement was set afoot in the country to get the Government to declare war against the Tsardom. And although Sweden had proclaimed her neutrality, she was within an ace of abandoning it. Nay, more, those who have made a minute study of the politics of that time aver that if hostilities had not come to a close when they did, Sweden would have joined the Allies.

There is no doubt that the motive derived from fear and hatred of Russia was reinforced by the hope instilled by Napoleon into the mind of the King of Sweden that the hegemony of Scandinavia would be part of his own and his country's reward. There is still on record a long letter of Queen Victoria to Lord Palmerston on this subject, in which she gives a masterly analysis of the ingenious moves by which the Emperor had drawn the Swedish King into his web.

SWEDEN, RUSSIA, AND THE WESTERN POWERS.

Again, in the year 1864, the Swedes were burning with desire to take up arms in defence of Denmark and implicitly against the Tsardom. Volunteers in relatively large numbers quitted the country to fight against Prussia. The Activists, disappointed and angered at the slowness of the Government, smashed the windows of the Premier's house. This anti-Prussian movement had the sympathy of the French and English Governments, but lacked their

material support. When the responsible statesmen in Stockholm pressed for something more helpful than oral encouragement and vague prospects, they had to content themselves with an unsatisfactory promise and acts which contradicted it. The French Minister in Stockholm, apprising his Government of these factors, wrote: "In case the United Kingdoms (of Sweden and Norway) cannot abstain from succouring Denmark by sending her their armies, they will have to adopt precautions to shield themselves from Russia. The King entertains no doubt that this Power, in case of war, will be the ally of Germany, and in especial of Prussia, on whom it will lavish every possible assistance. And what that would mean is undoubtedly a stroke aimed against Stockholm or even against Schöner, where the Russian fleet might create a useful diversion against Denmark's allies. By way of parrying this thrust, his Majesty intends, he told me, to ask the Emperor to dispatch a French squadron to the Baltic."*

Two things are worth remembering in connection with Sweden's foreign policy in recent times. One is the paralysing fascination exerted on the country by Russia. To the Swedes the Tsardom loomed large as an ever-present overwhelming danger which there was no available means of displacing, but which it behoved the nation, if ever efficacious agencies should appear and a favourable opportunity presented itself, to dislodge without hesitation or delay. The constant tension produced by this everlasting dread and deferred hope made way for a tremendous reaction, the moment when Russia, at bay in the Crimea, seemed weak enough to be assailed by Sweden in alliance with France and England. And a like state of mind has been induced by this war in a number of inexperienced men of easy faith in the working out of grandiose possibilities for their country, whose imagination, broken loose from reason, has voyaged through strange seas of poesy alone. Another remark which may not come amiss is the curious circumstance that one of the ingredients of the motive laid before the Swedish people for abandoning their present well established and flourishing status and embarking on a military campaign against the world-Powers has been, and still is, the hope of acquiring the overlordship of Scandinavia. Too little attention would appear to have been paid to the germs of self-destruction which lurk in this chimerical scheme. However powerful the Swedish nation may feel itself, as compared to Denmark and Norway, it is not powerful enough to drive such a three-in-hand if the two side horses are spirited and jibbing. The mere suspicion that any such design

* Cf. Gustav Johanson, *Schweden's Stellung im Weltkriege*. - *Deutsche Monatsschrift für Politik u. Volkstum*. 3 Jahrgang, Heft II., p. 1,313.

is harboured by King Gustav's Ministers would be bitterly resented by Danes and Norwegians, who to-day are eager to live and work in close amity with the sister nation. And as Swedish hegemony constitutes one of the aims prominently set forth in the programme of the Activist Party, the meetings of the three monarchs at Malmö and in Copenhagen may be regarded as a pledge that no such wild goose chase is contemplated. Lastly, it is a fortunate circumstance that at the present conjuncture the feeling of the country is no longer prescribed by a privileged body or class irrespective of the wishes of the population. For the people's representatives to-day have a strong sense of the iron limitations set by human progress in general and by Scandinavian culture in particular to antiquated schemes like that of hegemony, and of the other precious boons attainable by war.

SWEDEN'S SYMPATHIES AND ANTIPATHIES.

King Oskar, who ascended the throne in 1871, changed the trend of Sweden's policy and brought it into line with that of Germany. At first a Francophil, he conceived an ardent love of German literature, and through the writings of Lessing, Herder, and Goethe, the unobtrusive influence of his accomplished consort, Sophie of Nassau, and the personal ascendancy which the first German Kaiser obtained over him, he was gradually converted to Kultur. It is fair to say that among Swedish "intellectuals" German propaganda had already made considerable headway. At the Universities, in the army and among the clergy, the admirers of German methods and organisation were many and enthusiastic. The ease with which educated Swedes read German, the steady inflow of German books and newspapers into the country, the influence exerted by the youth of the nation who finished their University studies or received their military training in Berlin, all contributed to the result which must now be accepted as one of the elements of the situation.

But over against that must be placed the anti-German sentiment of the progressive part of the population, which is mainly concerned with the well-being of the community and the strengthening of social ties. Sweden is largely Socialist and Liberal, and therefore hostile to militarism in all its manifestations. The democratisation of the country, the ensuing changes in its social ordinance and the remarkable industrial and financial development it has undergone, have cut deep into the politics of the population. Hence the impress of German influence is confined to certain sections of the "intellectuals" and merchants, and even there it hardly reaches below the surface. The gospel of blood and iron and the worship

of force are discredited among the masses, who have been taught by their leaders to gauge social values by a truer standard than that which latter-day Germany is wont to apply. Moreover, in this connection we should remember that individualism has a much stronger hold on the Swede than on his more Southern kinsman. To the former progress is an ethical, rather than a biological, conception. The fallacies and cynicism, which are ingredients of German militarism, are repudiated by the bulk of the Swedish people.

None the less, the impression made by the Activist Party on foreign visitors to the country is profound and lasting, because out of all proportion to their real influence. They are responsible for most of the war-books published since the opening of hostilities. And some of these are written with a keen eye to the temper of the people for whom they are composed, and with a view to stirring a certain order of emotions in their souls. One of these works is an argumentative, well-written, and suasive plea for war. Composed by a number of Swedish professors and politicians who preferred anonymity to dubious fame, it was published in June last year over the title: *Sweden's Foreign Policy in the Light of the World War*. Favourably reviewed as a powerful plea for a political thesis, it became so popular that six editions have passed through the press since then. In Germany it was not only lauded to the skies, but translated by a native, who gave to his countrymen rather a different title.*

THE PLEA FOR BELLIGERENCY.

The object of the writers who acknowledge allegiance to one or other of the Parliamentary parties, including the Socialists, was to demonstrate the dangers of neutrality and determine the country to insist upon war. The anonymous authors are bent not merely on moving the reason of their readers but on stirring their passions. They are not dialecticians only, dealing with a purely political problem, but fervid apostles of German Kultur in all its forms. According to them the present international situation is fraught with dangers to Sweden, but it also offers a unique opportunity not only of removing these, but of assuring a glorious and prosperous future to the kingdom, which should not be allowed to lapse unutilised. Politics, history, poetry, sophistry are the strands of which these anonymous politicians have twisted a rope to serve as a bond between the two branches of the Germanic family. The dangers which they discern may harden into calamities or be

* *Schwedische Stimmen zum Weltkrieg-Uebersetzt u. mit einem Vorwort versehen, Von Dr. Friedrich Stieve.*

transmuted into sources of greatness and well-being, according to the attitude definitely assumed by the nation. Neutrality which connotes listlessness and passivity will plunge Sweden into perilous ordeals from which she cannot emerge without being scathed or ruined. War means movement, progress, and the revival of the golden age of Swedish history. It purges the nation's soul of the dross that has gathered round it during a long peace. All that is needed in order to free the land from the dangers that menace it, and to harvest in the good things that are awaiting it, is an animating faith in Sweden's star and a grim resolve to plunge into the bloody maelstrom.

For one thing—and on this point exceptional stress is laid—participation in the struggle against Russia would liberate the Swedes from a horrible and continuous nightmare, and bestow upon them the necessary tranquillity for the cultivation of the arts of peace. This consummation is now feasible. Sweden is economically strong and well equipped, her army was never better organised or more amply supplied with the wherewithal to carry on a severe campaign, and her finances are literally flourishing. Intervention at this stage of the hostilities could not but be successful, because it would turn the scale in Germany's favour. Russia, it is true, still possesses an army, but she lacks organisation. Her land forces, whenever pitted against those of the Central Empires, have been signally defeated. Her fortresses have fallen, her richest provinces are occupied by the enemy, whose command of the Baltic is unquestioned. Germany's next move against Riga, with Petrograd as its ulterior goal, will coincide with Sweden's last opportunity to participate in the war and establish her claim to a high place among the builders of New Europe, and to the highest among the States of Scandinavia. With Russia there must, we are told, be no compromise, until she is so far weakened territorially and militarily that her impotence becomes Sweden's guarantee against future aggression.

"Geographical axioms and historical experience have impressed upon us, Swedes, the fact that we have but one vulnerable side, that which is turned eastwards, and only one adversary who is bent on taking our life, namely, Russia. Nor should we forget to add that between ourselves and Russia there yawns the same abyss which sunders the Germans from the deep-sunken Russians. We belong to the Germanic race, we are participants in the highest culture to which mankind has risen. If Sweden can be said to possess any aim in the hierarchy of nations, it consists in the duty of protecting this race and this culture in the threatened North-Eastern front. Viewed from the higher angle of vision, we have no choice. It is not within the

"compass of our rights to shrink back at sight of the intruding half-culture, not even if pusillanimity should whisper that this is the only issue practicable. We may not and will not take the way which Finland pursues, constrained by circumstances."

"For those reasons every compromise with Russia has been *a priori* eliminated from our programme ever since the storm between East and West was unchained. We must take our place on the side which is opposed to Russia, and this for our own sake, for the sake of Europe, for the sake of the human race."

"This general cultural standpoint, which springs from our common German blood, points of itself to that place beside the Central Powers which is also indicated by our own general situation. But there are special circumstances, over and above, which rivet our destinies to those of Germany. Like ourselves, Germany possesses coast lands on the Baltic, and Germany, like ourselves, has grown up together with Russia. Germany, therefore, is liable to the same pressure as ourselves from the East, and has the same interest that we have in the freedom of the Baltic. . . . It follows that Germany must, for her own sake, take an interest in our fate. For a Russia which occupied both shores of the Baltic would threaten Germany on a new front, and drive her into an unbearable position. Consequently, it is not only blood kinship but also interests of a purely egotistic nature that have formed the basis for a perfectly natural brotherly relationship between Germany and Sweden in the present formidable crisis."*

GERMANY IS THE FRIEND, RUSSIA AND BRITAIN ARE THE ENEMIES.

One of the numerous arguments adduced in favour of pooling Swedish and German interests, which down to the reign of the late King Oskar were looked upon as incompatible, is derived from the transformation of Germany from a Continental State into a World Power, whose future is on the water. By the creation of a puissant navy, Germany, it is contended, changed the European situation radically, and together with it the interests of Sweden. To-day she is mistress of the Baltic, and therefore in a position to further check or hinder the natural development of Sweden. The construction of the Kiel Canal, which enables her to move her ships from the North Sea to the Baltic and *vice versa*, trebled the power of her Navy, which was further increased by the annihilation of Russia's squadron at Tsushima in the year 1905. Sweden therefore has no choice, even if she had the will to deliberate. This position of

* *Schwedische Stimmen zum Weltkrieg*, pp. 15-16.

constraint, we are told, was pithily put in a speech delivered before his constituents in the year 1914 by Deputy Ryden, when he said: "Sweden is capable of maintaining her neutrality against all—with the sole exception of Germany." And Sweden's duty is now all the more clearly prescribed that her former so-called friends, France and Britain, who, it is alleged, invariably abandoned her in the moments of her direst need, are now-allied with Russia, with whom they are bound not only by treaties but by vital interests.

When one inquires in what respect these Powers have sinned against Scandinavia, imagination, usurping the place of prosaic history, makes answer. And the British nation will be astonished to learn one of the counts in the indictment. It is that Great Britain fostered the Norwegian revolutionary movement which culminated in the breaking up of the Union. The circuitous, and one must add crooked, methods by which the anonymous authors of the work under consideration seek to give this impression without producing evidence or probability, subjects one's belief in their good faith to a very severe strain. "King Edward," they tell us, "differing in this from Waldeck Rousseau, was desirous of bringing about far-ranging changes in Europe. It may remain undecided whether on this account the severance of the Union is traceable to the simple fable that a button was pressed in London whereby King Oskar lost his Norwegian throne."* But at least forty years must lapse, they prudently add, before the secret documents lying in the archives are allowed to shed a true light on the underhand doings of the eventful year of 1905.

Germany's success in the present war, coupled with Sweden's experience in the past, testify to the scant reliance that can be placed on France and Britain as protectors of the lesser European States. The alliance of these Powers with Russia renders all co-operation on their part against Sweden's secular enemy nugatory. Indeed, this alliance would alone suffice, without any contributory motives, to drive a wedge between the leading Scandinavian State and the two western allies. Britain's meddling in the Norwegian revolution would have had for its only intelligible object the isolation of Sweden and the exposure of Norway's ports and Sweden's backland to a Russian invasion. Nor has the mischief stopped here. "The price, or perhaps only one of the instalments of the price, which Russia has bargained for in return for strenuous help towards the defeat of Germany is *obviously* England's consent and co-operation to bring Russia to the open sea. . . . As England has thus conceded European Russia's move to the sea, how can she withstand the forward movement of the Russians through Scandinavia, once the way over Constantinople remains

* Op. cit. p. 74.

"closed? During this war it has been proved that it would have been of great advantage to England if Russia had had possession of Narvik, for in this case the difficult transport of arms and provisions between England and Russia would have been greatly simplified. Against an attempt therefore by Russia to realise by force her claims in Northern Scandinavia, the present situation, in virtue of the political considerations that spring from it, condemns England to impotence, not only now while the war is still raging, but also during the peace negotiations."*

If one inquires what are these Russian claims on Northern Scandinavia of which so much is made, or on what occasion Great Britain undertook to second the Tsardom in its imaginary endeavours to enforce them, there is no answer, not even an evasive reply. These are fabrications which, because indispensable as groundwork to the new political structure, must be accepted as axioms. The British reader knows what to think of writers who thus deliberately have recourse to expedients of insinuation and assumption in order to produce an effect, but so too will the Swedish nation, which is urged to sacrifice its blood and treasure and risk its future on the strength of them.

As time is pressing and events are gradually shifting the balance between the belligerents, what the occasion now requires in the judgment of the Teuton is that passion should burst into flame and Sweden be drawn or driven into the war by Germany's side. This result has not been obtained by the suasion and sophistry of her Swedish friends or her own agents. Far from that, the aureole which at first encircled the Activist movement has paled perceptibly, and some champions of the group have entirely lost their popularity. For the nation has been brought to see the true nature of the issues and the direction in which its interests lie. The plain, unsophisticated nature of Herr Branting's plea for neutrality, backed by the Riksdag, has given a seemingly irresistible momentum to the policy advocated by these leaders and approved by the Government. Hence provocation of a concrete kind is the contrivance that seems to promise the largest measure of success, and is, I am assured, about to be resorted to.

GERMANY'S DESPERATE EFFORTS TO DRIVE SWEDEN INTO WAR.

A rising is being fomented in Finland. It is to be organised on a scale sufficiently large to seize the imagination and stir up the sympathies of the Swedes. Coupled with stories of Russian repression, embroidered with perverse skill, it might, it is fancied,

* Op. cit. p. 43

act as an effective stimulus. But here, as in so many similar cases, the Germans misread the psychology of the foreign mind. Between Finland and Sweden lies an impassable gulf. For more than a century the two countries have been sundered, and the changes which have since taken place in each are such as to keep them divorced for all time. The Finnish language,* for example, has been steadily cultivated to the detriment of Swedish, and the governing classes, who for centuries have been Swedes, are now Finns almost to a man. Nor should it be forgotten that the Finnish population numbers about three millions, as against 360,000 Swedes. Lastly, it is worth remembering that the Finns would be the first to protest against their incorporation in the Swedish realm, and that neither the Swedish Government nor the Swedish people harbours the faintest wish to annex them.

Another promising theme is the fortification by Russia of the Åland islands, against which a protest was made by means of an interpellation in the Riksdag introduced by Professor Steffens. The first impulse to this resumption of the Parliamentary offensive was imparted by General Rappe, who published a pamphlet on the subject, urging that by fortifying the islands Russia was violating a solemn treaty, and endangering Sweden's neutrality. He called for the immediate neutralisation of the islands. The facts are simple. Russia was bound by the Treaty of 1855, to which Sweden was not a signatory, to abstain from fortifying the islands, which constitute a commanding naval position in the Gulf of Finland on the way to Petrograd, and are also very near the Swedish capital. It is quite true that the Treaty of Paris prohibits the construction of strongholds and defensive canals on the islands, and that a technical breach of that treaty has been committed. It is also true that when the Russian Government was negotiating the Baltic compacts in 1907 the Ministers of the Tsar refused to renew the clause in question, as I then pointed out when dealing with the subject. It cannot, of course, be contended that this refusal did away with the treaty obligation. On the other hand, it may be taken for granted that Sweden will not, in any circumstances, brook the fortifying of a group of islands so near to the Swedish capital.

But Russia is aware of these facts, and is minded to accommodate her action to the principles underlying them. She has no intention of running counter to the spirit of the Treaty of Paris, nor does her action constitute a breach of it. Permanent fortifications will not be constructed in any of the 280 islands of the group. During the present war, however, the Russian Government had to choose between leaving the archipelago free for the Germans to occupy

* The Finns belong to a race which is akin to the Esthonians and the Magyars.

and fortifying it on their own account. And they cannot fairly be blamed for having decided on the latter course. Moreover, it may be taken for granted that the Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs consulted with King Gustav's advisers before resorting to this measure, and gave satisfactory assurances respecting the object, nature, and duration of those defences and Russia's resolve to respect the servitude attached by treaty to her occupation of the islands. Parenthetically, it may be remarked that in all classes of the Swedish population people who have taken an active interest in this matter are desirous of seeing the Swedish Government admitted among the signatories of the treaty which concerns them so nearly. As it stands at present the covenant was signed by the Great Powers alone.

To sum up, Sweden's position in Europe to-day is superlatively enviable. She is militarily strong and universally respected. Her national defences are incomparably superior to those of any other nation with the same population. Industry is flourishing. Trade is brisk. The finances are established on a solid basis. Her relations with Norway and Denmark are more cordial than they have been for generations. And the pivot of the policy which has won for her this exceptional position is peaceful progress in normal times and neutrality during the war, combined with the maintenance of national dignity.

To launch out upon a campaign against Russia, Great Britain, and France would, in these circumstances, be worse than a gambler's throw, because there is no available prize to counter-balance the certain loss and the possible risks. Even if victory were assured, its fruits would be but as dust in the balance when compared with the sacrifices at which it would have been purchased. For to quote the answer which Professor Fahlbeck, who is no friend of Russia's, returned to the question why Sweden, having completed her military organisation, does not intervene in the conflict: "One cannot begin war without possessing, first, a reason for declaring it; and second, an aim in waging it. And we lack both. For both reason and aim should in this case be palpable; not general ideas which the common people cannot understand."*

E. J. DILLON.

* Gustav Johanson: *Schweden's Stellung im Weltkrieg*. Cf. *Deutsche Monatsschrift für Politik u. Volkstum*, 3 Jahrgang, Heft. II., p. 1,322

SECRET OR CONSTRUCTIVE DIPLOMACY.

THERE is a general belief that if only there were open diplomacy wars would cease or would be very much rarer than they are; and there is a general hope that a sequel to peace, when it comes, may be the end of secret diplomacy. Those who so think and hope can recall instances in which differences between nations, trifling at the outset, have grown in darkness and silence to dangerous proportions, in which quarrels over matters of small consequence have become the subject of acrimonious controversy between Chanceries, and in which a spirited policy, really opposed to the wishes of the people, or unknown to them, has been pursued. Screened from criticism, not obliged to answer searching questions, or to give explanations at short intervals of the condition of a particular controversy, a Minister may be actuated by the best intentions, but may be ignorant of the dangerous forces which he is unchaining. The history of diplomacy is largely the history of two very different, but equally unfortunate, policies—one of drift, and another of an anti-national character, such as brought about the "Cabinet" or dynastic wars of the past; both policies dependent upon secret diplomacy.

Those who find fault with it do not, of course, ask that every word communicated by an ambassador to a foreign Chancery, every document passing between the two countries, should be at once made public. That might prevent useful communications and defeat attempts at compromise. It might sometimes mean a breach of faith. What would be folly or worse in transacting private business would not be wisdom in public matters. Bismarck, justifying secrecy, said you do not in buying or selling a horse tell a blabbing talkative friend the highest figure which you mean to give or the lowest which you will take; no more does the diplomatist. And even those who do not regard the analogy as quite apt, who do not think that the main business of the diplomatist is to be as hard-mouthed a bargainer as an astute horse-dealer, do not want full publicity at all stages. They desire no binding engagement, no entangling alliance, no honourable understanding entered into, no supreme committal made without Parliament being consulted. To do so much would be only to continue what has been

already done. The majority of the arguments for secret diplomacy are those once used in favour of secret treaties, now as rare as they were once common, and in favour of withdrawing all treaties from Parliamentary control; which is less and less the case even in countries where nominally and theoretically the Crown possesses the treaty-making power.

It would seem to be a law of development that treaties pass through stages similar to those of legislation. At first both are the declaration of the will of irresponsible power. In a second stage the latter is the result of deliberations publicly conducted before popular assemblies; and it would seem a natural development that treaties should one day be adopted under similar conditions.

The great practitioners of the art of diplomacy have left many memoirs in which they unfold the secrets of their craft and the objects they had in view. It would seem as if they were compelled by some inward impulse to confess publicly the inanity of much of their labours, for the insight which we get into them is not to their credit. The golden age of diplomacy is often said to have been that of Louis XIV. and Louis XV. In many memoirs, for example those of Corberon and Blondel, we see the system which then existed at work. The aims of its adepts were distinct. They were sent abroad to outwit the rivals of their masters, to spy into State secrets, and, as far as safety permitted, to stir up and foment strife which might be useful to their State. And to attain these ends they were to stop at nothing, to be *agents provocateurs*, to bribe, to lie, to circulate false rumours, to open letters. Ambassadors might be only tolerated spies.* They had often lighter tasks. Their masters looked to them for the *chronique scandaleuse* of the Court to which they were accredited. These diplomatists—pupils of the Richelieus, Mazarins, and foxy statesmen of an earlier age—were succeeded by men who had larger aims, if they were not restrained by more scruples. The representatives of secret diplomacy of last century—the Metternichs, the Pozzo di Borgos, the Nesselrodes, the Brunnows, the Gortchakoffs—aspired to be astute and *débonnaire*, to be perfect courtiers and men of the world, brilliant in *salons* and masters of epigram, proud to be the authors of *mots* which made the tour of Europe. They were children of the eighteenth century; masters of a refined politeness; keeping, as one of them said, the “perfume of the grand siècle.” It was not amiss if they had a famous *chef* and a delicate palate. They might be deaf to the muttering of coming revolutionary storms. But they were the first to hear a piquant bit of scandal. Secrecy they deemed

* Here is a description of one of the most famous of them: “Son physique manque de distinction, on sent, on voit, on reconnaît lui le conspirateur.” For a keen criticism of modern diplomatists, see Dostojewski’s *Politische Schriften*, p. 267.

essential.* The opinions of outsiders, those who were not at the centre of affairs, they deemed worthless. Some of them were far more than adroit, fluent phrase-makers, or bedizened eaves-droppers. Among them were men of great acuteness, perhaps genius. No one can read Metternich's Memoirs without perceiving the signs of greatness along with littleness. He was artificial, full of affectation and self-sufficiency. He was dependent upon his henchman, Gentz, for his ideas, and upon the weakness of his Imperial Master for his long-continued power. But he had the European outlook; he had before him an ideal to be carried out, not confined to the country which he served, and a settled plan of action, and he foresaw the dangers confronting the *régime* which for some-thirty or forty years he defended. Nor can one study the proceedings at the Congress of Vienna or the negotiations in 1831 as to the severance of Belgium from Holland without being impressed not merely by the skill of Talleyrand, but also by his foresight and resourcefulness.

I refer to more modern diplomatists only to say that among them have been many men of the highest character and varied attainments. The Clarendons, the Hudsons, the Elliots, the Dufferins, the Lyons, the Moriers, the Waddingtons, the De Broglies were worthy representatives of any country, actuated by a sincere desire for peace and with an aptitude for maintaining it. For good and evil the telegraph has abridged their power. Still it has been much for us—in the long run a fact of great value—that this country should have been represented by English gentlemen whose veracity was unquestioned, and that the worst fault generally found with them was that the policy which they represented was unstable and incalculable.

Of open diplomacy in the full sense there are few modern examples. To see the system at work we must go to ancient communities: to the Greek Republic, to Athens in particular, where treaties were discussed with complete publicity. Enough is known of Athenian politics to illustrate the dangers and drawbacks of the system, some of them perhaps inseparable from publicity. Noisy and ignorant braggarts and flatterers, cunning performers with attractive catch-words, had much power in the Agora. If everywhere secret diplomacy has shown grave defects, if it is responsible for a multitude of wars, democracy has had everywhere its defects; its liability to sudden impulses, its susceptibility to passing waves of emotion, its proneness to listen to flatterers, its readiness to cry "*nach*

* "Un nombre restreint de représentants, de commis, conduisaient ou préparaient les négociations, et un profond mystère, jugé propice et indispensable au succès de leurs combinaisons, enveloppait d'une ombre impénétrable le travail des Chancelleries." M. Herbette, Preface to *Les Grands Traités Politiques*, par M. Albin.

"Paris" or "à Berlin" or "Remember the Maine."* Only it is to be remembered that the most obvious faults of democratic communities may be really owing to there being not enough of publicity—to the fact that the public are rarely admitted to confidence as to the course of diplomatic proceedings until negotiations have entered the danger zone, when an appeal is made, not to their judgment, but to their patriotism and passions. The best safeguard against these failings may be greater and earlier publicity. Who can doubt that, if in the eventful closing fortnight of July, 1914, a dozen representatives of each of the peoples now at war had met at The Hague; if the documents disclosed after the outbreak of hostilities in White, Orange, and other official papers, or still hidden in the archives at Berlin and Vienna, had been before the assembly; if the issues had then been openly and fully debated; if the offer made by Sir Edward Grey had been known throughout Europe; if there had been time to take the sense, not of War Ministers, eager to get in the first blow, but of the countries affected—who can doubt that war would have been averted? Darkness and hurry were needed for the catastrophe. Such are the opportunities of a military camarilla. And may one not also doubt whether, if the worst had come to pass, full publicity notwithstanding, it would have been possible to circulate with much effect even in Germany lying legends as to the countries and men responsible? Darkness and hurry are favourable to falsifying the record as well as to mischievous decisions.

Secrecy in diplomacy has become really greater than it was a quarter of a century ago, not from more reticence on the part of Ministers, but to a large extent from the decline in permanent interest in foreign affairs. The number of Members of Parliament who have studied closely and who follow carefully all the movements of foreign politics is small; I am told that it shows no sign of increasing, but rather the contrary, from the absorption of attention in home matters, of which only, as a rule, electors take heed. To such students of foreign affairs as Sir Charles Dilke, Mr. Grant-Duff, Mr. Otway, Mr. Butler Johnstone, Sir H. Drummond-Wolff, and many others, who in the 'sixties and 'seventies were conversant with foreign countries, there are no successors. Were a Congress summoned this year to consider questions comparable in importance with those which came before the Vienna Congress, or the Paris or Berlin Conference, it might be hard to find outside official ranks men who had long watched and reflected much on international problems. Foreign affairs have ceased to belong to party politics, but they have ceased also to have interest.

* "Governments are generally for diplomacy; peoples for war." Earl of Lytton's *Letters* 1., p. 161.

One fact may bring about a rapid change. The old ways of doing business might, recent experience notwithstanding, be still possible if the Dominions were ready, willing, and bound to accept without question the decisions of the Home Government as to peace and war and other incidents in the intercourse of nations. The time for that has passed, and no one wishes it to return. They must be treated, if there is not to be a risk of severance, as partners between whom there must be full disclosures.

In some form open diplomacy must come. Lord Palmerston, often cited as a practitioner of secret diplomacy, deprecated treating it as an occult art. "The time for that has passed away. Those who" thought the contrary belonged to an obsolete and exploded school." But whether secret or open, diplomacy could not be all that it ought to be, the art of preventing or settling differences among nations, of promoting and ensuring friendship between them. More is needed than a change in the mechanism of diplomacy. It may well be that there should be a Foreign Affairs Committee, composed in part of members of the Opposition, and with functions somewhat similar to those of the Foreign Affairs Committees of the United States. It may also well be that there should be at short intervals a general review by the responsible Minister of the foreign situation, and the liabilities which we have incurred. Perhaps the diplomatic profession should be less exclusive than it has been. Much more seems wanted than a change in methods or mechanism. In the first place is needed that which has not always existed—wise diplomacy—one with purpose, insight, and perception of the problems awaiting solution, of the forces at work, and of the dangers ahead; forethought and knowledge continuously applied to affairs to which they have been applied only intermittently. What is also needed is diplomacy marked by consistency, a virtue possessed by the great past masters of the art. It might be to them a game; but they knew the rules and generally observed them. Their policy might be no more than pushing the interests of their country at the expense of others; or it might be upholding mechanically, according to their light, the balance of power. But they knew their prescribed line, and others knew it also. What is still more needed, more difficult to define and to obtain, is a constructive diplomacy; one which, endeavouring to guide the forces at work, will seek to promote durable settlements of the multitude of questions which, when peace comes, will confront statesmen. What are to be the claims, some already formulated and others imminent, of unsatisfied nationalities? Is our best policy as to this to have none, but to be guided by the impulses, circumstances, and interests of the moment? Are we to contract our treaty obligations and to enter into no more

entangling alliances? Are we to trust to the wisdom or moderation which may everywhere come with general exhaustion at the close of the war? Is Cobden's policy still the best? Or are we to continue to do what for centuries we have done, to seek to preserve the balance of power by alliances varying from time to time? It may be wisdom in domestic affairs to have a policy, and in foreign to have none. But to decide that is to decide much.

One thing affecting the answers to these questions has been made very plain by the war. The sharp distinction often drawn between the conduct of domestic affairs and that of foreign—the belief that the ordinary citizen need not trouble himself about the latter but must leave them with confidence to experts—cannot well be maintained. The shots fired at Serajevo in 1914 count in the life of everyone in these islands for more than all the incidents which have occurred therein for many years past. It has become much clearer than it ever before has been that foreign affairs are every citizen's affairs; which fact also is inconsistent with the maintenance of secret diplomacy. I would emphasise the need of constructive diplomacy, and the opportunity for it at this time, such as there never before was. There has often been talk about the solidarity of European countries, their interdependence, and their forming a family of nations. There have been many projects of the "federation" or "confederation" of Europe, or a "league of nations." They have usually proceeded from dreamers—in more than one instance, it is true, from a dreamer on a throne. But to-day for the first time statesmen and men of affairs, weary of interminable anarchy, are among the dreamers of such dreams and believers in their fulfilment. Projects for leagues or unions of States, for organisations which will put an end to it, are propounded by men who mean what they say and have power to give effect to what they mean. The Prime Minister, eighteen months ago, spoke of—

"A slow and gradual process, the substitution for force, for the clash of competing ambitions, for groupings and alliances, and a precarious equipoise, the substitution for all these things of a real European partnership, based on the recognition of equal rights, and established and enforced by a common will. A year ago that would have sounded like a Utopian idea. It is probably one that may not, or will not, be realised either to-day or to-morrow. If and when this war is decided in favour of the Allies, it will at once come within the range and, before long, within the grasp of European statesmanship."

A few days ago Mr. Balfour, speaking upon much the same theme, said: "If in our time any substantial effort is to be made 'towards ensuring the permanent triumph of the Anglo-Saxon

"ideal, the great communities which accept it must work together. . . . What is needed now, and will be needed as long as militarism, is the machinery for enforcing them (good resolutions); and the contrivance of such a machinery will tax to its utmost the statesmanship of the world." Of many expressions to the same effect by men of eminence in the United States I name only one, signed by Mr. Choate, Dr. White, Mr. Root, and Dr. Murray Butler, which urges "a new departure in the establishment of justice as the rule of international relations." "Definite rules of national conduct should be agreed upon, and a court of competent jurisdiction should be established to judge of national conformity to those rules, and new sanctions should be provided to compel respect for the judgments rendered." To attain these objects, or even a substantial part of them, neither secret nor open diplomacy will suffice. A change of some sort in diplomacy will come. It can scarcely be possible—Humanity would seem to merit its fate if it were—that once again a handful of men should meet, in a room at Potsdam, and there decide that the lives of millions of men were to be sacrificed. Whether the change will come about by some blind irresistible force, bringing after it fresh convulsions—say by some simultaneous action on the part of the workers of the world, "the people realising its own power and conscious not only of its interests but its ideals"—*—or whether there will be an orderly and gradual advance along the lines which the statesmen whom I have quoted suggest, depends upon the application of constructive diplomacy.

JOHN MACDONELL.

* *Aristodemocracy*, p. 6, by Sir Charles Waldstein.

NEW PARTITIONS OF POLAND.

THERE have been seven partitions of Poland up to the present time—three fundamental partitions of 1772, 1793, and 1795; two Napoleonic, of 1807 and 1809; that of the Congress of Vienna in 1815; and, finally, the Cracow one of 1846. At the present time new partitions are in view.

1.

From the Russian side the proclamation of the Grand Duke Nicholas, addressed to the Poles on August 14th, 1914, formally pronounced against the principle of partition. It proclaimed that "the dividing frontiers will fade," and "Poland, free in her faith, language, and government, will again unite into one body under the sceptre of the Russian Emperor." A general statement thus widely construed *ipso facto* necessitated an interpretation delimiting its character. But the interpretation practically upset the whole sense of the proclamation. Indeed, it was promptly and incontrovertibly explained by the Russian commentators—all at one in this respect—that the proclamation obviously did not refer to either Lithuania or Ruthenia, *i.e.*, the Western Provinces of the Empire, nor to the District of Chelm, which was permanently excluded from the Kingdom of Poland in 1912.

In the meantime, another proclamation by the same Grand Duke was addressed to the Galician Ruthenes on August 18th, 1914. It had a considerably greater practical importance than the Polish proclamation, in so far as Lwow (Lemberg)—the gate to the Balkans and Constantinople—was and is immeasurably more important for official Russia than Poznan (Posen), the capital of Posnania (Posen). This second manifesto told the Ruthenes that their country "being an inheritance of Saint Vladimir and an estate of "Iaroslav the Osmomysl, Princes Danilo and Roman . . . and "constituting the crowning chain in the work of the Grand Duke "Ivan Kalita," was to form a direct part of Russia proper. (" . . . "it will be incorporated with the one great indivisible Russia.") It meant the severance of Eastern Galicia and the final sanction for

the exclusion of the Chelm District, as similarly belonging to the said "inheritance." As regards Posnania (Posen) the Russian military operations did not reveal any indications of an intention to bring about the realisation of such a conquest, doubtful from whichever point of view it was considered. A leading member of the Russian General Staff openly declared as early as the end of 1914 that the conquest of Posnania (Posen) must be considered as an object "which cannot be conveniently accomplished strategically" and is not desirable politically."

On the Prussian front Russia made only one attempt—and this under pressure of her Allies: Eastern Prussia, together with Königsberg, was attacked. It was once in history a Russian prize, from 1758 to 1762. But even this venture was unsuccessful, because it was an improvisation forming no part of the Russian plan. The old and meditated effort of the Russian arms was successfully delivered at the Austrian front, and gave them practically the whole of Galicia.

The new Russianising administration at Lwów (Lemberg) immediately adopted the Kieff system of Government. The real war aims of Russia with regard to Poland, which had been nearly accomplished by the end of March, 1915, with the capture of Przemyśl, were defined by one of the leading Russian Ministers of State in the following sentence: "The two new districts of Lwów (Lemberg) and Przemyśl—in accordance with, and following the precedent of the Chelm District—will be added to the nine Russian Western Districts; the other two new districts, that of Cracow and Tarnów, will be joined to the existing nine provinces of 'the Vistula region' or, eventually, to a self-governing Kingdom of Poland."

Through an eighth partition of Poland thus conceived, the present Polish *status possidenti* would have been altered from bad to still worse. It would have meant for Poland the loss of the greater part of Galicia and of a considerable part of the Kingdom, from which—it was conjectured—the district of Suwalki and a part of the Sandomierz District, in addition to the Province of Chelm, might have gone to Russia; it would also have meant the final sealing of the fate of Lithuania. Such a tendency to partitions, under the cloak of a solemnly promised restitution, was in agreement with the peculiar attitude of the Coalition towards the Polish question. For the Allies, the Polish question—contrary to its real nature—was simply an internal Russian problem and not an international question. This attitude, in conjunction with the varying fortunes of the Eastern war, was opening the door for all possible combinations in partitioning Poland. Such was practically the situation on this side until the summer of 1915.

II.

The Austro-German side did not yield a single step on the principle of partition. No formal concessions were ever made. This attitude became negatively apparent in the first Austrian proclamation to the Poles of August 9th, 1914. This curious document raised serious doubts as to its real authors, addressees, and subject matter. Published by the Austro-Hungarian military authorities, it spoke on behalf of the allied Emperors and armies, but it bore no personal signature. Addressed to the Polish nation, it was intended "for the Poles also" (*auch*), beside "all the inhabitants of Russia." It promised to "open treasures of spiritual and economic wealth," but it contained no single reference to the regeneration of divided Poland. The whole text was so grossly disproportionate to the exigencies of the moment and to the hopes reposed in the only monarch who for half a century recognised the rights of the Polish nation in his province, that at first the proclamation was looked upon by the population of the invaded Lublin Province as a Russian invention intended to prejudice them against Austria.

Other indications of the fundamental attitude of the Dual Alliance soon followed. The Cracow resolutions and manifestoes of the Polish Club, issued on August 16th, 1914, did not contain, *i.e.*, they were not allowed to contain, any definite references to the prospects of a Polish restitution. In the oath of allegiance prescribed for the Polish Legions on August 18th, 1914, there was no room for the word "Poland." One had to wait until September, 1914, for a proclamation issued by a Prussian General to two districts of the kingdom in order to discover an obscure half-phrase hinting that the Poles "will regain political freedom." Even in the solemn exchange of speeches which the Galician Marshal began on behalf of the Polish nobility with an address to the Austrian Emperor on January 19th, 1915, there was no mention of Poland and her regeneration, but only of "the defence of our faith and civilisation" and "our country" (meaning Galicia). This significant silence clearly indicated a tendency for partitions on this side also. The Austro-Germans, exactly as their opponents, had no clear—nor, indeed, any—agreement concerning the solution of the Polish problem; hence arbitrary combinations and possibilities of partition alternated in accordance with the varying fortunes of war.

Napoleon I., before embarking on the Moscow Expedition, concluded a secret agreement with Austria providing, on the basis of compensation, for a union of Galicia with a future reconstituted Poland. Germany, who regards herself as being now, to a

certain extent, in a Napoleonic situation, had not had nor has she at present any fundamental agreement with Austria concerning Poland. It was inevitable that this should give rise to discordant situations. At the very beginning of the war Prussian diplomatic quarters in Vienna sounded certain Polish Deputies and publicists as to some vague "Prussian Poland," with the port of Libau, &c. At the same time Prussian military circles approached certain Polish magnates in Cracow with the suggestion of trusting Prussia, of sending deputations to Berlin, &c. The attempt was probably unauthorised and in all likelihood had no other origin than the clumsy zeal of their authors. In any case they tore through the dark veil and revealed the absence of any preconceived Austro-German plan for Poland. The problem on the side of the "two Emperors" was further complicated by the different attitude of Polish public opinion towards the two partners; it was unfriendly towards the Prussian expropriator of Posnania (Posen) and grateful to the Austrians for the gift of Galician autonomy. Meanwhile the Russians progressed in Galicia, and the Germans in the Kingdom of Poland; while the Austrians were being driven out of Poland altogether. Thus the centre of gravity of the Polish question as between the two Emperors was being finally removed into the Prussian camp.

For Prussia two alternative and more advantageous partitioning solutions were always present to supplement her actual holding of 1815. They were, the third partition and the frontier of Knessebeck. Both were based on enlargements at the expense of the present Kingdom of Poland. The former solution existed in fact from 1795 until 1806, and consisted in a division of the kingdom between Prussia and Austria, with the exclusion of Russia, the Prussian share being Warsaw, Kalisz, Piotrkow, Plock, Lomza, Suwalki, and the Austrian Kielce, Radom, Lublin, and Siedlce. The latter, the Knessebeck frontier, was brought forward by Prussia in 1813, and renewed in 1831 and 1863, and it consisted in a similar partition of the kingdom along the lines of the Rivers Vistula, Pilica, and Narew, but this time between Prussia and Russia, with the exclusion of Austria. After the Austrian reverses of 1914, the first solution was obviously out of the question. But, in spite of the ill-success of the first Warsaw offensive, Prussia had by that time occupied the north-western part of the kingdom, with Lodz, and was thus able to establish in January, 1915, a permanent civil administration. The new Germanising administration at Lodz immediately adopted the Posen system of government. . . . At the same time the Austrian retirement from the Polish territories reached its farthest limit.

At that time, then, at the beginning of the spring of 1915,

it was the second Prussian solution which had the greatest chance of realisation, a solution based more or less on the Knessebeck frontier line, with this important correction in Russia's favour—which (incidentally) was demanded by Nicholas I. in his time—that her Galician "frontier" should be extended. Such was the situation on this side until the summer of 1915.

III.

The break through the Russian front, the recapture of Przemyśl, Lwów, and of practically the whole of Galicia, the conquest of the entire Kingdom of Poland together with Warsaw—all this accomplished by the German arms with the co-operation of Austria, has created a profound change. Conditions have arisen under which a solution of the Polish question along the lines of the third partition has been made possible. Indeed, a division of the zones of occupation has taken place, which closely reminds one of the Austro-Prussian delimitation of 1795, with certain differences in favour of Austria in the district of Piotrków, and in favour of Prussia in the district of Warsaw and in Podlasia. Otherwise this division has partly assumed hideous proportions, running, *e.g.*, along the Warsaw-Vienna trunk line, or separating the town of Czenstochowa from its monastery of Jasna Góra. The fanciful Austro-Prussian frontier of the end of the eighteenth century has similarly crept up to Warsaw itself. A similar antiquarian stamp is borne by certain rival tendencies of the two civil authorities in respect of the tariffs set up between the two zones, as well as of passport arrangements, certain legal enactments, &c., &c. One feature has predominated—as usual—over all others: the Polish host was set aside, the Polish Legions were prevented from entering Warsaw; neither were the Poles allowed to form a unifying Polish administration, *e.g.*, such as Napoleon I. called into being on taking possession of the country under conditions similar in principle. Generally speaking, the partitioning spirit of 1795 has revived in these various administrative and delimiting measures of 1915.

The further Austro-German military advance, however, produced a new change, almost a reversal of the situation. The captures of Brest, Kowno, Grodno, and Wilno followed each other; Courland and part of Volhynia and Lithuania were conquered. The entirely new situation had no known precedent in the history of partitions. More than one quarter of a million square kilometres of Polono-Russian conquest was in the grip of the two Emperors, mainly in that of the German Kaiser. Only one part of it consisted of the Kingdom of Poland, the second being Lithuania. It

undoubtedly facilitated the apportioning of the divisions between Austria and Prussia, as it is easier to share out a fatter prize.

Even were a portion of the Baltic Provinces to remain in German hands, then the East Prussian coast line would be considerably lengthened, and this coast line has proved to be vulnerable now, as much as it was during the Seven Years' War. Thence the necessity would arise of a buffer in Lithuania. Lithuania suddenly became for Germany—for Prussia—a strategic object exceeding even Poland in importance: Lithuania had also the advantage of being more susceptible to German colonisation on account of a lesser density and greater variety of population. Entirely new conceptions began to be formulated in order to discover how best to enlarge the German politico-economic sphere of influence in this direction, and to gain permanent security against a Russian revenge. At first, various proposals gathered strength, and then detailed schemes were launched, which openly aimed at the annexation of the larger or proper Lithuania, or at least of the districts of Suwałki, Kowno, Grodno, and of part of the Wilno district. Hand in hand with such schemes, and more intimately correlated with them, a kind of a "Northern Balkan" policy began to be promulgated, with the object of creating a wall of small, and heterogeneous political units, which would stand up against the great Russian frontiers. Thus something of a Balticum, of a Lithuania, and of a Ruthenia would have come into existence, each in an ill-defined State formation, each under German rulers, but all of them mutually antagonistic and neutralising the force of the Russian pressure.

Amongst these various new creations room would be also found for some kind of a Polish State. It would be a state greatly crippled in any case. It would be threatened by the loss of the frontier districts stretching from the Sosnowiec minefields up to Podlasia for the purpose of "rectifying" the Prussian frontier; by the loss of Suwalki district for the benefit of the Prusso-Lithuanian new formations, or of annexation pure and simple; by the loss of the district of Chelm, together with Eastern Galicia, in favour of the Ukrainian new formation. At the same time the fate of Lithuania would be sealed, as it would in some form or other pass into the German grip. All these consequences are similar from every point of view to those which had to be drawn previously in the case of Russia. Thus is revealed the complete similarity of all the partitioning conceptions.

Meanwhile, however, these vacillations prevent a final conclusion. The fate of the Kingdom of Poland remains at the present time undetermined absolutely, either in relation to itself as a unit, or in relation to Galicia, Posnania (Posen), Lithuania, or finally to Austro-Hungary or the German Empire. It is even not

clear what part of the Polano-Lithuanian conquest is to form, according to the Chancellor's phrase, a "pledge" (*Faustpfand*) returnable to Russia, and which other part is to remain as a permanent acquisition. Hence it remains doubtful what is the intended Polish division for Russia, which before the war had possessed over 60 per cent. of the entire population of the Polish Commonwealth, and more than 80 per cent. of its entire territory, while even now having lost all the population she has kept almost half of the territory.

All such changes are obviously dominated by the course of military events. But the trend of political thought and intention towards Poland which manifests itself in the various camps of the partitioning Powers is of primary importance. This trend of thought up to the present follows mainly the ancient, but superficially modernised, lines of partitioning conceptions. It occupies the attention of Austro-German and also of Russian influential circles. This is the old path which led the world to this war; it will not provide a way out of it. This way will be found in the only possible opposite direction—through a Poland really new born, strong, vigorous, and healthy.

POLONUS.

THE BEGINNINGS OF THE ANGLO-FRENCH ALLIANCE.*

I.

AS nearly as possible fourscore and four years ago there were very much the same coming and going of distinguished personages, English or foreign, between London and Paris, as from time to time the newspapers announce at the present day. The July Revolution of 1830 in Paris had been followed by that Whig Reform Act in London which was to mean "red ruin and the breaking up of laws," because, as the polite world went on repeating like a refrain, "The people to whom the placards gave glory and honour were the most capricious, the most cruel, the most ungrateful class of all." The fashionable English *émigrés* to the other side of the Channel found things just as black in Paris. The monarchy of Charles X. had been abolished, only, it was said, to make way for the military despotism with which the European empires were plotting to crush and rob a freedom-loving and industrious people. The Lord Monmouth of *Coningsby*, otherwise the Marquis of Hertford, had led the flight from his Radical-ridden country. Once settled in the palace of his French exile, he found a number of French plutocrats of title, and tastes as luxurious as his own, with whom to mingle groans and curses over the judgments that democracy in some shape or other had brought down upon two afflicted capitals and peoples. The patrician and opulent leaders of fashion on the Seine, reinforced by fellow-sufferers from England, managed to do themselves well enough even in the midst of the cholera sent by Providence as a punishment for the sin of rebellion against the ancient *régime*, not less in the French than in the English capital. The English sufferers found their poverty sympathetically considered, and their thrift modestly rewarded by being able to get the best rooms at the *Hôtel Bristol* for twenty-five francs a day, by finding at the Opera in *Robert Le Diable* far better singing and dancing than on the English stage; while at private parties they were delighted by the incomparable tenor then called Count Candia, afterwards famous

* *Lord Granville Leveson-Gower (First Earl of Granville): Private Correspondence, 1781 to 1821.* Edited by his Daughter-in-law, Castalia, Countess Granville. 2 Vols., with Portraits and Illustrations. (London: Murray, 1916.)

The Life of the Second Earl Granville, 1855 to 1891. Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice. In 2 Vols. (Longmans, Green & Co., London, New York, and Bombay.)

Memoirs of an Ex-Minister. The Right Hon. The Earl of Malmesbury, G.C.B. in 2 Vols. (London: Longmans, Green & Co.)

as Mario. Then there were the dinners and *déjeuners* at which *chefs* of renown vied with each other in serving up material solace to the victims of low-born wickedness. Conspicuous in these companies were Lord Harry Vane, Count Walewski, the first Napoleon's son, and his wife, Lord Sandwich's daughter. These, after being feasted by the Duc de Gramont, obtained from his cook and brought back to England as a memorial of their tour a recipe for chicken or pheasant *écharpé*, with *Béchamel* sauce, truffles, *chicorée*, and *gratinée*. The Duke being also an oracle of Louis XV., Court gossip, notwithstanding his fourscore years and two, combined the gaiety with the memory of a man in his prime, chuckling while he showed his guests the room in which he had arrested Cardinal De Rohan at the first rising of 1792, and laughing outright as he pointed to them the stone staircase down which he and his guides had to ride that they might save their lives from the bloodthirsty mob besieging the palace. "Pardon, my Duke," said an old Basque servant, who stood behind his master's chair and joined in the conversation, "we did not ride, our horses fell, "we rolled to the bottom, and should have been killed to a man "if the mob had not thought this particular issue impassable and "so failed to stop it." De Gramont's memory went back beyond the revolutionary period to Louis XV., of whose beauties he was very critical. "They were all," he said, "made up; false bust, "false teeth, false everything. As for the incomparable Du Barry, "she painted as thick as the panels of my carriage."

With such table-talk and cookery the exceedingly smart Anglo-French society of the period contrived to console itself for the memories of the past, and find fortification against the terrors of the future. The British Embassy, under the first Earl Granville, was one of society's "smart" resorts during this period. The other presaged the social triumph of transatlantic cosmopolitanism consummated during those days of the Second Empire, when Paris became the "place where the souls of good Americans went after "death." The roof now referred to sheltered the United States Ambassador to the French Court before its effacement by the convulsions of 1830. No American family could claim greater antiquity than that of the diplomatist from the New World who laid the foundations of the polite, socio-diplomatic system on the Seine in the nineteenth century's first half. This was Edward Livingston; he had first appeared in Paris in 1799 as envoy to Bonaparte, when First Consul. To what remained of the old French *noblesse*, the newcomer was recommended by his ancestor having been guardian to Mary, Queen of Scots; while almost two centuries afterwards (1776), another of his name and blood was in close communication with the French philosophers, especially

Helvetius. As member of Congress, he took a leading part in drawing up the Declaration of Independence. Between 1800 and 1813 physical speculation and discovery were having a fashionable vogue on both sides of the Channel, and the *salons* of St. Germain welcomed the American Ambassador with more interest if not with more cordiality because his brother had promoted the construction of Fulton's first steamer. The first Earl Granville's Paris Ambassadorship consisted of three distinct terms, from 1824 to 1827, from 1830 to November, 1834, and from April 1835 to 1841; during the later years of his second period, and the earlier years of his third, he had Livingston for his contemporary in the "Corps Diplomatique," and he enjoyed the advantage of having his friend and benefactor, Canning, for his earliest chief at home, while among Canning's successors Aberdeen and Russell began to prepare the way for something more than mere Anglo-French goodwill. The American name has no place in the variously interesting and admirably edited correspondence, but if Lady Granville had cared to do so she could have diversified her well-packed and well-ordered pages with some family memories of her father-in-law's diplomatic contemporary on the Seine. Livingston on first reaching his European embassy was not at his ease with the French language. Bonaparte, on receiving the newcomer at his *levée*, said to him, "Le vieux monde est corrompu, il n'y a plus que le nouveau monde." Livingston's face wore a look of perplexity; Bonaparte, seeing that he did not understand a word, told Cambaceres, who was in the room, to act as interpreter, adding, "Make him understand in English that as you well know the Old World is played out, and we can only look to the New."

Meanwhile the English diplomatist, the general features of whose career his daughter-in-law has opportunely revived, had made his official residence a world-wide social centre nine years before Livingston had taken up his duties. The second Earl Gower afterwards became the first Marquis of Stafford, and had for his third and youngest son, Lord Granville George Leveson-Gower, the name preceding the patronymic being territorial, and taken from some family property near Stone, Staffordshire.* The politics of the nineteenth century's first decade were rather mixed. In May, 1804, Pitt returned to power and tried to bring Lord Grenville into his Cabinet, while Canning employed his efforts in the same direction. On the other hand, Canning's pupil and *protégé* just mentioned, subsequently the first Earl Granville, devoted his attention to Fox, and left no stone unturned to secure the Whig leader's adhesion to his own Tory chief. He acquitted himself, if not successfully, so well in this matter, and had done so creditably

* *Dictionary of National Biography.*

in Parliament, that when he was little more than thirty he received his first reward in an ambassadorship at St. Petersburg. Pitt now essayed his third coalition against Napoleon. The chief object of the young envoy's Russian mission was to secure the Tsar's support against France. In the end there was signed and sealed a formal agreement, the "Treaty of Consort," August, 1805, committing England to find money and Russia to raise troops. The convention proved a mere formality; had he, however, achieved entire success, he could scarcely have had a more triumphant arrival in London than awaited him on his return to London in 1805. Never at a public school, he had been at two private ones before entering Christ Church when under sixteen years of age. He did not, of course, proceed to a degree, and gave his education its finishing strokes by a grand tour in whose course he became at home in every famous or fashionable house in Europe. This formed his one and sufficient training for public life. His personal qualifications for an international career were a tenacious memory for facts as well as faces, the perfect manner, and the almost unerring insight into character that he was afterwards to transmit to his son, the second Lord Granville, Mr. Gladstone's Foreign Secretary. Before becoming British representative at Paris in 1824, he had been successively Minister at Brussels and at The Hague. At this time, and indeed till he went to the Paris Embassy, years had produced marvellously little change in his personal appearance. He still remained as he may be seen in the life-like engraving of Sir Thomas Lawrence's portrait, facing page 26 in Lord Fitzmaurice's biography of his son. The tall graceful figure, the clear olive complexion, lit by a pair of expressive blue eyes, and the full sensitive lips that had impressed all who had seen him in his younger days, were still the personal points that first struck all his varied visitors at the splendid house 30, Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré, celebrated by Sir Walter Scott, who saw in its master "one fitted by every gift of nature and art to diffuse peace and "good-will between nations, to refine as well as to charm and "cheer his guests." The first Earl Granville adopted the custom of the country in which he lived by preventing the political discussion which " ' John Bull ' is always apt to introduce with the "second bottle." At the close of dinner the ladies had no sooner risen than the gentlemen immediately followed to the drawing-room. The Ambassador's experiences as a pleasure tourist in his boyhood had diversified themselves with the serious work of apprenticeship to professional diplomacy on Lord Malmesbury's staff during his Lille mission for peace terms with the first Napoleon. His keen and many-sided intellectual tastes had always interested him in every kind of culture. Now that the curriculum of his old

University is meditating attention to physics as to humanities, it is worth mentioning that he was the one Christ Church undergraduate of his day who really worked at natural science. When on the threshold of middle age, though still in the prime of a vigorous and full-blooded manhood, he literally overflowed with what Renan called "la grande curiosité" and has described so subtly in a passage too well-known for quotation here. He had sown his wild oats in a sufficiently copious crop, and to some extent at least, though not, it would seem, so completely as to have earned the promised reward, a lock of her hair, had kept his promise to Lady Westmorland that he would restrain and in due time overcome the passion for high play. As a bachelor and during his mission to Russia, 1804 to 1807, he had not lost his claim to the title "le Wellington des joueurs," received by him from Paris during the grand tour some years earlier. Since then he had changed all that. His marriage in 1809 with Lady Harriet Elizabeth Cavendish, the fifth Duke of Devonshire's daughter, enabled him to bring to Paris a highly endowed ambassadress, as well as an indefatigable wife. At his dinner table, Sir Walter Scott had met not only the most famous of the lords and ladies, then alighted in Paris on their outward or homeward journey, but the well-known physicist, Sir Humphry Davy, then on the Continent to compare notes with foreign *savants*. Something of the international vogue which made the English Embassy almost as much a French as an English resort came from the Bowood influence. The first Lord Lansdowne made a wise and discriminating use of the privilege, and only gave letters of introduction to those likely in their different ways to be of some use to the Ambassador. As an acquaintance of Lord Lansdowne, the historian of the *Dutch Republic*, Motley, had, when a very young man, found Lord Granville's embassy open to him; while during the second revolutionary period of France, the future Registrar of the Privy Council and editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, Henry Reeve, became acquainted with Emile De Girardin, and renewed his old friendship with De Tocqueville, who had recently brought to Paris an English wife, and who at that time got all he wanted about English thought and movements, political and literary, from another of the Bowood hangers-on, William Nassau Senior. The first Lord Granville's official residence on the Seine was in its sixth and seventh year. Again in 1834 it was interrupted by frequent calls to England, now to vote for the Grey Reform Bill, when he found almost as many friends sick or dead from cholera in London as in Paris. Then there were the personal instructions received from the Foreign Secretary, Lord Palmerston, probably at the instance of the Court, to urge on the Government of Louis Philippe a stiff upper lip in

refusing the entrance of Odillon Barrot and other advanced Liberals into the Government. It was a critical task, but was performed without offence to the Orleanist Ministers, and with popular satisfaction to the press and the boulevards at the Ambassador's delicacy and tact. Lord Hertford, who had then shaken the dust of Radical England off his feet, and was living in revolutionary France, mentioned to Granville, perhaps in the hope of getting advice, his idea that the best countries for investments were the United States or Denmark, where the risk of political changes seemed least. As a result, certainly on no suggestion of the Ambassador, the Marquis lost between £300,000 and £400,000 in American stock.

After the Napoleonic Wars Pitt had stigmatised as weak and irrational the idea of any one nation being the natural enemy of another. That was not entirely the view of Pitt's chief disciple who had sent Granville to Paris. The perfect re-establishment of authority by any means and on any terms formed the policy to which Canning had given himself heart and soul. "I care not," he said, "whether Bonaparte restores a king or becomes a tyrannical and bloody despot. Heaven prosper him against French liberty and Republican principles." Canning's Liberalism always confined itself to religious matters, such as Catholic Emancipation. Granville, his family, and friends, as the present correspondence shows, were enthusiastic about the Minister's personal kindness which, though the fact is not mentioned here, had been illustrated by a handsome money present to R. B. Sheridan, whom he personally disliked, and who coupled his application for a loan with a post-dated cheque, torn up by Canning in the presence of Sheridan's messenger. William Pitt, long after having taken his place as Tory leader, remained a member of Brooks's Club, and might therefore have worn the Whig label. But the politics with which our French Ambassador had to do were those of persons far more than parties. Lady Bessborough boasted of being a good Foxite. When Lord Leveson-Gower had stood as a Tory for Stafford, she worked for him because he was a Pittite, and implored Sheridan, who was always being head and shoulders in love with her, to use his influence with the local Whigs in securing Granville's return. "Dear traitress," wrote Sheridan, "I have desired Fosbrook, the chief Whig in the place, to do every possible thing that Lord Granville wished." The party distinctions of foreigners were of as little account to Lord and Lady Granville at their embassy as in their drawing-room at home.

In 1827 Canning had become Prime Minister with Lord Dudley as Foreign Secretary. The head of the home Government always recognised the entire confidence he might safely repose in his French representative; he complained, however, from time to time

of the insufficient information furnished by him to the Foreign Office. That may have had something to do with the first break in his sojourn in the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré. He left the French capital amid a shower of *au revoirs* from every class of the community, as well as the entire British colony, social and commercial. Three years later, these wishes were fulfilled by Lord Granville's reappearance in the bright city on the Seine for another official spell. That lasted till November, 1834. Then came another home absence on family affairs. This, it was thought, must be a case not of *au revoir* but farewell. On November 28th, 1834, Lady Granville gave her last assembly; she called it her funeral. The ruddy-haired Lord Yarmouth, known as "Carrots," saw further ahead than his hostess, and quietly observed, "I believe in a resurrection." It came sooner than the diplomats and *flâneurs* had expected. The cold, wintry spring of 1835, with its rainless, parching winds and its evil omen for the vineyards did not prevent the Ambassador from curtailing or giving up altogether a trip to the Italian islands. On April 22nd, 1835, Lord Cowley, who had been presiding over the British Chancellery as substitute had arranged to be back in London. The Granvilles were again established beneath their old roof. The difference they found between the city they had left and the city to which they returned was that the *bourgeois* King, Louis Philippe, had adopted more of royal state, and went with eight horses to his carriage instead of six. "Perhaps," observed the returned envoy, "he will soon have his bodyguard, like Charles X." At the same time the Court costume had become much less easy, and was visibly returning to the strict traditions of Bourbon etiquette. During Lord Granville's final term his house became an emporium of exclusive and authentic small talk about State and Court affairs. It was also, on June 17th, 1836, the scene of a function, seeming to confirm the world-wide idea that the young princess, the future Queen Victoria, might eventually find a German husband. The two Saxe-Coburg princes, Albert and his brother, on their way home through Paris, were dined magnificently at the British Embassy. No one was surprised when, early in the following summer, the much-talked-of match was known to have been arranged. It was, by-the-bye, this season of 1836 in London, teeming with gaiety and luxury beyond precedent, that, as Lord Granville put it, made Paris appear like a quiet country town, compared with its neighbour on the other side of the Channel. Like his son the first Ambassador of the Anglo-French Entente really enjoyed society. His immense experience never enabled him to overcome a constitutional shyness and silence. In those qualities he presented a marked contrast to his Ambassadors, who was

always prompt and self-possessed; for one or two characteristic stories illustrative of these gifts I am indebted to her son, the second Earl Granville, when Foreign Secretary in the Gladstone Cabinet. "I never invited that woman here," she said at one of her Paris parties, looking towards a particular guest. Those standing by her wondered whether a scene would follow. The hostess continued all smiles and sweetly said to the unexpected guest, "Enchantée de vous voir madame, invitée où non invitée." Another lady wished above all things to be included in the small special parties given by Lady Granville, chiefly to her French friends, as a special sort of socio-diplomatic cement. "You will include me, won't you," was the request. The answer came in the gentlest and most affectionate tone, "Dearest Mrs. —, no!" From the political point of view, the first Lord Granville's great service to Anglo-French and international relations generally was his skill in soothing (1831) the Belgian and French susceptibilities about Luxemburg, threatening as these did the European policy of separating Belgium from Holland and making it an independent State. Here he received invaluable help from our Brussels resident, Sir Robert Adair, the subject of perhaps the only pun ever made by William Pitt. "Does your Adair (the son of George III.'s Staff Surgeon) belong to one of your greatest families?" "His father," came the answer, "was certainly *un grand seigneur* (*seigneur*)."

Even before the date now reached in this retrospect, so early, indeed, as between 1828 and 1830, Lord Aberdeen, when Foreign Minister, had laid the foundation of goodwill between the two countries by rejecting the appeal of the exiled Charles X. to treat him as the rightful monarch of France. But for Aberdeen's wisdom, good feeling, and tact, Talleyrand and Palmerston could not have managed Louis Philippe so skilfully between them that no serious hitch interfered with the 1830 Conference creating Belgium an independent State. Aberdeen at the Foreign Office, after the first Lord Granville in Paris, was the first English statesman to take a line ensuring in the fullness of time the Anglo-French Alliance of to-day. He had established an understanding with Guizot that neither of the two would act independently of the other. Thus, and thus only, through all the delicate transactions of the time did the two Governments remain on friendly terms, and was there created on both sides of the Channel a feeling which, strengthened progressively by the best social influences of Paris and London, has proved the nucleus of that co-operation of the two Western Powers which is now not only the safeguard of both, but the one guarantee of the preservation of the entire world's liberties.

T. H. S. ESCOTT.

EDUCATION AND FREEDOM.

A GREAT and long war puts to the test every part of the life of an Empire. There is probably no side of our national work, however remote it may seem, which has not its effect for good or ill upon the struggle in which we are engaged. Like other people, teachers and students may well ask themselves whether the part they are contributing to the building of the British communities is everywhere sound and fit to stand the new strain upon the whole fabric. Now there is one class of people who are ready with an answer, and an answer of a discouraging kind, none the less important, however, if, and in so far as, it is a true one. According to them, the successes of our enemies are mainly due to the excellence of their mastery of the mechanical arts, of the application of science to practice; in short, of their superiority in technical education. And the moral they wish us to draw is that our first effort in education should be to increase greatly the time given to the pursuit of these practical ends. They draw the inference that the time given to the literary side of training in Britain and the British Empire, must be greatly reduced if we are to attain to the height of efficiency and happiness represented by German *Kultur*.

Well, it is always wise to learn from our enemies if we are quite sure that what they have to teach us is true—that is to say, that it corresponds to the more important facts. But it is not my purpose now to enquire how far the training which we do possess in science and its practical applications is complete and efficient, nor should I be competent for such an enquiry. There is another question which is more fundamental, and it is one whose connection with the present position of Europe is not always realised, namely, this—is there anything in the British type of education to account for the differences between the British and the German ideals of life and conduct, a difference which the present war has brought home to us all? If there is, it is surely well that in shaping our policy for the future we should know it.

Now there is at least one thing which seems to be lacking in the present machine of German education as directed from Prussia, but one which is a marked element in our own system, and which in our English public schools is really the central feature in the

methods of discipline of which they are justly proud. It is a principle of life familiar to us in this country, so familiar that we forget that it ever had a beginning. And yet it is so modern as to be unknown to our enemies, or known to them only to be despised; its enjoyment belongs to an epoch which their organisation has not yet reached. But it was discovered in a definite and known period of history, after many fruitless attempts: its authors had to fight and suffer perhaps longer and more bitterly than the authors of any other single conception which has ennobled human life; I mean the discovery of freedom.

Now by freedom, of course, we do not mean liberty for the individual to do as he likes. Every son and daughter of Adam loves that, without any teaching. The freedom which Englishmen love means the limitation of that individual liberty by a keen sense of the claim of one's fellows to enjoy the same; a sense embodied in what we call free government, of which the essential characteristic is to give to each citizen not merely the maximum of individual liberty consistent with the same maximum for others, but also an actual share (in his individual degree) in the duty of regulating this liberty and of determining the directions in which the energies of the whole community shall be turned. One of the chief marks of this freedom lies in the right of the governed to criticise their governors, and the responsibility of the governors to their subjects.

Now even this brief attempt to define freedom, in the most commonplace way, is enough to remind us that it is a highly complex thing and far from being one of the inborn "rights of men" as the brave dreamers of the French Revolution supposed. Through countless ages it remained unknown; and of all the peoples in history there is only one that can claim the glory of having found it and tried it first. From them the conception passed as a great inheritance in a line which it is worth our while to trace, to all the communities that have ever tried to practise it. For consider the beginnings of the history of all the peoples we know; no matter what nation it is whose earliest traditions we scrutinise—Achæans in the *Iliad*, Spartans under Lycurgus, Romans under the Kings, Jews under the Judges, Babylonians and Egyptians under kings and priests, Kelts under their Druids and tribal chiefs, to say nothing of all the backward nations—we shall always find, at the beginning, not freedom, but some form of dominion by a monarch or a caste. Free government was invented in the sixth century B.C. by the people that first conceived the City State; and they were the people that first introduced into Europe the arts of writing and navigation; the people that created every form of intellectual life—physical science, mathematics, astronomy, medicine, sculpture, painting, poetry, drama, history, philosophy; even these

august names do not exhaust the list. All these things Europe owes to the Greeks. And in an hour when again the free communities of Europe have to fight at bitter cost for freedom, it is good to remember how valiantly its first discoverers fought for it in their day in their own small cities and islands.

At Athens, first, by the creative imagination of Solon, the economic troubles that marked the beginning of an industrial epoch were wisely handled, so that the popular movement was directed towards replacing an oligarchy by a moderate form of free government. Then came the curious and short-lived institution of tyranny, based, as we now know,* on the rapid development of wealth and the concentration of capital in the hands of the tyrant. Quickly at Athens, more slowly elsewhere, resistance to tyranny was turned to the good purpose of consolidating the framework of freedom. But scarcely had this freedom been won when it was subjected to a terrible test. At the outset of the fifth century B.C. one or two of the free Greek cities resisted the might of the Empire of Persia, which controlled the whole of the East from Bactria to the waters of the Ægean, and which for many years endeavoured to extinguish the beginnings of freedom on Greek soil itself. It was the men of Athens who defeated the Persians at Marathon in 490 B.C.; and who, ten years later, having suffered their city to be burnt, entrusted themselves entirely to the "wooden walls" of their navy, and led the ships of the other Greek States to destroy the Persian fleet at Salamis. Unless the Athenians had thus thrown themselves into what seemed an absolutely hopeless enterprise, freedom might have been unknown in Europe for many centuries; and certainly its most glorious embodiments would never have been shaped.

For what is it that makes the peculiar charm which Englishmen have always felt in the historians and orators of Athens, but that their thoughts were centred in freedom? The great history of Thucydides has been called a drama of Athens;† but it is truer to describe it as a drama of Hellenic freedom. It is not the actual city of Athens that is the central figure in his account of the Peloponnesian War; it is the spiritual Athens, the instinct, or rather the passion, essentially common to all the cities with which Athens was in league, and even to many of the cities with whom she was in conflict, the love of free government. The history opens with the picture of Athens as the centre of Greek interest, the deliverer of the small communities from Persian oppression. While Athens grows great, other cities come upon the historian's stage—Plataea, the gallant defender of freedom, and in the end, its

* See Prof. P. N. Ure, *Journal of Hellenic Studies*, Vol. XXVI. (1906), p. 131.

† For instance, by Mr. F. M. Cornford, *Thucyd. Mythistoricus*, p. 153.

martyr; Mitylene, defeated and in danger of extinction, but in the end spared by a wave of repentance in the Athenian Assembly; Corcyra, where the struggle for freedom ends in prolonged tragedy, like that of Paris in 1792; Melos, the victim of Athenian ambition and of the betrayal of the Athenian ideal by Athens herself led by evil counsellors. Finally, when the cup of folly is full, the great victory of Syracuse over the Athenian fleet leaves Athens humbled and punished for her imperialist adventures, and reduced to struggle for her own freedom. The story is lit up by the wonderful imagination of the speeches put into the mouths of leading men at critical situations, which give us always the motives of the actors in the drama; and these actors are not so much the individual men who speak them as the cities themselves. The greatest of these speeches is the famous oration of Pericles in 431 B.C., in honour of the Athenian citizens who had fallen in the first year of the Peloponnesian War. Notice here only the words with which he turns to the survivors: "Make these men your examples, and "be well assured that happiness comes by freedom, and freedom "by stoutness of heart."

Or turn to a later page of the story of Athens, her struggle with Philip of Macedon; that is, against a military monarchy, competent, centralised, half-barbarian, aiming at a domination over civilised communities. In this struggle Athens fell, no longer the Athens of the fifth century; too civilised, too fond of pleasures, though pleasures of a not ignoble type, to set freedom above comfort. But the decay of the old spirit was not universal—one man, at least, was still in love with freedom, and he held back the coming humiliation for thirty years. Let us note a few brief passages from the appeals of Demosthenes to his countrymen, and consider if any one of these seems out of date to-day:—

"One thing, at least, men of Athens, is clear: Philip will not stand still unless someone stops him; and are we to wait for someone else to do it? . . . If we sit at home listening to the politicians accusing . . . one another, none of the things that are necessary shall we ever secure. . . . When you send out an admiral armed with nothing better than a resolution of this House and fine promises from its speakers, nothing that you need is done—your enemies scoff and your allies perish. . . . Let us dismiss such trifling, and remember only that . . . every time we have hoped that something was going to be done for us by somebody else, we have found things turning against us. . . . The future is in our own hands, and unless we are willing to go out and fight Philip in his own country, we may be compelled to fight him here."*

In another passage he describes the characteristic strength and weakness of Philip's power:—

* *Philippic I.*, pp. 52-4.

" Strange to say, men of Athens, the very cause of Philip's strength is a circumstance which is favourable to you. He has it in his sole power to publish or conceal his designs, being at the same time sovereign, general, and paymaster, and everywhere accompanying his army. This undoubtedly is a great advantage for quick and timely operations of war; but for making peace, as he gladly would, with the free city of Olynthus, it has a contrary effect; for it is plain to the Olynthians that they are fighting now not for glory, nor for a slice of territory, but to save their country from destruction and enslavement. They know how he treated the folk who surrendered to him in Amphipolis and Pydna; in a word, despotic power is always mistrusted by free communities.*

But it is a far cry from Olynthus and Athens in the fourth century B.C. to Belgium and Serbia and Montenegro in the twentieth century A.D. What concern have we now with these ancient peoples?

The full answer to this question would be as long as the history of freedom; we must consider only some typical points. The first constitution of Rome, ascribed in part to the Regal Period, bears in its timocratic character the clear impress of a Greek type. Just as in the constitution of Solon, so at Rome, the responsibilities of a citizen in peace and war were proportioned to his means. The consuls who were to command the army were elected the year before by all the men who were liable to serve in it, or who ever had served, just as at Athens; and if at home the consuls exceeded their civil powers, they could be impeached before the whole body. Nor was it only at the outset that Rome drew her wisdom from Greece. The strength of Rome all through the centuries lay precisely in this municipal idea. What saved Italy from Hannibal? The free towns which were faithful to Rome. And why were they faithful? Because, although the terms on which they enjoyed Roman protection varied in each case, yet all but the smallest were free within their own walls. The most favoured class of towns were those which not merely governed themselves wholly, but which enjoyed the full Roman franchise; so that any one of their citizens could go to Rome and take part in the proceedings of the Roman people. The Romans themselves were conscious of this feature in their system, and strongly attached to it. Consider one episode, briefly narrated by Livy. The town of Privernum in the Volscian district had grown discontented with the terms of its alliance, and in 330 B.C. had revolted from Rome. The town was besieged, taken, and stripped of its walls, and the leaders of the revolt were put to death; but what was to be done with its inhabitants as a whole? Let me quote Livy's account† of the upshot from the spirited translation of Philemon Holland,

* *Olynthiac*, I., p. 10.

† VIII., 20.

which was written in Shakespeare's time, and quite probably used by Shakespeare himself.

If in considering the scene the reader will mentally substitute the House of Commons nine years ago for the Senate, and our own English Government of that time for the Roman Consul, and for Privernum substitute the Transvaal after the Boer War, he will realise from what source British statesmen learnt the spirit of the policy which has been triumphantly justified in South Africa—a spirit that will not, it may be hoped, be forgotten in this country or in Europe at the end of the war.

“ After the triumph, the Consul having executed Vitruvius and his accomplices, supposed now that he might safely propound the cause of the men of Privernum to the lords of the Senate, while they were newly satisfied with the execution of the guilty offenders. ‘ Since that (quod he), my lords, the principal authors of this revolt have both at the hands of the immortal gods and at yours, suffered now condign punishment, what is your further pleasure, and what shall be done with the innocent and harmless multitude? For my part, feeling the men of Privernum near neighbours unto the Samnites, with whom we now at this time entertain a most uncertain and slippery peace, I would have as little grudge and rancour left as may be, between us and them.’ So spake the Consul; but as the question in itself was doubtful and ambiguous, while men gave advice, some to proceed cruelly, others to deal gently, according to each man his nature and inclination; so there was one of the ambassadors of Privernum that made it more doubtful, and put all out of square; a man mindful of that state wherein he was born more than of his present need and extremity. Who being demanded of one (that had spoken to the point, and delivered some sharp censure and heavy sentence against them) what punishment he judged the men of Privernum deserved, ‘ Marry (quoth he), that which they deserve, ‘ who deem themselves worthy of liberty and freedom.’ At whose stout and arrogant answer, when the Consul saw those to be more eagerly and bitterly bent, who before impugned the cause of the Privernates: to the end that he himself, by some mild and gentle demand, might draw from the party more modest language: ‘ What (quoth he) if we should remit and pardon your punishment; ‘ what kind of peace might we hope to have at your hands? ’ ‘ If (quoth he) you offer us a good peace, you shall find it on our part loyal and perpetual; but if you tender hard conditions of peace, ‘ you shall have it last but a small while.’ Then cried one: ‘ This Privernate begins to threaten us plainly: such speeches are enough to stir up any peaceable and quiet people to war that never ought to have fought.’ But the better part of the Senate drew these his answers to a better sense, and said that it was the speech of a man, and of a man free born. For, was it credible (quoth they) that any State, nay, any particular person, would longer abide (than needs he must) that condition which he misliketh and goeth against his stomach? There only is peace sure and like to hold, where men are contented and willing to keep themselves in peace: and never let men look or hope to find faithful loyalty,

where they will impose thralldom and servitude. And to this purpose the Consul himself especially moved and inclined their hearts, reiterating these words to the Senators that were first to give their opinions . . . 'that they, above all others, and none but they indeed, were worthy to be made Roman citizens, who 'minded and esteemed nothing in the world but their freedom.' Whereupon, both in the Senate they obtained their suit: and also by the authority of the Senate a Bill was exhibited to the people and passed, that the Privernates might be enfranchised Romans."

In the same spirit, in the year 196 B.C., after he had subdued the power of Macedon, the Roman commander Flamininus proclaimed to the Greeks assembled at the Isthmian Games, in words preserved by Plutarch, not the supremacy of Rome, but the grant of self-government to all the cities delivered from King Philip.

Some fifty years later, under stress of mingled fear and commercial cupidity, the Senate was led to the barbarous act of destroying Carthage—the capitalists called out for the economic annihilation of the rival centre of trade; *delenda est Carthago*, responded Cato, the blind old man with one idea. So was taken the first great step in the policy of military imperialism which was soon to destroy the freedom of the Roman people themselves.

Against this spirit of ruthless aggrandisement the great writers of Rome never ceased to protest. The poet whose imaginative insight summed up all that is greatest in the history of Rome ascribes it to Augustus as his greatest glory that he gave laws to willing peoples.* This line was quoted by our own statesman and philosopher, Francis Bacon,† to illustrate what we should call the characteristically English doctrine, that "the commandment of the will," that is, the power to persuade men, is greater than "the commandment of force."

The same poet reproved Julius Cæsar and Pompey‡ for their share in the Civil Wars, and exalted Cato,§ the stern friend of freedom, who committed suicide rather than live to see Cæsar supreme; and when he praised Augustus, Vergil did so for one thing only, for making peace instead of war throughout the world.

And although neither Augustus nor his successors realised fully this ideal of free government, yet it coloured a great part of their acts; the strength of their Empire, as recent study has made more and more clear, lay in the degree of self-government which it allowed to its subjects, that is, in its municipal system, which had come straight down from the Greek communities from whom Rome had first learnt the conception of a City State. So arose the

* Vergil *Georg.* IV. 561.

† *Adv. of Learning*, i. 8. 3.

‡ *Aen.* vi. 833.

§ *Aen.* viii. 670.

spectacle of a city itself groaning under an absolute despotism, but governing the world by a system of graduated Home Rule.

We have now come to the last step in our argument. What was the result in Europe of this free government of the Roman towns? Let modern historians tell us. Guizot, for instance, writes* :—

“ In the municipal system we see what ancient Roman civilisation has bequeathed to Europe; the only real, the only constituted system which outlived all the elements of the Roman world . . . the municipal system, its habits, rules, precedents, the principle of freedom.”

And Freeman† insists upon the same point :—

“ In the old state of things, Greek and Roman, the towns had, so to speak, been everything. . . . The Teutonic settlements everywhere drove out the towns; none of the Teutonic nations were used to a town life. They looked on the walls of a town as a prison. . . .”

Some recent writers, such as Karl Hegel,‡ and Jacques Flach,§ have pointed out that in the sense of direct legal continuity it is rarely the case that mediæval towns grew out of Roman *municipia*. But, on the other hand, Professor J. S. Reid|| has shown that municipal institutions had much more vitality even in the late Empire than had been commonly supposed; and scholars like Professor George Unwin, who have made a special study of social origins, find such close resemblances between the early mediæval guilds and the *Collegia* which flourished in the municipalities under the Empire as to indicate a real continuity of social life, in spite of the break in political forms. Thus the great guilds of the Masons, the Weavers, and the Shoemakers, to mention no others, all go back to Roman times.¶ The Church, too, which was, of course, the special depository of Roman tradition, protected the guilds; the merchants who travelled over the world and settled their disputes by pre-national, non-tribal, and therefore Roman customs, contributed the most important element to the reconstruction of municipal liberties in the Middle Ages** ; and over and behind all this there was always the august Roman

* *History of Civilisation in Europe* (English Trans., 1882, p. 33.)

† *General Sketch of European History* (1873), p. 182.

‡ *Die Geschichte der Städteverfassung von Italien* (Leipzig, 1847).

§ *Les Origines de l'ancienne France* (Paris, 1886-1904).

|| *The Municipalities of the Roman Empire* (Cambridge, 1913).

¶ Unwin, *The Guilds and Companies of London* (London, 1908), p. 103. On the general question of the antiquity of the Guilds, Professor Unwin refers especially to an article by L. U. Hartmann, *Zur Geschichte der Zünfte im Mittelalter* (*Zeitschrift. Social u. Wirtschaftsgeschichte*, 1894, p. 109.) In all this part of the lecture I am deeply indebted to Professor Unwin's help and guidance.

** See, e.g., H. Pirenne, *Belgian Democracy* (Manchester, 1915).

tradition of free citizenship, preserved in the only literature studied by every educated man—priest, lawyer, or administrator.* It is clear, therefore, that the essence of Guizot's statement is entirely confirmed.

If then, in the Dark Ages, the influence of the classical tradition was thus still powerful in social life, yet more potent was its influence in later centuries. Every reader of English history knows how in the freedom of the towns the foundations were laid of national freedom also. And the same may be said, in more than one period, of Switzerland† or Holland. In and with the towns of Europe grew the Universities, contributing their study of the past, especially of Rome and Roman Law, to the needs of the living community.‡ In the chequered history of mediæval Italy ancient and mediæval titles, Roman and mediæval ideas are strangely mingled.§ The writers of the new learning and of the Reformation in Central and Western Europe, as later on the daring political thinkers of Switzerland and France show everywhere either the direct inspiration of Greek writers or the Greek conception of self-government fostered by institutions that survived from the Roman municipalities. Freedom then, as we know it, is the fruit of the training of Western Europe for many centuries in Greek ideas, conveyed first through Roman channels, and then by direct contact with the great writers of Athens.

But in this process of education some of the nations of Europe had a far smaller share than the rest. There is one part of Central Europe which stood longer than any other outside the lines of progress, and that was the kingdom of Prussia. Even in Western Brandenburg modern historians hardly claim the spread of Christianity or any degree of civilisation for any epoch before its conquest by Albert the Bear in the latter half of the twelfth century; and the whole eastern part of Prussia inhabited by Lithuanians and by Prussians in the strict sense, though conquered by the German

* The scope of this paper forbids me to add to the concrete points of evidence which we have considered any notice of the developments of political theory; still less to enter into the many-sided history of the influence of Roman Law. Reference may be made to such authorities as Bryce, *Holy Roman Empire* (4th Ed., 1873; e.g., pp. 32, 276, 387), and H. J. Roby in the *Camb. Mediæval History* (1913), Vol. II., p. 53; and I may be especially allowed to refer the reader to Mr. A. J. Carlyle's fascinating study of the liberalising influence of the Republican and Stoic basis of that Law in his *Mediæval Political Theory in the West*. (London, 1903. Vol. I., pp. 4 ff., 63 ff.; Vol. II., pp. 56-75.)

† The history of Zürich and Basel, to mention these only, shows the powerful influence of the merchant class on the side of self-government; and Geneva has never been cut off from Franco-Roman traditions.

‡ Cf., e.g., Villari, *The First Centuries of Florentine History*, London, 1905, pp. 85-9. § See, e.g., Sismondi, *The Italian Republics*, London, 1832, on Arnold of Brescia (1139 A.D.), and on Rienzi (1347 A.D.), p. 154; Bryce, in a famous chapter (*Holy Roman Empire*, Fourth Ed., 1873, c. xvii), exhibits both the practical limitations and the sentimental vitality of the ancient tradition.

Knights in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and nominally converted to Christianity at the end of the fourteenth, has for the earliest record of the native language the translation of Luther's Shorter Catechism, made in 1545.*

In these regions and conditions the rulers of Brandenburg, despite their nominal subjection to the Empire, maintained the traditions of the chiefs of a barbarous tribe;† and though under the German Knights of the fourteenth century many towns sprang up and flourished, yet through all the stages by which the Mark of Brandenburg was developed into the kingdom of Prussia, it was distinguished from other German governments (as a recent German writer, Hugo Preuss,‡ has clearly traced out), by the keenness and steadiness of its hostility to municipal life. Entering the path of civilisation fourteen centuries later than Italy and France, eight centuries later than Saxon England, and five centuries later even than the Slavonic countries taught by the Eastern Church, Prussia was even then forbidden by its rulers to profit by the experience of its neighbours. Thus was established the gulf which separated that kingdom from the life of the rest of Europe; thus was preserved the autocratic and barbarian spirit of its government, which has directly caused the present war.

It is no new thing for Great Britain to be the defender of freedom. All our political life has moved in the full current of Greek and Roman tradition. It is hard to name any of our great leaders and rulers, from King Alfred or Thomas à Becket to Lord Cromer, who have not been trained by these ancient masters. The epoch in which the free life of England bore its most glorious fruit, both in action and letters—the age of Elizabeth—was the age in which Greek literature had just been re-discovered, an age in which the Greek sense of beauty and the Greek passion for freedom inspired our own poets. For if Shakespeare knew only a little Greek, Thomas More and Spenser and Herrick and Herbert and Sidney knew a great deal; and Shakespeare's whole political thought is coloured by his love for the Greek biographies of Plutarch, read in the magnificent English of Thomas North. Since that day such names as Bacon, Milton, Clarendon, Burke, Chatham, Gladstone, to mention no living examples, are those of men who have learnt from Classical scholarship to be great defenders of freedom. Our public schools have not studied the ancient authors for nothing; if you want to implant in a boy some reverence for freedom, some

* Karl Brugmann, *Grundriss der Vergleichenden Grammatik*, 2nd Edition, Strassburg, 1897, p. 18.

† See Bryce, *Holy Roman Empire*, pp. 125 and 441.

‡ Hugo Preuss, *Die Entwicklung des Deutschen Stadtwesens*, Leipzig, 1906; especially pp. 127, 157, 193; and on the royal hostility to the Guilds, pp. 180-188. The governing principle of their policy was embodied in the dogma, "Heterias monarchico statui perquam inimicas."

knowledge of what it means, you will not give him definitions or well-meaning talk about civic or ethical theory; he merely hates such abstractions. Nor will you hope to achieve this end by concentrating his thoughts on the exact laws of physical science, important as they are for other ends. The study of Physical Science at its best should awaken some conception of the wonderfulness of the world, of the fixity of its laws, of the danger and futility of falsehood and impatient or careless observation; but for more far-reaching ideals which he is to follow in public conduct a boy must look not to the scientific but to the humane side of his training. If education is to make men good citizens of the world, not merely good carpenters and plumbers, not merely docile instruments of tyrannical commands, it must teach them something of men, must inspire them with some affection for the ideals by which mankind has been swayed. And that is the reason for the study of literature; only from the record of what men have thought and felt can a boy or girl learn to understand the conceptions that move men most. To implant the sources of morality, the ethics of private conduct, no disquisitions on the beauty of the separate virtues will ever compete with the divine parables of the New Testament; so in the region of public ethics, if you wish to kindle patriotism and courage, teach your children such poetry as the Agincourt scenes of Shakespeare's *Henry the Fifth*. And if you wish to instil into a boy's mind a conception of freedom, give him to read the story of the struggle of Athens with Persia in Herodotus, or in the patriotic drama of the poet Æschylus, who fought himself at Marathon; give him to read the defence of Plataea in Thucydides, or any one of the great speeches of Demosthenes against Philip, and he will come away with a knowledge of the meaning of freedom that no experience can blot out, with a respect for the free spirit which no hardness or bitterness of life will ever wholly extinguish.

R. S. CONWAY.

NATIVE RACES AND PEACE TERMS.

WHAT place will be given to native races during the discussion of peace terms? The right of many millions of native peoples to some place in the European Peace Congress, when it takes place, needs only to be considered to be admitted, and the only divergence of view will probably be as to the method of representing their interests. By far the larger areas whose political status will be affected by the war are now occupied by the so-called subject races, and although the whole of these territories will not be affected to the same extent, it will certainly be found that the destiny of each will be materially changed by the present world conflict. The German colonies total approximately one million square miles. Belgian Congo, also, measures nearly a million square miles, and owing to the peculiar international position of this territory and its great need of large financial subsidies, some international assistance in the matter of development must be extended to Belgium. Then there are the huge areas of Mesopotamia, the New Hebrides Archipelago, British Gambia, and possibly French Dahomey. Several of these countries will change flags, while others will probably see a rectification of their geographical frontiers. The total area of these territories is over 2,000,000 square miles, or ten times the size of the German Empire in Europe. The total coloured population is, approximately :—

Africa	...	...	...	...	23,960,000
South Pacific	...	...	...	...	160,000
Asia	...	...	...	...	4,000,000
					28,120,000

These territories and these peoples will find themselves, so to speak, thrown down on the Congress table for a reshuffle, but can it be argued in justice that any such reshuffle should take place without ascertaining in some way or other the desires of the inhabitants themselves? Who gave the European nations the right to barter these people as a result of war for which they had no

shadow of responsibility? The answer to these questions is self-evident. But whilst in equity there can only be one answer, commonsense forces us to admit the impracticability of summoning to a European Peace Congress illiterate Mandingos, Fiots, Herreros, Fans, the senile Polynesian, or the wild Bedouin. Yet there is one point at least which the European Powers should concede to these native races, namely, to agree that within one year of the declaration of peace another European and American International Congress should be held to amend the existing agreements for maintaining the rights, liberties, and welfare of native races.

This course is dictated no less by equity than by the truest interests of the colonising Powers of Europe and America. It must not be overlooked that almost every acre of those two million square miles is sparsely populated, and that hardly fifty miles of it is capable of white colonisation, except by the aid of an adequate supply of coloured labour. If the Great Powers should make the fatal blunder of reshuffling these territories without at the same time agreeing to consider once again the supreme problem of conserving the native population, they would be almost better advised to surrender such areas once again to the recuperative forces of so-called barbarism, say to the third and fourth generation, for by that time the indigenous populations might possibly regain their stamina.

Apart altogether from the dictates of right action and material interests, the lapse of time demands another International Congress. It is now thirty-two and twenty-six years respectively since the Berlin and Brussels Congresses met and laid down guiding principles for the abolition of slavery, the restriction of the sale of arms and alcohol. That these Congresses did not accomplish all that was hoped of them is notorious, but equally is it true that they raised to a higher level than ever before the accepted standards for the treatment of native races. Thus there are at least three cogent reasons, each of which constitutes an all-sufficient argument for securing as a condition of peace, that within a defined period after the declaration of peace there should be held another International Congress on Native Affairs.

THE MARTYRDOM OF NATIVE RACES.

The suffering of native peoples and the depopulation of their territories within the last fifty years has demonstrated the evils of white industrialism, and if civilisation will heed the lessons this martyrdom would teach it, there is yet time to stop that degradation, disintegration of tribal life, and the thoughtless exploitation which will ultimately spell economic ruin to the white races

no less than to the native tribes. The depopulation figures of the tropical and sub-tropical world are worth a moment's reflection. It is a disturbing thought that the hecatombs of dead, as a result of the great war, will probably not reach, nor anything like reach, the reduction of population, mainly by violent methods, amongst native peoples since the 1884 American and European Congress at Berlin. No student of colonial affairs will deny that since 1884 the depopulation of Central Africa alone has exceeded 10,000,000. Herr Dernburg's was one of the first authoritative voices raised against the colossal destruction of African life in German colonies, which he would probably admit exceeded 500,000 in German South-West Africa, and almost as heavy a proportion in Togoland. In the Pacific Ocean the ghastly experiment of the Franco-British Condominium in the New Hebrides during the same period has been primarily responsible for a reduction of the population from 650,000 to less than 65,000. What would not Germany have given could she have called back to industrial life the able-bodied Herreros? What would the copra merchants of Europe give to-day if they could call into activity again those prematurely dead Polynesians of the South Seas? These countless thousands of the world's workers have gone, and it is useless to bemoan the fact; but to the insane folly of the past would be added the crime of to-day if we ignore the lessons which a thirty years' martyrdom of native races should teach us.

If one wished to state in general terms the cause of this depopulation and suffering, it might be summed up in the phrase, "too intimate a contact with white social and industrial life," and this general cause falls into four main categories: (a) Labour systems; (b) disease; (c) the unrestricted sale of alcohol; (d) sexual irregularities. Many tropical territories have suffered from only one of these scourges; others from two or three; others again—like the New Hebrides—have suffered from all four.

THE WAY OF REFORM.

Just as the main cause of depopulation has been a too intimate contact with white industrialism, so has it been established that the screening off of native races from this contact in the early stages of development has led to increased productivity, happiness, and prosperity. Not only prosperity to the native inhabitants but to white industry outside these areas, for the surplus labouring population freely overflows its borders to the assistance of white enterprise. The most complete illustration of this is Basutoland, where, within a century, the Basutos have increased from 40,000

to 400,000, whilst the annual outflow of labouring population is no less than 70,000 men, who assist the white man in garnering the wealth of South Africa.

The time has surely come when the white colonising nations should agree to set aside an area in each Colony or Protectorate for the exclusive use of the native inhabitants. But these areas to be successful must satisfy certain conditions; they must comprise the ancestral lands of the tribe; they must be adequate not merely for the present generation, but large enough to admit of tribal expansion, and, more important than all is that these areas must be held by the tribes in secure tenure. The only white men permitted within the borders would be those administrators, missionaries, and merchants who seek only the welfare of the natives, and whose presence is mainly concerned with guiding the tribes in learning the task of a progressive administration of purely tribal affairs. Given such areas in each colony—adequate and unalienable lands—the evolution is secured of contented and progressive tribal communities, whose productivity would overflow to the advantage of the lighter-skinned races outside.

LABOUR—FORCED OR FREE?

One of the most encouraging features of native labour questions is that the commercial world is not only beginning to realise the importance of conserving native life, but is recognising that the application of fraud or force upon the labour supply is a ruthless and unerring boomerang. This new attitude finds eloquent expression in the pages of *Tropical Life*, whose editor, Mr. Hamel Smith, commenced some ten years ago ringing the tocsin upon this feature, whilst, as the years pass, his warning bell clangs out ever more loudly through the commercial world. Mr. Hamel Smith, in another of his eloquent editorials, addressed to the tropical world of commerce, says:—

“We apologise to our readers for having devoted so much space to this question of the preservation and improvement of the primitive races, but do so because we feel that, handsome and imposing as may be the agricultural and commercial palace that the super-scientist and the super-financier show us on paper, it can still only be a ‘Castle in Spain.’ We say this because, when the building is completed it will never stand, but always remain rotten and sinking in its foundations if the native labour on which it can alone be erected is not equal to and in everywise worthy of the building itself.”

Labour abuses, which have caused so great suffering and depopulation, fall into two main categories: Forced labour and

contract labour by force, fraud, or conditions of slavery. The delegates at the Berlin and Brussels Conferences of 1884 and 1890, respectively, thought that by their labours slave-owning, slave-trading, and internecine warfare had been reduced to negligible dimensions, yet the intervening period has been one of the most appalling in the martyrdom of native races.

The first reform, alike in time and value, is that of the abolition of forced labour. Almost every living British statesman conversant with native affairs has declared that every form of forced labour is objectionable, and that forced labour for private profit is barely distinguishable from slavery. If it is impossible now to agree internationally to the entire abolition of forced labour, the time has surely arrived to secure an agreement that forced labour for private profit is a form of slave-owning, and that the signatory powers agree to its entire abolition. If this one reform could be carried, the blessings it would confer upon native tribes on the one hand, and industry on the other, would be well worth the trouble and expense involved in securing another International Congress on Native Affairs.

SLAVE TRADING.

Slave trading has happily been abolished in most African and Asiatic territories, but it still flourishes in other countries, more particularly under a sort of debt bondage, which is in no essential element distinguishable from slave-trading. The individual labourer is transferred at a monetary valuation covering an alleged "debt." He, or she, is transferred without any reference to his, or her own wishes, and without any regard to the family tie. Husbands are thus sold from wives, daughters to other men, and little children sold from one or both parents. The nature of this traffic may be gathered from an article by Mr. W. O. Simon which appeared in the *Wide World Magazine* of April, 1913:—

"When I was in the Madre de Dios, the market price of a man was £60, a woman £40, and a child £10; although for good men used to collecting caucho (low-grade, wild rubber) much higher prices prevailed. One landowner I know had just bought twenty families—say, eighty persons in all—for £5,000. I myself was offered a hundred people by their master, who was retiring from business. He appeared quite surprised when I told him that Englishmen did not deal in human flesh."

Colonel Fawcett, the well-known authority on South American questions, says of this traffic:—

"Men, women, and children are bought and sold for personal service. Parents sell daughters; the brutal appreciation

of life is such that there is no security in the Peruvian forests for the possession of children. It is a mistake to suppose that it is only a degenerate class of Peruvian who is guilty of abuses. They are perpetuated by foreigners of various nationalities, whose better instincts, if they ever had any, have been blunted by the greed for profit, and whose licence is encouraged by an immunity from scandal."

The fact that European and American Powers have agreed to regard slave-trading as a crime against humanity should make it easy now to deal with a system which is nothing but thinly-veiled slave-trading of the most inhuman type.

CONTRACT LABOUR.

Every European and American Colonising Power has a system of contract labour which lends itself to the most flagrant abuses. These abuses are either in the recruitment of the labourers, the terms of the contracts, or the treatment of the labourers whilst the contracts are operative. In the length of contracts, Germany demanded the longest possible periods, but exercised a good deal of care over the labourers in transit. In the violation of law and the terms of contract, the Portuguese system has shown the gravest abuses, and British indentured labour, whilst free from anything which could be termed slave-owning, has led to serious scandals in recruitment and treatment during the indenture period.

PERIOD OF CONTRACT.

The German system of "longest-period-possible" contract must go, and the British ten-year and five-year contract must be abolished, never again to be introduced. For these, International action might substitute a maximum for agricultural and mining contracts, respectively. It is easy to suggest the maximum for mining contracts. Six months is the maximum period for which any native should be engaged on a single contract for mining operations, for there is some evidence—not yet very clear, it is true—that a limit of six months sub-surface contract reduces considerably the fatal development of the dread phthisis, and for this reason alone a limit of six months consecutive working in the mines should be imposed. There is yet another advantage in that a six months' contract is so attractive in South Africa, where it operates, that voluntary labour flows towards the mines and thus avoids the heavy cost of recruitment. The reason for the popularity of the short contract is that it provides opportunity for visiting home and family, and permits of assistance in the gathering of the tribal harvests.

Agricultural contracts of anything beyond three years without the right of revision are, in practice, oppressive and inequitable. The planting community frequently argues that a labourer is useless for the first eighteen months, but this argument has never been substantiated by any convincing evidence. In fact, most native peoples are primarily agriculturists, and six to nine months should be a sufficient time within which to "speed up" the labourer to European or American methods of producing rubber, cocoa, or sugar. It must not be overlooked, however, that the planters have in most cases to meet heavy charges for transport from long distances, whilst certain of these tropical products possess but a narrow margin of profit. It would seem, therefore, that a maximum of three years' contract might be agreed upon by the Powers, both in the interests of the planters and the native labourers.

BREACHES OF CONTRACT.

It has been the practice of all nations to visit breaches of civil contract with criminal punishment—a practice which has brought about most deplorable scandals. Let us picture this contract labourer. He enters into a civil contract to serve for so many years of 365 days. His first shock is the discovery that the planters' "days" are not days of so many hours at all, but measured tasks set by the employer! When he finds a task cannot be performed in perhaps double the time, what wonder that he protests vigorously against this apparently fraudulent interpretation. In quick time he probably finds himself in the police-court, and in due course may suffer a penalty for the so-called crime. But it is not merely from breaches arising out of failure to perform the allotted task that the labourer finds himself in the court, for a British magistrate* said:—

"Sometimes people were brought before me either as vagrants or deserters, but the great majority of cases were idleness and alleged idleness, and it was impossible for me to ascertain really the merits of the case."

And again:—

"Complaints by masters or mistresses of insulting conduct, or words, or gestures, and trumpery cases which ought not to have been brought into court, and which would not be brought in any other country before a criminal court."*

An enormous number of labourers pass through the court for breaches of contract. In British Guiana, with an indentured population of 9,784 persons, no less than 3,835 charges were preferred

* Mr. Bateson, before Lord Sanderson's Committee, 1910.

against the coolies under labour laws. In Trinidad; out of 11,506 coolies under indenture, 1,869 were convicted, and in Fiji, with 11,689, some 2,291 were charged in the criminal courts. In most of the colonies of certain other Powers the labourer does not possess, or is not allowed, access to a Court of Justice at all, whilst in many such colonies the power of inflicting punishment is left in the hands of the employer! In such cases, contract labour differs barely, if at all, from slavery.

An International Congress on Native Affairs could surely agree upon three or four leading principles of reform of contract labour:—

(a) A limitation of mining and agricultural contracts to a maximum of six months and three years, respectively.

(b) That breaches of these civil contracts should be visited with civil penalties.

(c) That no labourer should be punished without being given a trial.

(d) That the employer should under no circumstances be allowed to "inflict" punishments.

PROTECTIVE MEASURES.

The Portuguese have one excellent practice, although it is not as effective as it might be, viz., that the Protectors of the natives recruited from their colonies are chosen from the country from which the labourers are secured. The British system of protecting natives has broken down in most dependencies, the chief reason for this being that the Protectors appointed are mainly Colonials with no knowledge of the country from which the labourers are obtained; but, worse still, in the majority of cases they cannot even speak the language of the labourers they are appointed to protect!

A reform long overdue is the appointment of Protectors, one of whose qualifications should be an ability to speak the language of the labourers whose rights they are appointed to safeguard.

SEXUAL IRREGULARITIES.

Whilst slavery, the traffic in drink and in arms, have on several occasions now formed subjects for International Congresses and International regulations, the crying scandals of sexual irregularities have not hitherto found any place in these Congresses. Admittedly, the subject is difficult, but it is nevertheless true that the irregular relationships which obtain in many colonies are but one remove from, if they indeed obtain, amongst the lower creation. The evil which men do is not limited to a loss of prestige

and moral force, but its effects are seen in widespread disease of a particularly virulent type, in the demoralisation of tribal system, and in the pitiable spectacle of poor unclad sickly half-caste offspring, the respected children of neither the white nor the coloured races. The time has gone by when these things could be hushed up. The facilities of travel are so abundant that the whole of this sordid tragedy stands out naked and unashamed—a monument of disgrace to the civilised white. In any future Congress upon Native Affairs, something must be done to deal with this feature of tropical and sub-tropical life. There are three main directions along which reform might be attempted. First, that all legislation dealing with sexual irregularities should apply equally to the white as to the coloured races; secondly, the speeding up of the machinery for the registration of illegitimate children; and, finally, provision for the education and care of the offspring of irregular relationships.

A PUBLIC DUTY.

The time for another International Congress on Native Affairs was overdue when war broke out. The conquest and potential annexation of tropical and sub-tropical territories arising out of the war renders such a Congress imperative, whether viewed from the standpoint of equity, of industry, or of sound policy.

There is no reason to suppose that European and American statesmen will ignore—but every reason to hope that they will recognise—this duty, but upon public opinion rests the responsibility of insisting that the just claims of the child races of the world shall be considered once again by a European and American Congress on Native Affairs, and that peace terms shall at least include a definite pledge to such Congress.

JOHN H. HARRIS.

THE CONVERSION OF THE "GOOD."

I.

BOTH John and Jesus regarded the public which they addressed as a unity. Their appeal was collective. When they did not speak to the nation itself, they addressed themselves to single communities within it, which were, like Capernaum and especially Jerusalem, capable of common action; and such was the action they demanded. Their audiences they did not regard as sects or groups, but as patches of the whole people. To this unity came the call and the condemnation. It seems sometimes sweeping. Yet Jesus was not indiscriminate in His impeachment. He was searching. He challenged a solidary system and an ambitious programme. And He was public in His note. He did indict a nation. He did save a world. He did think in wholes. The keepers of the vineyard were all bad; there was no distinction between the true and the false among them, the better and the worse. But that was not to say that there were no good and devout people in Israel, even among Pharisees. When we denounce Germany as the world-agent of Satan we do not deny the many fine and worthy lives in that land. We judge it as a collective unit with a solidary policy and ideal. It was a national unit that was in Christ's mind. It was an evil and "adulterous" *generation* (i.e., a recreant age of Israel, false to its husband God, not a generation of adulterers) that was warned and judged. In that national unity and action the better suffered with the worse. Jesus was preoccupied with the national self, with the general will, as we should now call it, and with the way it worked down into individuals rather than was made up of them.

The call for repentance in particular was directed both by John and by Jesus to the community perhaps even more than to the individual. When Jesus was told of the massacre of some Galileans by Pilate for an outbreak of religious fanaticism He said to His informants (who thought, in the popular way, that a violent end was a judgment for the victim's special sin) that Chauvinism, however religious, was not the line for Israel, and that revolt was hopeless. He said that a nation in arms was not Israel's *rôle*, that Messiah was of another spirit, that for this people,

with its election, grace could do more than force, that they must all (collectively) repent of their perversion of God's purpose with them, and turn to a policy of moral permeation as His will in calling them, else Pilate and his legions would do for the whole nation ("likewise") what he had done in the *fracas* in the north. The "you," whether of John or Jesus, was not a group of scattered individuals but the collective people, with its common will, national policy, and national guilt. Each audience they had represented that people. The same line, of course, was taken by the Rabbinate, which both prophets withstood. For them also the unit was the nation. For all that age, indeed, the basis of religion was collective, national, racial. Israel before God was a quasi-personal unity in mission, destiny, crime, and doom. Still, as for the prophets, it was the nation that was God's *vis-à-vis*, rather than the soul. But John and Jesus took this ideal fact seriously and crucially as the true reality. Their call to repent went to all alike, while with the Rabbis it was directed but to a part. These leaders started from the idea that Israel, as a whole, *was* obeying and serving God, and that obedience was its total, normal, and deserving condition. No doubt (they said) many came short, but these, with their need for repentance, were only a deplorable section. Repentance meant no more than a revival of enthusiasm and observance; it did not mean a new birth and a new public spirit. The nation was substantially sound. Its spiritual gentry, its religious *Junkerthum*, was right, and it set the public pitch. Its collective state, therefore, was right and meritorious. Israel as a whole, by its correct service of God's law, deserved God's blessing, and, from God's promise in its election, the lead of the world. Its officers were working for this, with extraordinary faith in an eschatology of Empire, and with the closest attention to preparatory detail in their way of ritual drill. But John did not except the most religious from his call, nor did Christ. Indeed, they pressed it on the "good," the eminently religious, in particular, for whom religion and patriotism were one, whose piety, therefore, had lost the true God and his true Kingdom. With these churchmen especially they had their quarrel. Such were the Pharisees. The really and deeply good Christ found in the silent and obscure saints, the humbly devout, the meek and lowly in heart (as it might be the old Germany of the hymns and the heights), with whom so far He ranged Himself, weary and laden as they were with ritual requirement and its religious eminence. Here lay his private affinities. If not in the Kingdom they were not far from it. (Strangely enough He did not take His twelve from them.) Those whom the people held most pious both Christ and John found most wrong (because most in earnest), and

most in need of repentance. And, if the religious representatives were wrong, then by solidarity the people as a whole was. It was the good chiefly (understood as I have said) that Christ called on for the national response he never got. It was the "good," the believers in chief, and the well-doers of repute, that disappointed Him most. Both He and they believed passionately in God, His will, and His Kingdom. It was those with whose creed and its passion He had most in common that He broke.

And how did He wish this unity, this community, to act? Through its government? That government, indeed, stood condemned clearly enough in Herod; but it was not such rulers that preoccupied the two prophets, and were specially called to repent and change. If it had been, Jesus would have been more popular. For the rulers, whether political or pious, were not beloved. When Jesus exposed the Pharisees the common people heard Him gladly (though many of the poor were of the Pharisaic party). But His prime demand, though public and corporate, was nothing that a mere government or a court could meet. Christ was not the mouth-piece of a religious party with a forward policy, nor of a Socialist movement. He was extraordinarily conservative of the national past—as Luther would have taken the Pope if he would let him preach the Gospel. He was not the prophet of reform programmes for either belief or action. He was no idealogue. He did not detach the rulers from the whole people who accepted their lead. "Unless ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish"—rich and poor, good and bad should perish in a national enlargement of the Galilean massacre. The only morality He knew was the deep kind that culminates not in conduct but in repentance, and still more in regeneration. He had no class interests. The demand was charged upon the whole nation as a unit, upon the common temper of the society around Him, its non-moral type of religion, its low-pitched decent conscience, its vigorous programme, and its common will for a forward policy. For throughout the public religion of Israel the *vis-à-vis* of God (I have said) was not the soul but the people.

What to do? To repent as a nation. To flee from nationalism, and save their true nationality. The repentance demanded was not personal lamentation but moral action, private and public, not misery but change, and a change not in religious zeal but in their heart of hearts, and so in the national note. Was it to live for the Kingdom of God, then? To choose the Kingdom, the Sovereignty, the Empire of God? But the Pharisees were doing that passionately. It was their whole zealotic programme, about which they had no misgivings. No, it was to choose Him, and His reading of their past,

their Bible, their call, their mission. And, as the result of that contact with Him, to repent, to so change in heart as to change their public ambitions. Things had so gone that that meant a moral revolution on a national scale. To have no misgiving about current religion was, to an eye like Christ's, the last perdition of a people with the Old Testament in their hands. The true genius of that Law for which they were ready to die was their condemnation. The crucial issue was not between the Kingdom and the World, but between the Kingdom and its King, between two different views of the Kingdom—the imperial, with a tutelary God and a belief in power, and the moral, with a belief in grace, and with a God of holy love to whom righteousness was more than sacrifice. The issue was not between a domestic and a world policy for the nation. The call was to choose goodness and reject evil according to the deep principle of the Kingdom as it stood out in Him. It was to choose public excellence as it was in Him, His principle of national righteousness, His version of Scripture, His manner, the manner, not of precept, conduct, rigour, vigour, and force, but of grace, repentance, faith, and love, the note not of Empire but of the Kingdom, as He, its true King, in its true spiritual succession, made it. This, He said, was the true genius of law and prophet, and the true vocation of Israel. "This is the work of God," *i.e.*, the action required, "to believe in Me." He, and not statute, not prerogative, not conquest, was the soul of Israel, He and not the tradition of the Fathers. It was faith freed from patristics, faith regenerated, faith moralised. The ethical was to be the first interest of a nation.

Those chiefly responsible were less the political authorities than the ecclesiastical (if in Israel they could be severed), the "good," the prominently pious, the active Churchmen. They were the counterparts, for that day, of our "eminent Christians" in Victorian days, the representatives of national, reputable, prompt, public, and bustling religion, the leaders of the religious world as the press might select them. For Israel was, above all things, a religious nation, which owed to its religion the unity of its existence, the reason for that existence, and the policy of its social leaders. The State had become a Church, and a law Church. Of such a people the publicly religious were bound to be the public leaders. And it is on the religious *élite*, the *haut monde* of observance, the cynosures of the Church, that Jesus places the fate of the public. *To these in chief goes the appeal for repentance*—to the "best" people of His religious day. For to His mind they had taken the moral core out of religion, as they showed by their treatment of repentance, which to Him was the root of all morality. And the

Orthodoxy of the leaders was in this respect abetted by the sentimentalism of the crowd (Luke xi., 27). To a large section of the people Pharisaism was the pink of piety and policy—to Jesus it was its blight. Its falsehood was so unreal as to be unconscious. There was nothing for it, therefore, but a fundamental repentance. For the unconscious falsity was sinking into conscious hypocrisy. A religion severed from the last moral reality of grace was becoming a religion of the worst duplicity. The ideal precepts of the Sermon on the Mount were really a part of this call to repentance. Nothing but despair of fulfilling them could qualify for their fulfilment.

Of old the pure Jews had perhaps always been in a minority in the population of Palestine, amid a crowd that easily gravitated to the indigenous cults and conduct; and even now in every considerable place there was a Brahmanic ring, a junto of religious Rajpoots, a group, or even party, of Pharisees, high separatists from the general public, and respected as such—for the position they took rather than the piety they felt. While at the other end was a mass of common people, too poor to be pious in an expensive religion of observance, passing as “sinners” because sectaries, and disowned by the notables of faith and their set. And Jesus meets both of these extremes, not with a call for more zeal, nor for grave amendment, far less with the promise of reward for patriotic fidelity, but with the demand for a repentance as deep as their zealotry, and the message of a moral kingdom based entirely on grace and forgiveness for all alike. He was more at home with the penitent than with the excellent people; but He came to all not with the invitation to inherit but with the call to repent, to change their mind and ways, to take from Him a new religious type, nay, a religious new birth deeper than repentance, deep as the Holy Ghost and His searching fire. To both classes alike the call came. But chiefly to the chief. The objective of Jesus was the nation through its heads. He did aim at working through Israel on the world, like the Pharisees, but not with the Law. His central religious ethic was national in its note, though more than national in its scope. And the nation was not to be converted only when the “sinners” came to Jesus, but, still more when the “good” came, the reputable, the “righteous,” the nation’s head and front. He was not so sweeping as He was thorough. It was His searching moral realism that was so unsparing, not His wide sweep. He was always more deep than broad. He blamed not many but much. If all the “sinners” had come to Him one by one, Christ’s first call would still not have been met, nor His work achieved. That would not have been the vineyard staff receiving the Son. It would have been a response too atomic for His full call. Israel would not have been saved; nor could it be,

so long as the lawful representatives of its religion stood out against Him as such. They had the authority, and they determined the temper and destiny, of a community which was religious or nothing, which had been God's elect, and which was still His true goal. Christ always recognised them as its proper organs. It does not appear that those known as "sinners" were at first singled out by Jesus as specially needing His grace—though they responded much better. "The blindness of the religious was visited with a sterner condemnation than those sensual transgressions which are punished more obviously both by their own consequences and by social censure." But it was one Salvation, as it was one Saviour, for the nation as one. The lost sheep to whom He was sent were the whole house of Israel. When He said the Kingdom was impossible unless their righteousness exceeded that of Scribe and Pharisee, He meant a qualitative difference, and not more of the same. He meant absurd things like brotherhood and service. He meant Redemption where they revelled in piety. He meant a new birth, which was to the Pharisee a foreign idea, one which could only have its place in passing from Paganism to Judaism. For the Pharisee the resurrection meant no more than the replacing of what death took away, not a new life with a new hunger and an unearthly food. But still more, Jesus was not thinking of a group severed from Israel—whoever He might have been addressing at the moment. He was thinking of the true Israel, of the nation as He desired to see it and make it. It was the Cross that first universalised the Gospel, and also finally individualised it. The nation said it was religiously sound as a whole; Jesus, Who, as its very Salvation, was God's Judgment upon it, said it was as a whole hollow. He brought a larger forgiveness and judgment than covered a class or a section—and a more historic visitation. He and His call were on the whole public scale of a nation which had a long life of calls, deliverances, and destinies behind it. Such Grace is the great leveller—and unifier. To every man this penny, even to the best. In the Gospels the great example of a penitent is not Matthew the publican, nor Magdalen, nor any other such sinner (as sentiment has selected them) but the rock Peter. And the members of the earliest Church were all alike objects of Grace. There was not an inner circle of the penitents.

As to the vital nature of this repentance for which Christ called, this may be said more particularly. It has been pointed out that the Pharisees, no less than Jesus, believed that it was the Spirit that quickened. This only shows that Christianity is much more than spirituality. It means more than the belief that God is a Spirit—more even than obedience to such a God. It is obedience to God

where and as He has pleased to express His heart and work His will. The Pharisees believed in a Resurrection by God's Spirit—as they believed in some way in many, not to say in most, of the things intimate to the faith of Jesus. But it was a Resurrection which only restored the previous state of things, with new facilities which gave more freely what death had taken away. It replaced the old egoisms and ambitions on a new plane, and substituted an egoism of more culture for one more coarse. There was no dream of being born again by pure grace as the grand destiny of life, the grand necessity of the soul, the grand purpose of death. The spirituality of the Pharisees involved nothing which fundamentally changed the soul's deep relation to God. His intervention meant but a restoration, and in no sense a regeneration, whether personal or national. The national consummation especially, the public perfecting, was to be by a divine *coup d'état*, which should bring Israel world-power without a world gospel, without a new moral principle or spiritual ideal. The Pharisees, full of culture, earnestness, and efficiency, mocking rather than worshipping a God publicly holy, and waiting only for the right moment, were all agog for a great new state of things for the whole earth. It was to come by such a miraculous augment to the national force that Rome should be beaten with its own weapons. Their one business was to get the nation perfectly ready by ritual drill and machine morals for the hour that God would strike. They were not on God's side, but He was on theirs. They were to have Him for their ally against all the rest of the world, and His Messiah for their Emperor and idol. This God was to extend infinitely their will to power which had totally ousted any call to world service. Were they not God's elect, and therefore made to crush and to rule? The result was to strip from the messianic figure of their lordly age all moral features. He was simply to be national, irresistible, imperial, and magnificent. There was no room for the idea of Humanity. The Almighty was to be but a tribal God, in command of the world by a viceroy at Jerusalem instead of Rome; but with the same weapons to secure everywhere the dominance of the Law, which was Hebrew *Kultur*. The *pax Judaica* would just replace the *pax Romana*—with the more vigour and rigour as its impulse was religion, and its fidelity intolerance.

But the principle of Jesus was not power, far less force. It was Grace—the Omnipotence of holy Grace, *i.e.*, of moral redemption. It was not force but love—sympathy between souls, and between nations the righteousness of sympathy and its service, flowing from the faith and love of Himself as holy. He contemplated therefore the hegemony in the world not of Israel but of Humanity, under the Kingship of man's God.

There was nothing inhuman or phantasmal about the Messiah which was the historic form of His Sonship. Because He was Son of the God of holy Love and Grace He was the Son of Man. Because He was the holy Son His Kingdom was moral rule; and because He was the King of love it was a universal Kingdom. We may see from the inhuman and unethical programme of His opponents why He mostly presented His Sonship of God as the Sonship of Man. To rule the world was, for the Messiah of such a God as His (the true God of their national Scripture and Charter) to love it in His name and die for it. His power was the power of holy Grace in a land of national egoism and coarse ideals.

The difference between the two programmes is fundamental. It coincides at last with the difference of Good and Evil. It divides mankind into two great sections, one under the prince of the world and one under the King of Kings. These sections may lie down together when the issue is quiescent, but they meet in blood whenever it becomes acute. There is no discharge in that war except by blood—either the blood of the Cross or the blood of the nations. Between these two moral halves of the race there can be no peace but by surrender or by judgment. Power which trusts power and discards conscience, and Grace which glorifies conscience in atonement can never agree, and the righteousness which triumphs in blood. And this, unless for Pharisees, is as true for a nation as for a soul.

It was this choice that Christ forced upon His nation. This was the nature of His call to repent. This was His challenge to Pharisaism. And it was one in which He came to see He was destined to fail, and to be God's last doom where He had come to be His last boon. So that the legions which His providence in history marshalled against Jerusalem in 70 A.D. were ranged by the same Christ in judgment as came in mercy a generation before. They were as surely an exercise of Divine force as those catastrophes of physical and social convulsion in which He predicted their present æon would sink, and the last judgment take place. No wonder some find in the destruction of Jerusalem His Second Coming. We can understand, even if we do not quite agree. The blood of Israel's rejected Salvation became its final doom. If Cyrus was God's servant to judge Israel in earlier days, Titus was Christ's in later days—if we still believe Christ to be the King of history. When He comes to judgment thus He comes *with His angels*. He uses the nations, even if they are but comparatively righteous, to execute the judgments He inflicts. If war can in no sense be Christian, we must give up the idea of any providential connection between the national murder of Christ and the destruction of the murdering nation.

This style of condemnation by Christ was like His manner of salvation—corporate. It is the kind of judgment, as of salvation, fitted for such a great crisis as His mission made in the history of a whole people, or of a world as a whole. The good are condemned with the bad, the bad are saved with the good. All were shut up unto judgment that mercy might be on all. Christ judged in wholes and saved in wholes. In wholes, but not in masses. The individual has his place in a whole, but not in a-mass. In the mass he is but a unit, in the whole he is a member. Christ, on His way to dealing with the whole world, was not dealing with a mass of individuals, but with a nation. But it was a nation content to be led like sheep by a religion organised round a racial God and an egoist ideal, while the revelation it professed to honour and serve was that of Grace and Humanity. There are those to-day who beg us, at an hour like this, with a flickering will and a charity foreign to Christ, to think of the good features in the Kaiser, or of the many souls in Germany as Christian at least as ourselves. They bid us admire the self-sacrifice of individuals for their country there, or their patriotism, which has as good a right as our own. As if absolute loyalty to Satan were a title to regard. If they find little to choose between the combatants it is because they have lost the faculty of moral choice (or never had it) in a religion of mere sympathy and its irresolution. They may be reminded that the judgment we have to inflict in God's name on Germany, like Christ's on the Pharisees, since it means business has nothing to do at such a juncture with individual cases, and can not tarry on exceptions. They may be urged to escape from a trivial piety, and to acquaint and accustom themselves with this Christianity in the great style. They may be invited to grasp, with New Testament Christianity, the idea of a whole nation's perdition and judgment; its racial solidarity too tribal to emit Christian protest at moral enormity; a whole public too tractable and gregarious to be trustees of Christian principle, liberty, or humanity; a national soul lost, in its own idolâtry, to the Kingdom of God; and, falling on these, a national visitation from God which avenges, on the best of the people as well as the worst, their common neglect to watch the Government with a brief for His Kingdom.

It is not hard to make caricatures of Pharisaism, and to waste powder on such guys, to picture obvious humbugs and pillory them. The view of those who so regard the old Pharisaism is quite unhistoric. It is quite blind to its religious earnestness, so faithful in its faithlessness, so false in its truth, so sincerely and sacrificially devoted to its egoisms and ambitions, and therefore so much the more deadly. The real Pharisee is the last person to be able to put his finger on real Pharisaism. It is easy to voice

the obvious verdict, which it needed no Son of God to pass, on Pecksniffs and Chadbands; while the subtle judgment of His searching and startling Spirit on themselves or their age people evade, along with the bracing repentance, the revolutionary ethic, the mental reconstruction, it would stir.

II.

The conversion called for by Jesus was thus a conversion from the most reputable and national Churchmanship of the day. And to be quite explicit we may observe two things.

(a) It was not the sin of the *wicked* that troubled Jesus so much as the sin of *goodness*.

(b) Nor was it the *sins*, or lapses, of the good he was most severe with, but their *goodness*, the kind of goodness that left such sin possible, as troubled Him most, sin public or social.

Bad religion may do more mischief than none. There are worse things than ill-doing. The morality that urges reform was worth less to Christ than the morality embedded in repentance. It was not so much the glaring sins, nor the social anomalies, that Christ denounced—the things everybody could see to be wrong and cheer their denouncer. He did not delight in shaming men by the exposure of single sins, nor of individual sin, or wrong, or inconsistency, in the way of the slashing preacher. Love prefers to be somewhat silent in the knowledge of such things. Christ was most popular, not when He was preaching His Gospel, but when He was bearding the upper and more religious classes. It was only on such an occasion (as I have said) that we are told the commonalty heard Him gladly. They cheered the attack rather than the message. The context of Mark xii., 37, makes this quite clear. And this was the class-popularity that forsook Him and fled.

As to (a). Judgment begins at the House of God, and Jesus was more severe with the leaders of His native faith. There are demagogues, even Christian demagogues, and champions, who never once have turned to rebuke their own side or to criticise their own followers; these are always fine fellows and always right. Those champions would lose their lead if they did. They have criticism but no insight; they are partisans but not prophets; tribunes of the people rather than eyes of the Spirit. They represent party egoism. This Lover of children, this Magdalen-Blessor, whose words to her were richer than her oils and tenderer than her tears, was almost as rough with His disciples as with the Pharisees. And this mind of His was a spirit that the first Church quickly caught. The Evangelists are at least as careful to record the rebukes of Jesus which judged the disciples as those which condemned the Pharisees or the outside world. And these Gospels

make it clear that it was Christ's judgment on the "good," the pious, of His day; coming to a head in His clearing of the Temple from their commercial monopoly, that brought the Cross to pass—as it is Mammon that has precipitated, if not made, the judgment of our present war.

As to (b). Jesus called the religious to repentance not merely because He condemned their sin, but because He condemned the goodness that left it possible. It was egoistic religion, whether in the individual or the national form. It was really egoist, though it thought itself devoted to God. It was seeking security while God sought service. This was the fundamental hypocrisy, which bore its fruit in due season, when the self-delusion worked out to delude and betray others. The wickedness of the world is not so hopeless as the self-satisfaction of Christians can be. The self-sure Kaiser, the Antichrist of the hour, is head of the German Church.

Not that Jesus denies the goodness of the "good," and calls it an evil effort. He does not, any more than He calls the sinners saints. The objectionably good really believe that obedience is the one thing needful, and that they obey with all their might. If only obedience were all! But it can be public perdition. It is so. It is His insight they lack into that God whose revelation gives obedience moral value (Matt. ix., 13). Obedience is no virtue unless the command be such as makes it a duty. The Pharisees differed from Jesus less by their spirit of obedience than by their insight of what should be obeyed. They had no moral imagination or sympathy. On the other hand, the "sinners" really sin, and know it as well as the "good" know their goodness. But it is far more hopeful to know well that you are a sinner than to be quite sure you are a saint. It is the sickly sentiment of the *littérateur* to say that the "sinners" were really the sound at heart, and that the "religious" were rotten; that the "bad lot" is at bottom "a good sort." Jesus never extenuated evil because those who did it were also likeable people, and did some good with a temperamental kindness. That is modern and maudlin when it is made the ground of moral judgment. The Bible aggravates evil, it does not extenuate it. Jesus never said that badness was good, or that it was not so very bad; only that those who were sinners and knew it were more hopeful and tractable for His purposes of mercy than those who were good and who knew it. But "except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish."

The "good" specially needed conversion, not because there was sin mixed with their obedience, but because their type of goodness was, or became, or tended to become, sin. What they lacked was moral insight. They did not know majesty nor mercy when they saw it. They were right in a wrong way. Their hardness was as

demoralising as our softness. They were as keen as Christ about God's righteousness; it was their conception of it that debased and ruined them. Paul owned that they had a zeal to God, but not according to knowledge. The earnest piety was that of a blind asylum. So it will not do to say of a vendor of spiritual poison that he is a good earnest fellow. The need is not the religion of good fellows, but true positive religion, and the discernment it brings.

In Christ's teaching, the good, who are sure of their goodness, are in more peril than the bad who are sure of their badness. The damnation is greatest of those to whom it will be most of a surprise. The goodness, that stops short at a point satisfied, with its moral education finished, is more dangerous, because less practicable, than badness that does not think its education begun. The occasion to sin that rises out of self-satisfied goodness, unbroken and unhumiliated, is a worse temptation than that which rises out of passion. Well-doing becomes such a temptation because it may create a stronger sense of self than even passion does, by bringing Heaven in aid. Self then has God for guarantor. So the devotee may be more hopeless than the debauchee. The self-will of the popular saint, or the spiritual "side" of the cultured pietist, may be an almost incurable malady.

There is a Pharisaism of culture which has had an appalling apocalypse in the war. To say nothing of intellectual priggery, there is a Pharisaism of the ideal, which has a Greek ethic, a Jewish regard for proud, good form, and the incorrigible self-respect of those who have never seen the Holy in His burning bush. This also the prophet of a searching grace and a living faith must sweep into his call for the repentance that is the foundation of the new morality and the source of the last religion. The doctrine of justification by faith, says Wernle, is the one meeting point of ethic and religion. The Pharisees who made the Antichrist in Israel were as religious, scholarly, earnest, and efficient, and they were as much devotees of the Union of Church and State as the German Church to-day is—and as false to the Kingdom of God in any sense that Christ would have recognised. They worshipped power at the cost of grace; in their modern antitype the barrack goes for far more than the Church in the schooling of the public. Surely a Church which has so definitely rejected Christ's Kingdom of God, and so de-ethicised religion as to abet the official repudiation of morality for a nation has ceased to be a Church, and must become a pariah among the Churches of the future righteousness. This is the end of Lutheranism, and its reversion to an Antichrist worse than Rome.

P. T. FORSYTH.

MARSEILLES NOW.

IN all Europe so much and so little of war is not to be seen as in Marseilles. "What a war you are having up there," they said in Bordeaux when the *Tout Paris* arrived. Marseilles to-day does not even say that. Marseilles openly enjoys what she sees of the war. Why should she not, if she can, and who will throw the first stone? The 15th Army Corps of the South funked and broke and was disgraced, then pulled itself together and was slaughtered, and saved its name. Marseilles makes more with more fun out of the war than any other town I know in fighting Christendom. Why shouldn't she?

That absurd mistral blows hard as usual, and at the right-hand bottom corner of the Cannebière one is suddenly frozen after being sun-scorched. The Cannebière, the Vieux Port, the Rue de la République, and the Allées de Meilhan and the Allées de Belzunce are not less crowded for that. Arabs clad in blankets, or often each in half a one, stride along. Niggers chatter past. Annamites in regulation dark blue suits patter by. Chinamen, Tonkinese, Malgaches are other men in the street. The Marseilles market wife does not even say *Té* at seeing them. The British subaltern swings contemptuously down the Cannebière. The convalescent Serbian officer has evidently been at home here for some time. The tremendous Russian officer is out and about to see Marseilles life. Maharajahs, whose khaki has one pleasing touch of magnificence, soft collars buttoned with two brilliants, sit for hours, pictures of dignity, in the lounge of my hotel. Russian *mujik* orderlies load their officers' luggage on motor lorries in the hotel yard, and a Syrian priest interprets, who has some Russian and is a refugee in lay clothes, and wants to know whether I cannot get him a job in English or French journalism. And the hotel-keeper is reminiscent of the first great new hotel he started in London on the Embankment, and of Fleet Street and Strand celebrities of the nineties, and of Zola, to whom he showed Whitechapel, and is urged to write his memoirs in the intervals of superintending the right composition of *bouillabaisse*. The *mujiks* are still loading their officers' luggage, the Maharajahs still sit sedately, the British subalterns abate nothing of their contemptuousness, and outside niggers,

Arabs, Annamites, Serbs, Tommies, South African Tommies, South African Highlanders, Boer Scots, Chinamen, Malgaches, Japanese, Belgians, Russians walk the Cannebière as usual: the war at Marseilles.

Just after nightfall the crowd in the Cannebière, generally moving and chattering in several tongues—with a few Arab, Hindoo, English, silences—stands still and solidifies on each side of the road. A new noise: the gurgle and squeak of the bagpipes, and the rumble of an enormous drum, beaten by a drummer on foot who tries to look like a mounted Lifeguardsman, and by force and quickness with his fists and sticks really carries it off. Scottish troops march past with a great swing and, though tired, a grin on most faces. Arms swing in the march, and the hands of the two outward ranks catch Marseilles girls' hands on the edge of the crowd at rhythmical intervals as the men go by. They landed by transport from somewhere at the front this morning, they entrain for somewhere else on the Allies' one front to-night. They are Scots—from South Africa. Some speak still broad Glasgow, others speak Cape Town, others only South African Dutch—khaki-kilted Highlanders who are Boers and speak only Boer, and on whose shoulders South Africa in brass letters is spelt "Zuid Afrika." And they also are entraining at the St. Charles Railway Station for the front to fight in France for England and for France. Marseilles so far has seen more of the British Empire than England has. And I remember being in Marseilles when Marseilles welcomed President Krüger with "Mort aux Anglais."

In the morning the mistral freezes and the sun scorches, as usual. From Mirabeau Camp, a cherry and almond orchard overlooking L'Estaque Bay, greener-khaki clad Russians, simple faces, fine limbs, lean shanks and a long loose stride, march to and through Marseilles. The colours, white with a painted face of the dying Christ and pale embroideries, are carried at the head of the column on one side. Troopers with flowers on their new French rifles* (some told me they wondered whether the French bayonet would be as good for Boche-killing as their own Russian) sing every few minutes as they go by deep slow chants, the beat at every second step of the march, every now and then breaking into quick songs with the time halved, and all the voices sing true, and take up each change of tune and time without a flaw. Streets are up along the route, and Annamite and Arab and Senegalese labourers, brought over by the French Government, who are mending the streets, stand staring at the Russians marching and singing by.

Walk along the jetty: Spanish, Dutch, Norwegian, Swedish, Danish steamers (their national flags painted enormously on their

hulls in the fond hope of immunity) load and unload. French mineral waters for Rio de Janeiro, British biscuits for Buenos Ayres, Swiss machine parts for Spain, French pianos for the United States, British steel for China: one reads the black letterings on the thousands of packing-cases strewn about the docks, and has an instant image of what our command of the sea means. Further along the docks heavy men in grey-green shabby suits lumber about slowly, but willingly, with great wine casks, and some have the round flat caps with red bands still: Boche prisoners loading casks of Southern wine on to railway trucks. Dark, beady-eyed Southerner soldiers dance round them, explaining. The wine is poured into the cask by a Marseillais, the Boche only handles the filled and corked cask, slowly and heavily. Good old ancient Territorials, with fixed bayonets, mount guard over the prisoners, but some of the sentries, in the heat of the day, have laid by their rifles and rest, and the Boches would have but to put a hand out to seize their warders' weapons if they had a mind to, which is the very last thing they would have. Besides, here and there, slightly cleaner *feldgrau* and red band cap show a *feldwebel*, full of authority and glad to marshal his men about in the wine cask loading operations, under the happy-go-lucky instructions from the Marseillais Territorials. The same Boche prisoners "happened" to be at work on Wharf D at the moment the first Russian troops arrived, and were by a favour put in a good place to see the landing of the Russians, welcomed by French generals and authorities, and by English, Scottish, New Zealand, South African Tommies, whose one idea was, which of the generals is General "Jofer," for of course he must be there. The dramatic effect, for that matter, was entirely lost upon the Boche prisoners, who had obviously no imagination beyond their noses, and just looked on, pleased sightseers. I am not sure they did not even cheer, and feel certain the letters they were expected to write home merely spoke of the nice half-holiday they had had. As I drove away my car was entangled in traffic: behind was a column of Russian infantry, in front was a column of South African Scottish infantry, trying to pass the other way were vociferating peasants' carts with wine casks, British transport waggons driven by speechless turbanned Hindoos, violently impatient R.N. motor-cars, and a party of Boche prisoners on the march under guard of four fat Territorials armed, with bayonets fixed. This time the Marseillais, hanging on in clusters to the tramways which were also mixed up in the traffic, really did say *Té*, but it was just at the carts and the dust.

The 5 franc Marseilles lunch of old now costs 10. A *bouillabaisse* runs to I don't know how much. Beautiful British

officers (large Highlanders are especially liked) and spacious Russians rule the restaurants. Russian officers sit down, make the sign of the cross, and instantly begin on champagne. There are fifty-two cinemas in Marseilles, all always full, and one of them (I carved my way into it through heat and odours) paid in a year £24,000 to the poor rates, which works out at £240,000 takings.

"Yes, indeed," said the staff of the *Petit Marseillais*, "such is Marseilles." The *Petit Marseillais* has reached the height of its ambition. Asked whether it would not like a chance in Paris journalism, it is surprised. "Paris? No. Why? We are the *Petit Marseillais*. The ambition of every Marseilles journalist is achieved when he has been finally taken on the *Petit Marseillais*. His career is then made."

There is nothing in belligerent Europe like Marseilles. Military police? Civilian police? Spies? Prostitutes? *Té*, we let live, says Marseilles. There is no hampering, indeed, of any kind. I could, but cannot, give statistics the chief of the Police of Morals gave me. The military and political police seemed to me to be easy-going. A French officer, a friend of mine, went to an hotel near the station, and then had to leave, finding the hotel was forbidden to French officers and men, because "the *personnel* was suspect." I went to the hotel to see a Parisian journalist staying there, and found it was the headquarters of the R.N. staff at Marseilles. If there are not ten thousand German spies in Marseilles, it is their own fault. There is no machinery that I could find for stopping, or tracking, or even detecting them. Every landing of troops in Marseilles is undoubtedly known to the enemy long before the censor has passed the news for the London or Paris press. Happy-go-lucky Marseilles. Happy Allies. We had much rather be like that and as we are, than German-organised.

There was an idea a German submarine might be in the offing. "All the same," said the pert Parisian journalist, "it mightn't be such a bad thing for Marseilles if a shell landed in the Vieux Port and the Cannebière. It might do 'em good."

LAURENCE JERROLD.

ORIGINS OF THE INDIAN ARMY.

A SKETCH of the origins of the Indian Army may be of interest at a time when part of it is engaged on European battlefields for the first time in history.

The old East India Company's Army was a wonderful growth and historical survival, and in 1850 reached the then enormous total of fifty-two regiments of Cavalry, two hundred and six regiments of Infantry, besides Artillery, Engineers, and Contingent Corps. It is, however, divided from the present Indian Army by the red thread of the Mutiny, which practically destroyed the largest portion, namely, the Army of the Bengal Presidency. Raised first to protect our coastal territories round the "factories" of Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay, augmentations were made at each inward expansion, and every step was accomplished by the aid of inhabitants of the country the Company had recently acquired. True that the spear point was the British officer and the dare-devil "King's Regiment," but victories were won against courageous and organised enemies, with what would now be considered dangerously small proportions of British troops. Lord Lake's wonderful army, which operated before Delhi and in the Doab in 1803, contained only the 29th Light Dragoons, an old regiment disbanded at the peace, and the 76th King's, an heroic regiment, few of whose soldiers returned to Great Britain. In this great war the 76th were ever foremost, and of the Dragoons an Indian news-writer said, "These English are large powerful men, perfect war tigers, who unhorse the Mahratta troopers by the sheer shock of encounter."

It is advisedly called a great war, since it won for the Company the heart of Hindustan and Delhi; moreover, the British arms in it met the hitherto unconquered battalions which the Savoyard de Boigne had trained for the Mahratta genius Mahadaji Sindhia. De Boigne's successor Perron, a braggart Frenchman of Jacobin ideas, was in process of transforming into a French State the fiefs in Hindustan, assigned by Sindhia to the upkeep of his drilled soldiers. Deserted at the last by their leader (Perron) and their European officers, these men fought for their salt with such determination as to suffer and inflict losses comparable in per-

centages to any battle of the Peninsular War, save perhaps Albuera. At the capture of the fortress of Aligarh we are told that the Rajputs "fought like heroes" with their 18-foot pikes, and even descended the scaling ladders to meet the stormers. At Laswaree the veteran Lord Lake passed over the field covered with the enemy's killed and wounded, and addressing his men said, "My lads, learn to face death like these brave fellows." The ex-Guardsman never spared himself or his troops, and the recently published *Memoirs of a British Officer of a Company's Regiment* tell us of the way he sacrificed his men.

The victories of this gallant gentleman have lapsed into oblivion beside those of the "Duke" at Assaye and of Harris at Seringapatam, but in themselves they were equally or more important, and harder fought in a harder country. Thorn's *Wars in India*, the rare work of an officer of the aforesaid Dragoon Regiment, gives a remarkable picture of migratory war. In those days Northern India was no place for wheeled transport on a large scale, and the provisioning of Lord Lake's army, and, indeed, of all armies, was largely carried out by means of the Banjaras, a gipsy tribe of carriers, by pack transport. "Followers" are an ever-present necessity and nuisance in Indian warfare, but their number must have been legion in the time of Lake. A contemporary author says: "It would be absurd for a captain to think of taking the field without being attended by . . . a dubash, a cook, a maty boy, a groom, and a grass cutter; if he cannot get bullocks to carry his baggage, fifteen or twenty coolies will be needed for this. His tent is furnished with a good large bed, mattress, pillows, &c., a few campstools or chairs, a folding table, six or seven trunks with table equipage, his stock of linens at least twenty-four suits, some dozens of wine, porter, and gin, with tea, sugar, and biscuit, a hamper of live poultry, and his milch goat. A private's tent for holding his servants is also requisite, but this is not at the Company's expense." Multiply this many-fold, and a baggage train of a hundred years ago must have seemed a nation on the march. Against this we should note that it was rare for troops to be permanently cantoned—in many cases officers were glad of a mud hut to shelter them in the rainy season—and that sickness and especially cholera were rife in the hot season and monsoon in those times of incessant war. Sleeman relates that in his regiment, which was cantoned in huts in the North of Behar at the time of the Gurkha War, a large percentage of British officers and Sepoys died of some form of fever during one rainy season. Another soldier diarist met one of the King's cavalry regiments which was living in broken-down tombs, the only shelter available throughout the monsoon.

Speaking of Seringapatam, one of Tipoo's followers is stated to have said in after years, "Ah, had you but seen the Sojer Battalions swarm up the breach at Seringapatam, you would have said that had we Hindustanis but fought with the same resolution and courage we should still be masters of Mysore." Here we may say that it was not in courage and resolution that the Hindustanis failed, it was in leading. It was and is the British officer who makes the Indian Army. An old soldier of the Sikh Army once said: "Our men were as good as yours, our guns were better, but our old Sirdars sat on their elephants and called out 'Chalo, chalo' (Go on, go on), while your little officer boys ran out with drawn swords crying 'Chale ao, chale ao' (come on, come on). Be it noted that the Sirdars did not lack courage to sit on an elephant, a fair mark for all, but courage and the moral attributes of a leader are not always synonymous.

Prior to 1796 the establishment of British officers to every native regiment of the Company was very low. It was indeed frequent for all the administration of the regiment to be in the hands of the senior native officer, while the British Commandant took command on parade, or on service. In the above year the practice was inaugurated that prevails to the present day, namely, that there is a large cadre of British officers, the most junior of whom is superior to the most senior native officers, who cannot rise in substantive rank higher than the equivalent of a captain. Needless to say, this rule does not apply in feudatory States to the Imperial Service Corps.

We have spoken of Perron and the European officers' renunciation of their men in Sindhia's Corps in 1803. One of these officers, by name James Skinner, is typical of the European adventurers of the age. The son of a penniless lieutenant of the Company and of a Rajput mother, he early left the Company's district of Shahabad in search of fortune. He actually lived as a Rajput for years with his mother's kindred, but on leaving Sindhia's service and entering that of the Company he raised and commanded two regiments of cavalry which survive as the First and Third Skinner's Horse. Lord Lake often called on the "Yellow Boys" for hazardous service, and to this day one of the regiments retains the old colour for full dress uniform.

This same district of Shahabad is of remarkable interest as showing the receding of the tide of war in India. In the days of Skinner's father it was the frontier district of the Bengal Presidency, and service in the Company's Army proved attractive to the sturdy Rajput and Babhan peasantry. These were the men who fought under Lake, and against the French and Dutch in Mauritius in 1810, and Java in 1811, and to their steadiness and valour was due

- in large measure the acquisition of the North Western Provinces. The proximity of Oudh to these territories led to an immense enlistment of Rajputs and Brahmans from that State, where continual brawls and faction fights seemed designed to produce Sepoys. In fact the water of Oudh was said in those days to temper soldiers as one tempers steel. At the time of the Sikh Wars it was computed by General Sleeman that over 50,000 officers and Sepoys of the Company's Bengal Army were natives of Oudh. The annexation and subsequent cataclysm of '57 did not altogether
- destroy the connection of Oudh with the Army, for even to this day a sub-division of the Rai Bareli district supplies over 600
 - Rajput soldiers to one regiment.

Those regiments which still maintain their connection with the old recruiting centres are, in main part, survivals of the units that stood loyal in 1857. Before the Mutiny, five-sixths of the Bengal infantry were recruited from the Brahmans and Rajputs of Shahabad, Oudh, and other parts of Hindustan, the remainder being Hindustani Mahommedans. In the cavalry the proportions were reversed, five-sixths being Mahommedans, largely Pathans from Rohilkhand. The Sikh, Punjabi and Frontier Force Regiments, which bulk so largely in the present Army List, were mainly brought into being either just previous to '57 as Frontier Militia or to meet the crisis itself. We find what is now a fine Lancer regiment referred to by an officer in '58 in Rohilkhand as "some rough cavalry, styled Tiwana Horse"; and in the year 1855 Coke's regiment of Frontier Tribesmen provided their own clothes and matchlocks. Gurkhas seem to have been enlisted shortly after the Nepalese War of 1814, since the Nusseeree Battalion of Gurkhas was in the trenches at Bhurtpore in 1825. The Sirmoor Battalion was also, we believe, in existence before 1830, and its deeds at Delhi in '57, when brigaded with the Guides and 60th Rifles, have often been recounted. Both these regiments survive under new numbers, and at the present time there are over twenty battalions of Gurkhas in the Army List, exclusive of military police.

Many of the Company's old cavalry regiments fell away at the Mutiny, saving of course those of Madras and Bombay, some of which still survive in their original entities. The cavalry of Madras, numbered in the present List from 26th to 28th, preserve the old French-grey uniform of the Company's Irregular Cavalry. Does not this recall the "little block of French-grey" seen by the onlookers from the hill of Seetabuldee at Nagpore in 1817, when two squadrons of the 6th Irregulars, under Captain Hearsey, charged right through the mercenary hordes of the Mahratta Raja, driving gunners, Arab matchlockmen, elephants, and mailed cavalry before them?

The life of General Hearsey, entitled *Five Generations of an Anglo-Indian Family*, provides a magnificent record of service from the Gurkha and Pindarri Wars to the day when, a sexagenarian general, he rode down an armed mutineer, flouting a warning with the words, "Damn his musket." Moreover, an instructive glimpse is afforded of the home at Kareli, near Bareilly, where the young Hearseys were brought up in patriarchal fashion with the sons of local Zemindars, who afterwards became their subaltern officers of Horse. The cavalry of the present day is recruited from martial yeomen. Save perhaps in the Guides, there are few of the old dare-devil soldiers of fortune and swashbucklers, often taken straight over from an enemy's service, such as chased their cousins, the Pindarries, all over Rohilkhand and the Doab in 1804, and finally dispersed them in Lord Hastings's time.

Hitherto we have mainly spoken of the Army of the Bengal Presidency, but this does not imply that those of Bombay and Madras were inferior in valour and achievement. Clive's first victories were won with Madras Sepoys, and from his time to that of the Madrassee gunner at the bridge-head of Cawnpore, who stated that he was a Catholic and "all same Englishman except "black face," the Madras soldier proved his valour in many parts. The story of the Madras troops and their services and almost universal fidelity in 1857 have never been appreciated. It was an ordinary saying in the Deccan in the eighteenth century: "How wonderful are the English, they teach the miserable "unbelievers of Telingana to perform the most complicated evolutions whereby the chivalry of Hindustan is confounded and "shamed." Owing to the absence of caste scruples the Madras troops were always more prone to serve overseas in the days when men were only enlisted for local service, and when the deadly fear of loss of caste drove the Bengal Sepoy to desertion and even mutiny at the idea of crossing the "black water."

The Bombay Army was even more mixed, including in its ranks men from Hindustan as well as from the Bombay Presidency and the Deccan. Jews even were freely enlisted. There is a tradition that the 4th Bombay Rifles crossed bayonets with and routed one of Napoleon's regiments in Mauritius in 1811. At Correguam on New Year's Day, 1818, 600 Bombay Sepoys and some Irregular Horse, under a captain, endured and repulsed the attack of hordes of the Peishwa's Arab mercenaries under conditions of great hardship. The feat was the more remarkable in that nearly all the fighting was hand-to-hand, and the losses on both sides were great, even for those times. The grandson of the commander of the Horse on this occasion has recently died in France at the head of the regiment which claims descent from the troopers of Correguam.

The three separate Presidency Armies remained entities until Lord Kitchener's reforms placed all regiments in consecutive numbering, and welded the whole into one Indian Army. Still, for practical purposes, the changes introduced on the assumption of the Government of India by the Crown after the Mutiny constituted a sufficient breach with the past. The methods of recruiting officers, conditions of service, even uniform, all changed. At the present day service in the Indian Army is eagerly sought after by the pick of British officers. The writer recollects a contemporary sketch of the Battle of Gujrāt in 1849 which more than anything shows the changed character of the Army and of war. The British Army is in serried ranks enduring the Sikh cannonade. The native troops are armed and accoutred exactly as were troops of the line of the time, red coatees and white trousers, pipeclayed cross-belts, and shakos. Riflemen and gunners wear uniforms similar to those of their comrades in the Queen's service. Mailclad Sikh horsemen attempt a charge, while the Sikh Army, in line, is drawn up to await attack before the town of Gujrāt.

The old Army, with all its pomp and picturesqueness, has passed away with the old India, the India of the unmetalled road and of river communication, of an armed peasantry and of martial landlords with routs of retainers, of Thugs, and fighting Gosains. The India of the railway, of politicians, and of the press suffers in romantic comparison with the old fighting, robbing, and pillaging days. It is interesting to note from the casualty lists that some of our most historic Indian regiments have recently been heavily engaged in Africa and the Persian Gulf. Finally, we would point out that the divorce of the Army from any locality or province is unwholesome for its inhabitants. The Sepoy, from long association with English gentlemen, is most loyal to the King-Emperor, while the peasant is most convinced of all Indians that British rule is to his material advantage. It is to the good of the peasantry, who form the vast majority of the population, that where they have enjoyed a connection with the Army in the past they should continue to do so.

W. AMEER ALI.

JOHN LLEWELYN DAVIES.

IN MEMORIAM.

WITH Mr. Llewelyn Davies, who has passed away at the great age of ninety, there disappears one of the last survivors of the group of Broad Church clergy who strove to liberalise the Church of England in the second half of the nineteenth century. It is thought that a brief record of his life and work may fitly find place in THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, which counted him among its supporters and contributors from the first.

John Llewelyn Davies was born at Chichester on February 26th, 1826, and was the son of the Rev. John Davies, D.D., afterwards Rector of Gateshead, a divine of the Evangelical school, and author of a philosophical work entitled *An Estimate of the Human Mind*. John Llewelyn was educated at Repton School, under the distinguished Greek scholar T. W. Peile, and at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he was much indebted to the teaching of W. H. Thompson, afterwards Professor of Greek and Master of Trinity. The generation of Cambridge men to which he belonged was a remarkable one. He had as companions in the First Class of the Classical Tripos of 1848 C. B. Scott, B. F. Westcott, J. E. B. Mayor, A. Barry, D. J. Vaughan, and E. H. Stanley (afterwards Earl of Derby). With Vaughan, who became a close and life-long friend, Llewelyn Davies ran a neck-and-neck race throughout his University career, the two men being together elected Bell University Scholars, bracketed fifth in the Classical Tripos, and together elected Fellows of Trinity. Among his other Cambridge friends were F. J. A. Hort, Fitzjames Stephen, Henry Latham, and Montagu Butler. His interest in political and social questions developed early, and he was a frequent speaker at the debates of the Union, of which he became President. Soon after taking his degree he collaborated with David Vaughan in a translation of the *Republic* of Plato, which was afterwards included in Macmillan's Golden Treasury series—a version which, if it has less charm of style than Jowett's, is superior to it in accuracy of scholarship, and is a better guide to Plato's thought in difficult passages. Davies received some kind and appreciative letters from Thomas Carlyle concerning this translation of the masterpiece of

the "lofty Athenian gentleman" and philosopher. About this time he, with others of his contemporaries, came under the influence of Frederick Denison Maurice, which was to mould his whole future life.

His first clerical work was in East London, as curate of St. Anne's, Limehouse (1851-2), and Vicar of St. Mark's, Whitechapel (1852-6). During this period he was associated with Maurice, Thomas Hughes, Kingsley, Ludlow, and others in the Co-operative Movement and in the establishment of the Working Men's College (1854). Fifty years later he edited a volume of papers relating to the history of the college, himself contributing an appreciation, based on unique personal knowledge, of Maurice, its venerated founder. In 1856 he was appointed to the Rectory of Christ Church, St. Marylebone, a Crown living, which he held for thirty-three years, and where the main work of his life was done. The parish (now subdivided) was a large one, comprising, especially in the Lisson Grove and Edgware Road districts, a dense poor population, quite as difficult to deal with as that of Whitechapel, together with two or three squares inhabited by well-to-do middle-class families. The Sunday morning congregation was drawn from different parts of London, and included Thomas Hughes, J. R. Seeley, and E. A. Abbott. Holding strongly the view that a clergyman does well to throw himself into the public affairs, secular as well as religious, of his locality, Mr. Davies was a regular attendant at the meetings of the Marylebone Vestry and Board of Guardians. As chairman of the Relief Committee of the Guardians, he was able to put in practice, with successful results, his conviction that the policy of restricting outdoor relief within narrow limits was in the best interests of the poor. He was a member of the first London School Board, being elected thereto in the place of Professor Huxley. "Not only is Mr. Davies"—to quote from an account of him written in 1873—"an active member of the School Board, but, go where you will in this unsavoury metropolitan parish, you find the name of 'the Rector' spoken of familiarly as one seldom hears it in London, but constantly finds it in a country parish. The Rector is recognised as an entity, and as a centre of influence." (*The Broad Churchman*, February 27th, 1873.) All efforts to improve the position of women had his warm and active sympathy. He was for some years Principal of Queen's College for Ladies in Harley Street, founded by Mr. Maurice, besides being a life-long supporter of the College for Working Women and of Girton College, and chairman of the Committee of the New Hospital for Women in the Marylebone Road. He was in favour of granting to women University degrees and the Parliamentary franchise.

In politics generally he was a strong Liberal of an independent type, and took an unprejudiced and hopeful view of democratic developments. On questions of educational policy his knowledge and experience enabled him to speak with special authority. He was a firm supporter of compulsory education, and was of opinion that the marked improvement in the condition of the working-classes which has taken place in the last half-century was more attributable to Forster's great Act than to any other single cause. While advocating undenominational religious teaching in elementary schools (he was the original author of the formula known as the Cowper-Temple clause), he considered Mr. Balfour's Education Act of 1902 to be, from the point of view of education, a great and valuable measure, and he subjected the education proposals of the succeeding Government to searching criticism in letters to the *Times*. His voice was always raised for justice and humanity in our dealings with other nations, and he was a member of the short-lived Anti-Aggression League established by Herbert Spencer, John Morley, Frederic Harrison, and two or three others in 1882 (see Herbert Spencer's Autobiography, Volume II., pp. 375-6); but he repudiated the doctrine of peace at any price, as involving a mistaken and unworthy conception of national duty and an exaggerated estimate of the value of human life as compared with the great causes for which men have in all ages been ready to sacrifice themselves.

He was prominent among the Broad Church leaders who, in pursuance of the teaching of Arnold and Stanley, upheld the principle of a National Church, believing this form of religious organisation to be more conducive to the spiritual welfare of the community than a system of Church government resting upon a purely ecclesiastical or sectarian basis. He co-operated with his friend Charles Buxton in striving to modify the terms of subscription required from the clergy, and welcomed the measure of relaxation granted by Act of Parliament in 1865. A few years later he joined in establishing the National Church Reform Union, which had amongst its leading members W. H. Fremantle, Thomas Hughes, Albert Grey, Sir George Young, S. A. Barnett, Brooke Lambert, and George Harwood. This association, which aimed at bringing about such reforms of the Church as would make it more truly national and comprehensive, promoted Bills in Parliament, which, however, were not passed into law, to establish statutory parochial church boards, with the view of giving the laity a voice in the management of local church affairs, and to allow laymen and Nonconformists, under proper regulations, to preach in churches. In 1880 a temporary resuscitation of the union took place, mainly owing to the zeal of Arnold Toynbee (see F. C. Montague's

memoir of Toynbee, 1889, p. 46). Mr. Davies contributed a paper on the bearing of National Church Reform on religion to a volume on Church Reform belonging to the Imperial Parliament series, edited by Mr. Sydney Buxton (Swann Sonnenschein, 1888). Subsequently he witnessed with pleasure the appearance of a powerful champion of the same cause in the person of his friend Dr. Henson. He deplored the sacerdotalist tendencies which have of late years been predominant amongst the clergy, and which have done so much to alienate the more sober-minded of the laity and to keep open the breach between Church and Dissent.

As a theologian, his main endeavour was to spread the ideas of F. D. Maurice, especially in their application to the intellectual and social problems of the day. Maurice led him back to St. Paul, with whose doctrine most of his sermons were deeply imbued. He remained faithful throughout his long life to what he had learned from Maurice, and published in 1891 a volume of selections from his writings under the title of *Lessons of Hope*.

His preaching was not, either in matter or in manner, such as to draw large audiences; but, by those who had ears to hear, his sermons were highly valued, being earnest, thoughtful, lucid in style, weighty by reason of the mind and character felt to be behind them, and rising on occasion to a grave and lofty eloquence of an austere kind. His hearers always knew that they were listening to a man who was scrupulously careful never to let expression outrun what he really felt.

Of other men's sermons he was a just and considerate judge. He had a specially warm admiration of the great American preacher Phillips Brooks, and was delighted to get him to speak from the pulpit of what Mr. Brooks unkindly described as "the ugliest great barn of a church in London" (Christ Church, St. Marylebone). The appreciation was mutual. "Of course," writes Brooks, in a letter dated July 29th, 1883 (*Life*, volume II., page 43), referring to a gathering in London, "there were many good things said, especially by Davies, whom I thought one of the best and most interesting men that I saw in England."

Bishop Westcott, in a letter dated July 25th, 1900, and published in his biography (vol. II., p. 318), speaks of the "quiet wisdom" of Llewelyn Davies, and adds: "One of my puzzles is how it has not received the public recognition which it deserves." Many of Mr. Davies's friends shared this feeling. Sensitive in disposition, somewhat reserved in manner, and not endowed with any striking natural faculty of extemporaneous utterance, he lacked some of the gifts which make a brilliant and popular bishop; but to those who know him well he appeared to possess many of the qualifications most needed for the wise exercise of authority and leadership in

the National Church—ardent public spirit, a statesmanlike breadth of view, a singularly sagacious judgment, and an open-minded sympathy with all that is best in modern movements and tendencies, combined with a firm grasp of Christian principles. These qualities of intellect and character would undoubtedly have given him the power of commanding, in a degree rare among bishops, the respect and confidence of the educated laity. Whatever his claim to preferment may have been, he never made the smallest attempt to push it, and it was characteristic of him that, when summoned to preach before Queen Victoria at Windsor, he chose for delivery a discourse full of that distinctive and (it must be admitted) difficult Maurician theology which he felt it to be the business of his life to teach, but which was not in the least likely to commend either itself or its exponent to Royalty. It may be that the dispensers of ecclesiastical patronage were a little shy of a man of such known independence of character and of a decidedly critical habit of mind; and his chance of promotion was not improved by the fact that during his middle life the power of appointment to bishoprics was mainly in the hands of two Prime Ministers (Gladstone and Salisbury) to whom his latitudinarianism and his "Erastian" views on the relations of Church and State were anathema.

In 1889 he was presented by his old college to the living of Kirkby Lonsdale in Westmorland, which he continued to hold for twenty years. On his leaving London, a letter drawn up by a small committee which included Dean Bradley, Lord Lingen, Dr. Henry Wace, and Mr. R. H. Hutton, was addressed to him, signifying high appreciation of his services. The list of signatures appended thereto was a remarkable one. The letter expressed "grateful admiration" . . . "for your wise and unselfish devotion to measures of practical improvement; for the moderation, independence, and charity which you have shown throughout your career; for your maintenance of high ideals and for your steadiness and judgment in pursuing them; for the influence of your personal character and example, and of your words and writings; for the manner in which you have combined a clear and firm assertion of Christian truth with a generous appreciation of all earnest thought and feeling; and for your habitual sympathy with rich and poor alike. . . . We should regret your removal less" [the letter goes on to say] "were it an incident in your promotion to some such high position in the Church as would correspond to your character, experience, and power." In his reply, Mr. Davies expressed gratitude for the recognition of what he termed his "humble endeavour to pursue an independent course, and to serve the country as well as the Church in sincerity and hope."

On his removal to Westmorland in 1889 he was called upon to adapt himself to entirely new surroundings and conditions of work. He had laboured for many years in a large London parish not easy to administer successfully. He could hardly help being at times discouraged by the feeling that his best efforts and those of his zealous and efficient helpers; of both sexes, failed to make much impression upon the great mass of indifference and carelessness against which the forces of religion and philanthropy have to contend in London. At Kirkby Lonsdale all was as different as possible. There, in the beautiful valley of the Lune, he found a little community of sturdy and thriving North-Country people, with practically no pauperism and quite untroubled by "the social problem." The new Vicar became keenly interested in the educational affairs of the parish and county, and took a leading part in the work of the Education Committee of the County Council and of the local grammar school. He used to say that, if people generally had as much good sense and good feeling as the Westmorland folk, there would be no "religious difficulty" in the sphere of education. At Kirkby his Nonconformist parishioners soon learned to esteem and like him, and he was glad to invite them to send representatives to the Board of Managers of the church schools of the parish. He was instrumental in establishing a parochial institute (public hall and reading-room), and presented a market cross to the town.

His later years were saddened by a succession of domestic bereavements, his wife dying in 1895 and two of his sons in 1905 and 1907. On giving up regular clerical work, in 1908, he went to live at Hampstead with his daughter, the devoted companion of his old age. Like many persons of energetic temperament and habits, he had always had a horror of a feeble and helpless old age, and would have joined heartily in Wesley's prayer, "Lord, let me not live to be useless!" When it became his lot to be incapacitated for active exertion, and to be reduced to dependence on the care of others, his serene and uncomplaining patience was very touching to those about him. At Hampstead he was within easy reach of his sister, Miss Emily Davies, and of his surviving sons, while he had as a near neighbour his life-long friend and disciple Dr. Edwin Abbott; and, notwithstanding infirmities and disabilities (of which the failure of his eyesight was one of the hardest to bear), he was able to enjoy, almost to the last, the society of his relations and his many attached friends. Within himself he had in full measure the things which, according to Burke, all men ought to pray for in old age: "a disposition to happiness, a composed spirit to which time has made things clear, an unrebelling temper, and hopes undimmed for mankind."

Compared with some of his distinguished Cambridge contemporaries, Llewelyn Davies was not a man of profound learning. His eminently practical turn of mind led him to concentrate his attention upon matters having a direct bearing upon the life and thought of his time. He might have taken as his motto the words of the German reformer Bucer: "Nihil aliud specto quam ut prosim." In literature his judgment and taste were discriminating, not to say fastidious. The books which most interested him were those of the great writers of his own day: Carlyle, Ruskin, Tennyson, Browning, Matthew Arnold (of Maurice's influence enough has already been said). Browning's genius he was one of the earliest to discern and admire, and he was much gratified when the poet expressed entire agreement with the doctrine of the sermons contained in one of his published volumes.

An indefatigable pedestrian, and in his early manhood a great lover of mountain-climbing in Switzerland, he had not much taste for ordinary amusements, outdoor or indoor. He was one of the original members of the Alpine Club (the last survivor of them, we believe), and made the first ascent of two of the highest Swiss peaks, the Dom and the Täschhorn, of which he wrote an account in "Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers" (1859).

His published works, besides those already mentioned and several volumes of sermons, included *St. Paul and Modern Thought: Being Remarks on Some of the Views Advanced in Professor Jowett's Commentary on St. Paul*, 1856 (a remarkably vigorous piece of controversial writing, and mentioned in Jowett's Life, vol. I., p. 236, as a "candid and able critique"); an edition of St. Paul's Epistles to the Ephesians, Colossians, and Philemon, 1866 (in which Epistles, he conceived, "the theology of St. Paul" is stated with a largeness which adapts it in a special manner to "the enquiries of the present time"); the article on St. Paul in Smith's Dictionary of the Bible; a memoir of Charles Buxton, prefixed to Buxton's *Notes of Thought* (1873); *Theology and Morality*, 1873 (a collection of essays, including a criticism of J. S. Mill's utilitarian theory of ethics, to which Mill replied in the second edition of his *Utilitarianism*, speaking of his critic as "an opponent whose intellectual and moral fairness it is a pleasure to acknowledge"); *Social Questions, from the Point of View of Christian Theology* (1884, second edition 1886); *Order and Growth, as Involved in the Spiritual Constitution of Human Society* (Hulsean Lectures, Cambridge, 1890); and the life of his intimate friend Thomas Hughes in the Dictionary of National Biography.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT.

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THE IDEALISTS AND CHARLIE MORGAN.

IT is difficult to recall that mid-June day without a smile, and yet, if one but magnified the incidents and the actors, a great human lesson might be deduced from that series of sunny interviews. The atmosphere on this particular morning had something in it which transformed dull reality. Everyone, everything (if a little figurative licence may be allowed) had a smile. The elms in their new green looked ridiculously young; the scarce-dressed oaks seemed ashamed of their want of chastened gravity; the heather on the moor was as tender as spring grass, and the young fawns had nowhere to hide. The wind was just vigorous enough to laugh with delight that the schoolmaster Winter and the usher Spring had gone on their tour round the world, and the clouds moved north-east with a feathery defiance of the advancing sun. The birds sang without the slightest apology for repetitions demanded by an audience which was ever young, and a perfect choir of skylarks claimed the south-west wind as their instrumentalist. The absolute freshness of the day, offering up the dews of the morning as a sacrifice to the Sun-god, was something to remember: it searched out every discontent of the human heart and mind, and banished it to the bottomless gulf of last November. June at her noblest saluted meditative flocks and herds, shining fields and woods, and moors, waters, and hills. She sent forth among the glad greennesses all the memories of all the golden Junes that ever were. And man, sitting up with a yawn from half a haystack, smiled at the pleasant scene. He was a tramp. In ordinary times he would have been an ordinary tramp, a middle-aged and perhaps discreditable tramp. But not so on that glistening morning. The wisp of hay that had incorporated itself into his dishevelled locks became a halo. His grey-shot-brown beard shone with greyer dew. His eyes were bright. The day, which by a miraculous chance was his birthday, was offering him new hopes. Tired, hungry, and dispirited, he

had climbed into the hay at sundown, and now, hungrier than ever, but on fire with expectation, he leapt to the ground to meet fortune with a smile. His luck was manifest from the first. At his very feet lay three new-laid eggs which, with the flash of a practised hand, he swept into a pocket. There was, if there had been anyone to look at him at such an early hour, something really rather splendid about the man: tall, far more lissome than his years justified (short commons make long years), a face that had something of a Greek god about it, as well as a twinkle that proved him Autolycus or Dionysos reborn, and a voice that was full of music and accustomed to snatches of song that Shakespeare would have woven into a new play. Moreover, his clothes and boots, though very old, were very serviceable. He mended for himself and mended well. There was no sign of raggedness, and, take him all in all, few men over fifty had so much to be thankful for; so at least he thought on this June morning as he picked up the eggs. Even as he pouched them he gave a little cry and a tiny ripple of laughter, for a new miracle had happened; miracles were indeed the order of the day till sunset. Right in front of him was a large package in an enormous coloured cloth or handkerchief, and by it stood a bottle full of something that looked like cold tea, and pinned to the ground between the bottle and the handkerchief was a piece of grimy paper. The tramp looked down with a critical eye. If this was a farm-labourer's portion there was much to be said for not taking it. His position in the neighbourhood would be imperilled, and, moreover, there is such a thing as justice between man and man. That he recognised. Then he renewed his critical look, and at last, after taking the cork out of the bottle and smelling the contents with the waving motion of a connoisseur, he turned to the piece of paper. It was a brief communication addressed to "Charlie Morgan, thee king of thee "Tramps." It was written in the hand of a child and apparently with much labour. It ran thus:—"Dere Charlie tak this an be "off and get betterer an betterer your affecktonate fiend little June." Now, had our friend known the truth, he would have known that the food before him was as really and truly a votive offering as anything offered in the Isles of Greece or on the coast of Portugal or West Africa to-day. Little Jane was a child of eleven, or less, with whom the visitations of summer tramps had become a nightmare, and her father, a farmer of rude humour, had invented a gigantic, terrible, and ideal tramp, whom he named Charlie Morgan, for the foolish but effective purpose of tormenting his nervous daughter. To propitiate this imaginary monster Jane had at sunset brought out the bundle, the bottle, and the note. But the tramp knew nothing about such things. He only knew that

this offering was really intended for a tramp, that the offerer recognised that there was a social order among tramps, and that there was one tramp who soared above all other tramps, "Thee king of 'thee tramps.'" So it was with feelings of reverence that he undid the red handkerchief and found therein one large loaf, one large piece of bacon, one small packet of mustard, one farmhouse knife, one large cake, one tin of toffy, one packet of shag tobacco, one new clay pipe. "It do zeem very funny, this," said the tramp, stroking his forehead, with a feeling of incipient dementia. "If now I 'were the king of the tramps this would suit I. But there be no 'king o' the tramps—leastaways until I do make myself king and 'crown myself Charles Morgan the First,'" and, laughing, he swiftly transferred the votive offering to various pockets and, bottle under arm, retired to the deeps of an adjacent wood. It was there that a party of elderly early morning lovers met him. The scene was too memorable to miss. It must be recorded ere it escapes from living memory.

To those who study simplicity the simple scene is commended. Surely this is the Forest of Arden, or, let us say, the deathless Forest, which peripatetic as the Wood of Dunsinane, Shakespeare moves from scene to scene. Brushing with hasty steps the dew away, the party of elderly forest lovers stopped simultaneously with a start, for there before them, in a glade that man rarely invaded, was a man in very scanty attire solemnly dancing and chanting, and every few steps waving in the air a bottle. It was apparently a Wood-god, and, whoever it was, the scene was a scene of strange enchantment. They struggled to catch the words, but all that they heard was something that sounded like "organ." And on the man's head was a crown of wild fern. Presently he sat down amid the young bracken, and was seen to be eating. He ate with a good sprag appetite, and at the end of this refection he partook of the bottle, and then lit a pipe. It was at last decent to intervene, and the party approached the man of the woods, who welcomed their coming with signals that they should sit beside him. And, they having sat down, he thus slowly addressed them:—"I do suppose, 'neighbours, that you have not met my friend Charlie Morgan this fine June morning. Charlie Morgan do love the month of June. 'He did say to me only last night: 'We live and live and live, 'getting betterer and betterer, until one morning it is June, and 'we are perfect.' Just perfect. Not more, neighbours, not less. 'Just 'perfect,' said Charlie Morgan. But surely you do know 'Charlie Morgan? 'Tis in these woods and on that there moor 'that he do be. Just perfect. You go on neighbours. You go 'and seek Charlie Morgan. You go and get betterer and betterer

"and betterer, and one day you will be perfect." There was silence. The Wood-god, unmindful of manners, had lain back on the fern and was fast asleep. Quietly the wood-lovers got up and went home to breakfast. Something new had come into their experience, and they determined, even if they sought through the whole month of June, that they would find and talk with Charlie Morgan.

It was indeed a wonderful day: not a touch of disappointment from end to end. Never too hot, never too cold: the quiet music of wind and birds amid the infinite legions of leaves filled from sunrise to sunset the whole vast land. The only hungry people in all that country were the wanderers who had met Dionysos the Wood-god. Others were satisfied, satisfied with the fullness of joy that pervaded all nature. But they were hungry; they sought something that was above and beyond nature. They sought the man who knew all about perfection, the man who had got betterer and betterer, the wondrous, the ineffable, the illusory Charlie Morgan.

Towards noon, as with growing discontent they lingered along a grassy lane bounded with hedges where multitudinous wild roses lured the bees and butterflies of a whole county, they heard in the distance round a golden corner of the lane a voice that they knew. "Perhaps He is with him," they said, and with flashing eyes hurried on. But he was apparently alone, and as he sat under an elder tree which crowned him with blossom, he recognised and welcomed them. "Hast seen my friend Charlie Morgan? 'Twas "but this morning he said to me, as he shared with me a handful "of cherries and a little loaf, 'Providence provideth for the "sparrow, and why should not Charlie Morgan share with "his old friend?'" So obvious a request for an invitation to lunch could not be disregarded, and especially since the forest-lovers greatly desired more acquaintance with the friend of Charlie Morgan. But it speedily became plain that it was not to be a one-sided feast. Our friend was also prepared to receive guests, indeed he already had before him a tiny fire or hearth which was sending into the blue sky the bluest of turf smoke, and the meal was therefore a union of forces as well as a union of hearts. But the tramp, the holder of the hearth, was really the host. The forest lovers brought but cold dishes. Not so with the tramp. Two hot dishes that he produced were of such transcendent delicacy that the oldest of the forest lovers almost forgot his quest. The first dish was of a soupy nature, and was withdrawn from an ancient pot that hung from a tripod over the fire. It was a *ragoût* of grass snake. The portion of each was small and the palate clamoured for more. "Charlie Morgan did say to I but an hour ago, 'Friend and

" 'neighbour,' said he 'grass snake hash do make the mind think
" 'o' higher things.' With his own hands he did catch and give
" me this good snake." " But are you sure that it was Mr. Morgan
" himself who captured this delectable and delicious reptile?"
said the leader of the party, a don of mature years and a member
of the Reform Club. " His own hands copped it. He did not
" kill it, 'cos he, even Charlie, couldn't. Grass snakes never die
" till sunset." " But I have consumed a portion of the reptile."
" It don't make no odds. It's alive till sunset. That's why we
" mostly eat 'em for supper. But don't you be afeard, sir, o'
" woodland hashes. I've eaten a wilderness o' snakes." And so
they passed to the second dish as the tramp, removing the tripod,
scattered the fire with his boot and retrieved from a hole beneath
the ashes a four-inch flower pot, full to overflowing with baked
hedgehog and mushrooms. To those who know that rare and
perfect dish it would be a work of supererogation to describe the
flavour, while to those who have lived long and failed to win the
feast we can but point to the amazing satisfaction of the forest
lovers. Out of courtesy the tramp touched the dish, but for his
part he was content with the sandwiches and pork pies of the party,
which he devoured with a gay rapture on this his birthday. " The
" young hedgehog," he said, " is the most delicate of meat, and
" eaten with June mushrooms is, Charlie Morgan says, a dish for
" a king; still I do prefer pork pie. But there," said he with a
start, " there I do believe is my friend Charlie Morgan himself.
" Look, look." Through a gap in the hedge they looked out over
the green moorland. On a hummock lay a group of hinds and
fawns, with a hornless stag feeding by them. On a hummock
beyond a figure stood for a moment and disappeared. " I do not
" know that it be he. But the deer be not afraid of he. When in
" May the stag sheds his antlers and there be nothing to defend
" the little fawns that so soon follow the antlers, they might well
" be fearful, but not of Charlie Morgan. He has got betterer and
" betterer so long." Without delay the forest lovers, bequeathing
the residue of the feast to the tramp, hustled forth in their search.
" Tell him I sent you," cried the tramp gaily, as he gathered up
the fragments that remained, and, pack on back, floated off to
pastures new.

But the search for Charlie Morgan was as hopeless as the search
for the pot of gold out of which the rainbow springs. That one
fleeting glance was the nearest approach of the ideal to reality, and
even the tramp was doubtful. Yet he was in the neighbourhood;
the tramp had seen him at noon, and continually inspired by hope
the party pressed on in the most likely directions, and tea they
found at the farm where Jane dwelt. The farmer was out, but they

asked the farmer's wife and they asked Jane about the whereabouts of Charlie Morgan. The woman smiled and said she did not know, but Jane knew that he had visited their farm that morning. So he was a reality, and refreshed with hope, they sped on. Long was the way home and they were doomed to be late, but the wanderers were not unhappy. How rarely man has approached so near to an ideal as they had come; only a handsbreadth of moor lay between them! They had seen, a Pisgah sight, the man who had got betterer and betterer and betterer. They had been told that they could do the same until perfection came in sight. "You go on neighbours. You go and seek Charlie Morgan. You go and get betterer and betterer and betterer. One day you will be perfect." They knew his friend, and so they paced the last woodland path on the way home with cheerful hearts. It was sunset. The great afterglow filled the cathedral aisles of the forest. And far off they heard Dionysos singing a song of supreme content. Nearer the sound came and nearer, and suddenly he stood before them in the twilight. With a cry of recognition he approached them. "You did not see him. He could not be seen to-day. He could not, he told I not a score of minutes ago, be seen o' mortal eyes to-day. He was too happy. But he saw you an' he blest you, an' he sent you this moleskin cap made by his own very hands." Silver gleamed in the twilight amid the sound of thankful ejaculations. "My birthday this do be," said the tramp; "such a day," and, as he passed on, his mellow voice floated down the aisles in slowly dying madrigals. And the cap was borne in triumph to alien lands.

J. E. G. DE MONTMORENCY.

REVIEWS.

DISRAELI AGAIN.*

The fourth volume of the biography of Disraeli carries the narrative from the Crimean War to the retirement of Lord Derby in 1868, which gave the Premiership to the creator of the modern Conservative party. It is a period of moving events abroad, but of something like stagnation at home, at any rate till the waters were stirred by the Reform Act of 1867. Palmerston was the pilot, and the country had little desire to change the direction of the ship. Disraeli himself liked and respected the hearty old man, and, though he criticised his action abroad with severity, he had no

* *The Life of Disraeli*. Vol. IV. By G. E. Buckle. Murray (price 12s.).

desire to displace him. The Conservative party had been smashed to pieces in 1846, and it was not to recover its strength or regain a majority till 1874. The main task of its leaders was to act as a brake on adventure abroad and precipitance at home.

We associate the years of Disraeli's final dictatorship with that "spirited" foreign policy which is commonly known as jingoism. But readers of the present volume will be interested to see that during the reign of Palmerston and Russell his voice was constantly raised on behalf of caution and restraint. He urged the country to terminate the war with Russia after the fall of Sebastopol, on the ground that Russia could never be crushed, and that an attempt to push her back from the Black Sea would postpone peace for years. "In promoting and preparing the national mind for "a reasonable peace," writes Mr. Buckle, "he undoubtedly "rendered public service of a notable character." The praise is well deserved, all the more since his party had pursued the phantom of a war to a finish. He opposed the China War of 1857, one of the most indefensible fruits of Palmerston's passion for the big stick. He spoke wisely on the Indian Mutiny, and denounced the cry for reprisals. "Of all the awful circumstances of this terrible "affair, the worst is the spirit of vengeance which is preached—as "if we were to take our enemies for our model." He attacked the policy which created hopes of intervention in the trials of Poland and Denmark, and the policy which threatened to produce war with the United States. On all these occasions he showed a spirit which rather recalled the days of Peel and Aberdeen than anticipated the tendencies of his closing years. His interest, however, in what is conveniently described as nationality was as weak as that of the Queen, and he watched with regret the assistance afforded by the Whigs to the cause of Italian unity. When Garibaldi paid his memorable visit to London in 1864 he refused to meet him.

While in foreign questions Disraeli often showed more wisdom than the Government, his record in domestic affairs is less praiseworthy. That Parliamentary reform could not stop short with the Act of 1832 was generally admitted; but the widest differences of opinion existed as to the nature and degree of desirable change. Palmerston was content with the settlement of 1832, and no serious advance was possible till after his death in 1866. By that time the ground had been prepared by Bright, and Russell and Gladstone immediately introduced a Bill, which was thrown out by the Opposition, with the aid of Lowe and the dissentient Whigs. But on once more assuming office Derby and Disraeli proceeded to introduce and carry a Bill based on the principle of manhood suffrage, which Disraeli had opposed and denounced as dangerous to the country. We learn from these pages what an important

part was played by the Queen's repeated exhortations to take a step forward; but it was none the less a violent *volte face* for the party to make and the country to understand. Lord Cranborne, soon to become Lord Salisbury, refused to support in office what he had attacked in Opposition, and he left the Cabinet, followed by two other Ministers. If Mr. Buckle is anywhere led astray by partiality it is here. He admits that his hero "was always an opportunist on Reform," but he speaks with something like anger of Lord Cranborne's "virulence," of his "jaundiced" view of the great leader, and of the activities of "the wreckers." The impartial reader will probably continue to believe that the truest description of the manœuvre was given in the famous dictum of Lord Derby that he had "dished the Whigs." The enfranchisement of the working classes in the towns was a wise and necessary reform; but Lord Cranborne and his friends had good reason to maintain that it ought to have been effected, if effected at all, by men who had previously supported it and were convinced that it was desirable.

When Disraeli reached the Premiership in 1868, at the age of sixty-four, he jocularly remarked, "Yes, I've climbed to the top of the greasy pole." Bright ascribed his success to "intellect, courage, patience, and unscrupulousness." Mr. Buckle admits "a certain lack of scruple on some occasions," but pleads that the charge is true of almost all vigorous personalities in the field of politics. That verdict on public men might perhaps be challenged; but his readers, without distinction of party, will thank him for the new instalment of his admirable record of the most dazzling and operatic career in English politics.

G. P. G.

* * *

AN ITALIAN ON THE WAR AND THE BEYOND.*

It is important at the present moment to appreciate, and where necessary, to answer the various Continental points of view as to the war. The essay of Signor Eugenio Rignano, the Editor of the international scientific monthly *Scientia*, "an Italian sociologist of distinction," to use Professor Ramsay Muir's appreciative phrase, is important in many ways as a reasoned judgment, and is therefore now published in English with a very brilliant critical introduction by Professor Ramsay Muir. Signor Rignano takes

* *The War and the Settlement: An Italian View*, by Eugenio Rignano. Translated by A. M. Sanderson Furness. With a Critical Introduction by Professor Ramsay Muir. The Council for the Study of International Relations, Central Buildings, Westminster (price 6d.).

(or took, for to-day *Scientia* has cut off all connection with German sociologists) the following view: The causes of the war "are really consequences or manifestations or successive phases of the antagonism which has been rapidly growing between two opposing forces. . . . This war is a war of Imperialism and is being fought by Germany for a share in the overlordship of the world with England, France, and Russia, the three European nations who till the end of the last century were Imperialist in the most fundamental meaning of the word." This antagonism resulted in war because (1) of the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine; (2) the growth up till 1891 of German population, which led France to ally herself with Russia; (3) the Triple Entente of 1907, which "plunged Germany into a nightmare which left her no more peace and in which she saw herself hemmed in on all sides"; (4) Imperialistic aims of Germany towards colonial expansion, backed by a powerful navy; (5) tension between the Austro-German group and Russia on account of the Balkan position. Signor Rignano admits that Prussia represented really the military type of State, and had Prussianised all Germany and created a national infatuation for war. Signor Rignano inquires as to the conditions of peace that would avoid future wars. He declares that there must be no violation of the human principle of the free choice of nationality, and asks if this will be possible if the English-Latin-Slav Allies break down the tendency of the Austrian-German group to coerce and dominate other nations. He declares that in any event the annexation of Belgium and the occupied French Departments by Germany is impossible. He thinks that the restoration of Alsace-Lorraine to France would cause no ill-feeling in Germany, and would finally settle Franco-German differences. He thinks that Austria would willingly consent to the reunion of Bosnia-Herzegovina with Serbia, and that Serbia could acquire all Southern Dalmatia down to Ragusa, and Italy all Northern Dalmatia from Zava to Sebenico. He considers that the Catholic Croats and Slovenes would prefer to remain with Catholic Austria; that Italy, in return for the freedom, would give Austria "the fullest guarantee of free communication with the sea both through Trieste and Fiume." He looks for the union of Galicia with Poland, the addition to Roumania of Transylvania and Bukovina, the Grecian shore of Asia Minor to Greece. Austria reduced would renounce her "Drang nach Osten" policy, and thus remove a perpetual threat to peace. He expects autonomy in Poland at least, and would like Poland to become a buffer kingdom. He desires Russia to have full access to the Mediterranean, and for there to be a complete division of the Turkish Empire. On the other hand, he would let Germany have her lost colonies back as

well as, at a price, the colonies of the small European States in return for indemnities for the ravages of the war, for a reduction of armaments, and especially for her abandonment of her bid for naval supremacy. "England's naval supremacy has never yet aroused distrust or hostility on the part of other European nations, owing to the fact that it has not appeared in modern times, as a menace to their independence or their colonial possessions; while the same could not be said if Germany threatened to set up a like naval supremacy." In this way Signor Rignano thinks that the principal factors responsible for this war would be eliminated from future international problems. He does not know the Germans and their will to war. This is really the answer contained in Professor Ramsay Muir's brilliant criticism of this well-meaning but wholly unworkable scheme for lasting peace.

Signor Rignano's scheme of free choice as to nationality is freely abandoned in the case of the Dalmatians, the Czechs, and the Slovaks, and the Asiatics; but Professor Muir frankly admits that the acceptance of the national principle will remove future friction. The boundaries of states must be made to correspond approximately with the boundaries of nations. But Professor Muir on the colonial question is sharply at issue with the Italian sociologist. The British Dominions will not consent to leave, nor will the civilised world "be justified in leaving any of the backward races of the world under the rule of the destroyers of Louvain, and the murderers of Dinant." Again, Professor Muir regards disarmament "not as one of the preliminary steps necessary to the organisation of lasting peace, but as a result which will follow when lasting peace has been otherwise secured." Again, he asserts, it is useless to talk about "the freedom of the seas" while Germany is "penetrated by the Will to Dominion." Professor Muir is in favour of publicity as to foreign affairs "to the maximum practicable degree," but "the public discussion of foreign affairs means that very delicate and most momentous subjects will become the prey of ill-instructed journalists eager to work upon the emotions of an ignorant public." Signor Rignano believes in perfect freedom of discussion. It is impracticable. Again, the doctrine of Might is Right "becomes absurd when you are defeated. . . . If the Germans have to endure the agony which they have inflicted on others, of seeing hostile armies in their homeland, they will no longer admit the Right of Might. And only so can their doctrine be disproved to them." Signor Rignano advocates a formally constituted Concert of Europe, modelled on the German Bundesrat, to bring peace to Europe. The old German Bundesrat was very close to

Signor Rignano's model, and it totally failed in its goal. "It was quite unable to prevent the outbreak of the war of 1866, which was precipitated by the Will-to-War of Prussia." Signor Rignano's scheme fails to take into account the non-European world and the great British Dominions, and is therefore unworkable. Peace can only become permanent when the German Will to Dominion and Will to War is gone. There must be no "premature federal governing body for Europe," but there can be a working agreement for peace among the Allies that will make aggressive war most difficult. We must aim not at ready-made constitutions, but at quiet, steady growth, joint national action by Powers that really desire peace. Nations that desire peace will ensue it. The logical Latin mind seeks a complete constitution; but the English nation, which gave constitutions to the world, found theirs by a process of growth, not of conscious design.

* * *

LAW AND EUGENICS.*

When a distinguished jurist approaches problems such as those presented by the relation of doctrines of heredity and environment to society, a point of view is obtained that is denied to most pure scientists. The Eugenist has been always troubled by the fact that the problems with which he has to deal are psychological as well as physical problems; that the advanced regions of biology cannot be explored by the same rules that govern the somewhat simpler problems of the crossing of non-human stocks. The ignorance of man as to the effect of the intermarriage of various types on mental, moral, and spiritual qualities is even yet Egyptian darkness. Now the jurist can, at any rate, weigh with judicial mind the deficiencies of a doctrine and its tendencies. Consequently Sir John Macdonell's paper on Law and Eugenics, read before the Eugenics Education Society, should be closely studied by all who feel that the race can be improved by deliberate selection, based on reasoned principles of scientific, or alleged scientific, value. Sir John Macdonell is not at all unsympathetic. He looks forward to what he calls "a rational *jus connubii*." The question of permanent insanity and the dissolution of marriage is not beyond the verge of his outlook, while he very pertinently asks "if disabilities" are imposed on account of consanguinity, largely by reason of

* *Law and Eugenics*: An Address delivered by the Eugenics Education Society, at the Grafton Galleries, London, on December 16th, 1915. (Eugenics Education Society.)

"an alleged tendency to produce certain grave defects in the offspring, is there not reason to discourage, and, as far as possible to prevent, unions between those who actually suffer from such grave defects." Sir John has sympathy with the educational ideals of the best Eugenists, as indeed all thinkers must have, since we all desire that the soul of man should be adequately housed, not stunted, blinded, poisoned by its temporal shelter; not cribbed, cabined, and confined in such a fashion as to shut out the larger hope. The difficulty perhaps is that, while we *know* that environment makes all the difference between a healthy and a degenerate stock, we do not know in any scientific fashion the extent to which environment and heredity interact.

But, however that may be, it is essential to adopt Sir John Macdonell's policy: "let us proceed with caution, and not let zeal outstrip knowledge. If there is one thing to be deprecated little less than ignorance or indifference, it is science in a hurry—eagerness to go to market with one's crops before they are fully ripe." The Eugenist is not always wise. "I have read statements," writes Sir John, "which implied that the production of the perfect human animal was the end in view. The cattle or poultry breeder, the dog fancier, or the owner of the stud farm could suggest wider notions; he knows that there are endless varieties of his stock, each good for its particular purpose." The most advanced, as well as the least advanced, races have in the past been amazingly ignorant on the subject of the best means of advancing human kind. Even the ancient Greeks killed weakling children, a policy that would have taken Isaac Newton from the world in infancy. Great mental and moral faculties often accompany physical defects. Character is often moulded by the consciousness of physical deficiency. But there is no reason on this ground to fall into the errors of the really rather absurd Eugenists, who denounce all genius as being closely related to insanity or morbidity. It is not true at all. What is true is that, thanks to a really bad *jus connubii* during past centuries, every family almost has somewhere or another some mental or moral taint, and therefore it is possible nearly always to relate genius to insanity. Sir John Macdonell naturally rejects the absurd allegations as to the defects of genius, but he adds: "Much of the best work of the world is being done and has always been done, by the physically feeble; the highest form of intellect is very often allied with poor physique, with a defective or disorganised nerve system. Nature specialises—mind and intellect do not always go together—and when she turns out the all-round person with the *mens sana* and the *corpus sanum* she often makes him a finished mediocrity."

Sir John enters a weighty protest against the practice in some dozen States of America of sterilising certain classes of offenders. There is no such creature as a born criminal. Criminals are made, not born. Lombroso's criminology is dead. It is, at the best, impossible to say who should be punished in this way. It is impossible to say who may be transmitting priceless qualities. Moreover, punishment must not destroy human dignity. On this point Sir John Macdonell writes: "Along with physical improvement there are some mental and ethical qualities which have been slowly and painfully acquired. They have been won with difficulty; they might be lost with ease." This has, indeed, a larger significance. There is the fear that human nature should plunge back into the abyss from which it has arisen. The conduct of the German armies in the field makes us see that this horrible possibility is no mere remote contingency. Man can fall, and mere breeding for physical or mental efficiency is no guarantee against deterioration. Nor will mere physical selection eliminate crime and raise morals.

Sir John Macdonell also touches the wider issue as to inter-marriage between social groups divided sharply by different standards of civilisation or by colour or other deep race distinction. Race Eugenics is a subject of profound importance for our day and for the near future. Sir John Macdonell is not prepared to admit that race cleavage represents a law of preservation. He thinks that "true progress lies in the unity of races with points of similarity, physical and mental, and in the gradual formation of groups somewhat higher in the scale of civilisation than the individual elements or constituents out of which the new race was formed." He is not prepared, indeed, to put limits to the process of fusion, and declares:—

"Should scientific research tend to show that there are no valid reasons against unions between certain races, physically different; should it go further and say that new unions are desirable and propitious; should it declare that certain stocks would be enriched and strengthened by infusions of the blood of less advanced people, then the outlook for races now dying out brightens; then, perhaps, we shall all be in a new sense "citizens of a better world"; then the unity of humanity would have a new, and, perhaps, for the first time, a real meaning. There will then be, also for the first time, a rational *jus connubii*, such as neither Roman Law nor any other conceived."

Probably this subject has not before been treated with so wide a vision, nor has so prophetic a Pisgah-sight of the ultimate oneness of human kind been secured by earlier thinkers.

NATIONALITY IN MODERN HISTORY.*

Dr. Holland Rose has done well in publishing his Cambridge, Birmingham, and Bristol lectures on *Nationality as a Factor in Modern History*, in which he presents "the varied manifestations of Nationality among the chief European peoples," and passes on to his attempt to define this very real but very illusory conception. It is possible widely to disagree with Dr. Rose's views and definitions, while appreciating the very real value of the book. Dr. Rose's competent knowledge of modern history, his appreciation of the growth of nationality in action, if we may use the phrase, during the nineteenth century and the years immediately preceding the Great War of 1914, will help every reader, as they must have helped every student of his lectures, to think more clearly on the complex groups of problems that are springing out of the war and of the unstable *status quo ante bellum*. We do not agree at all with the statement that "only in recent times has Nationality become a conscious and definite movement," not at least if we adopt what appears to us to be the only true and complete definition of the conception of Nationality—common allegiance to a political ideal of a substantial group of persons. We fully agree that nationality does not depend on race or language; nor does it depend on religion or territory, though all these are to some varying extent elements that play their part in the making or the maintaining of a nation. But the spirit of allegiance to a political ideal, which is in most cases eventually clothed in constitutional forms, is the real test whether nationality as a "conscious and definite movement" exists. Dr. Rose admits that it has always existed with the Jews; of this, indeed, there can be no doubt; and the documentary evidence of the Middle Ages shows that it existed in many other cases; from very early times the sense, the self-consciousness of nationality existed in England, and, despite the adverse turn taken by the feudal system, it existed in a less definite form in France. It is not possible here in close limits of space to develop the theme at length, but we may say this that no one could study the fifteenth-century English material without being almost startled by the acute nationalism of the English people, a nationalism that alone rendered possible the Elizabethan Age.

We do not believe for an instant that Rousseau founded "nationality in a complete and conscious sense," but certainly the French Revolution gave a new turn to the national ideal for the simple, or perhaps the complex fact that then, for the first time, the people passed from the stage of feeling the

* *Nationality as a Factor in Modern History*, by J. Holland Rose, Litt.D., Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge. Messrs. Rivington's (price 4s. 6d. net).

thrill of patriotism, of thinking about national life, to the stage of more or less freely acting a part in the progress of national affairs: the birth of democracy on the largest scale meant a new development of the conception of nationality. And not necessarily a good development. Dr. Rose, in his careful and sometimes (as in the case of Spain) striking accounts of the revival or birth of nationalism in France, Germany, Spain, Italy, and the Slav peoples during the nineteenth century, makes the reader feel that in the growth of nations haste is not speed, and that the artificial organisation of peoples with very widely varying ideals (as in the cases of the various races which make up the German Empire), may lead, indeed in the case of Germany has led, to very disastrous results. The Germans are a nation despite the aggregation of conflicting peoples, because they do answer to the definition of common allegiance to a political ideal; but unhappily that ideal is one imposed by force on the people, one that they have been trained by artificial educational and military means to obey, an ideal formulated by philosophers and enforced by soldiers, the ideal that the State is everything, the individual nothing, the ideal of a State which stands apart from the dictates of morality. The German conception of nationality has brought down the German citizen to the low moral level of the State, has materialised the entire outlook of eighty millions of people, and has in consequence tended to debase the morality and sap the moral and therefore the religious sanctions not only of Germany but of the whole world. Mr. Rose makes this clear enough:—

“Surely, the State is the organism, while the nation is the brain and the soul. True, the nation needs the State to endow it with hands and feet. But the nation remains the directing agency vitalising and directing the body politic. Indeed, the nation survives, even when all the machinery of Government is shattered. At this very time the Belgian State and the Serbian State scarcely exist; but the Belgian nation and the Serb nation endure—aye, and will endure; for their sublime courage has endowed them with immortality. This is what German politicians and German professors cannot understand. Destroy all the machinery of Government and you have destroyed the nation, say Treitschke and his successors.”

The German State, itself the product of nationality gone wrong, is the most serious danger to nationality that the world has seen. The awakening of the idea of nationality in the new sense created by the French Revolution, was not necessarily a good thing. The slower English method was better; for, as Mr. Rose points out, it was the Revolution that associated the idea of nationality with militarism. The idea of universal conscription was first formulated by the National Convention on August 23rd, 1793, and the idea was fully developed in 1798:—

"The momentum of the new national forces carried them into Holland, the Rhineland, and the Genoese Riviera in the campaign of 1794-5, thus inaugurating the period of conquest, which was prolonged by the genius and ambition of Napoleon. These facts should be noted carefully, for they dispose of the assertions often made, that conscription was a device of the monarchs for the enslavement of their peoples. Far from that, conscription was a device of the most democratic government in the world for the expulsion of the armies of the monarchs."

Thus we see that the conception of nationality, when new nationalities are devised by intensive means, as in the case of Germany, may be a positive evil. For this reason it is by no means certain that the settlement of European affairs after the war can be made on the sole basis of nationality. Some other elements must be present. Mr. Rose writes:—

"The map of Europe is now to be re-made. The re-making can proceed on two methods: either on force or on a sense of duty; either on the military results and the calculations deduced therefrom, or according to the dictates of justice and enlightened common sense. If the peace of the year 1916 or 1917 be merely the law of the strongest, expressed in terms of their actual losses and hoped-for gains, it will be the parent of future wars. If, however, the settlement be dictated by a deep sense of public duty both towards the present and future generations, then the future may prove to be that which the prophetic eye of Mazzini discerned."

This is the passage of Mazzini to which Mr. Rose refers:—

"The map of Europe will be re-made. The countries of the peoples will arise, defined by the voice of the free, upon the ruins of the countries of kings and privileged castes. Between these countries there will be harmony and brotherhood."

But Mr. Rose has shown that it is not "kings and privileged castes" who have been the trouble in this matter of militarism. It was democracy that invented universal military service. The settlement after the war cannot be made on the basis of democratised nationalities. It can only be made on the basis of united states that will, by joint action, check military democratic ambitions while they encourage the free development of the principle of nationality divorced from the conception of a nation in arms. The German Empire has carried this conception to its monstrous logical goal. "This war," says Mr. Rose, "is the *reductio ad absurdum* of the movement in its recent narrow and intolerant form . . . and we may be sure that, when the base Nationalism of recent years has brought its protagonists to ruin, there will be a potent revulsion in favour of international ideals." We fully agree, though we do not in the least believe

that "Nationalism shows signs of having exhausted its strength except among the most backward peoples." The character of Nationalism depends entirely on the political ideal to which the members of the great group of persons that form what we call a nation owe allegiance. If that ideal be high, as we believe it to be in many cases, and certainly among the Allied Powers, then the Nationalism is noble, and must play its part in that internationalism of the future to which Mr. Holland Rose looks forward with so well-grounded a hope.

* * *

A STUDENT IN ARMS.*

Mr. St. Loe Strachey, whose wide experience makes him a most competent judge, commends, in his introduction, in no measured terms this volume of Essays by "A Student in Arms," which have appeared in the *Spectator* (for the most part) and the *Westminster Gazette*. Mr. Strachey lays special stress on this writer's originality: "The way in which he manages to escape the conventional in word and thought is specially noteworthy. Most men nowadays can only achieve freedom here at a great price—the price of persistent effort. The Student in Arms, like the Apostle, had the felicity to be born free. Nature appears to have endowed him with the gift of seeing all things new. He perpetually puts things in a fresh light, and yet this light is not some ingenious pantomime effect. It has nothing forced or theatrical or fantastic about it. It is the light of common day, but shed somehow with a difference." This is high praise, but it is certainly deserved. The only fear that we have about the Student in Arms is that he may over-write himself by virtue of his great facility. Mr. Strachey selects a passage that illustrates his point of view, and it is excellent; brilliant and yet natural, and withal convincing. And with it may be compared almost the whole of the essay—"The Beloved Captain." The following passages are of a different type, but they equally illustrate the literary method or result:—

"There are officers whose strictness amounts to positive hostility towards their men, and what a man sows that shall he reap. The sort of strictness that I mean is that of the officer who believes in himself and his men, and who for that reason will be content with nothing but the highest efficiency. Such an officer is never hostile to his men. Even when he is most severe it is only because he cannot bear that his men should do themselves less than justice. The men know it. They recognise that it is not his own credit that he is seeking, but their common glory. It

* *A Student in Arms*. With an Introduction by J. St. Loe Strachey. Andrew Melrose, Ltd. (price 5s. net).

is his company, but it is also theirs, of whose honour he is so jealous. Such officers are common in the British Army."

Again:—

"The soldier, and in this case the soldier means the working man, does not in the least connect the things that he really believes in with Christianity. He thinks that Christianity consists in believing the Bible and setting up to be better than your neighbours. By believing the Bible he means that Jonah was swallowed by the whale. By setting up to be better than your neighbours he means not drinking, not swearing, and preferably not smoking, being close-fisted with your money, avoiding the companionship of doubtful characters, and refusing to acknowledge that such have any claim upon you. This is surely nothing short of a tragedy. Here were men who believed absolutely in the Christian virtues of unselfishness, generosity, charity, and humility, without ever connecting them in their minds with Christ; and, at the same time, what they did associate with Christianity was just on a par with the formalism and smug self-righteousness which Christ spent His whole life trying to destroy."

We do not personally accept this as true of any but a comparatively small section of the working classes; where there has been real religious teaching in the schools this point of view is not adopted. But whether that be so or not, a Student in Arms has put his point of view in a way that should sting into new action those clergy who have seen "the inarticulateness, and assumed a lack of any "religion." The English working classes are essentially religious, but the modern Church services do not, in fact, touch them; and this is true of Dissent as well as of the Established Church.

Again:—

"Suppose the Church were mobilised so that the majority of the younger clergy and all the ordinands were set free for service in the Army, the situation at the end of the war might be very different from that which we have been anticipating. There is no life more intimate than that of the barrack-room. There is no life where the essential characters of men are so fully revealed as the life of the trench. Those of the combatant clergy who returned from the war would know all that was worth knowing of the characters of ordinary men. They would have seen their weaknesses in the barrack life at home, in the public-house, and the street. They would have appreciated their greatness in the life of the trenches. They would know their potentialities and understand their limitations. They would be able to link the doctrines of religion to the lives of men, and to express them in language which no one could fail to understand. With such men as clergy a new era might dawn for the Church in this land, and the Kingdom of Heaven be brought very nigh. The Church could be mobilised so as to set free a large number of the younger clergy if only our leaders could see that the greatness of the opportunity made the sacrifice worth while."

There is much to be said for this view; and certainly it could not be better put.

SHORTER REVIEWS.

The amusing army of cranks have celebrated the tercentenary of Shakespeare's death by publishing anonymously a large, expensively printed volume, entitled, "Secret Shakespearean Seals, Revelations of Rosicrucian Arcana: Discoveries in the Shakespeare Plays, Sonnets, and Works, printed circa 1586-1740, of 'Secreti Sigelli,' concealed Author's Marks and Signs" (Nottingham: H. Jenkins, price 8s. 9d. net). The work purports to be compiled by "Fratres Roseæ Crucis," and is illustrated by photo-facsimiles. It is an arithmetical work, and seeks by means of that blameless yet dangerous art to evoke authorship through discoveries of type arrangements that hide and yet contain the sacred name. One Tanner long since calculated that the verse opposite the Droeshout portrait in the Shakespearean Folio contains, with the heading and initials, 287 letters, and that the famous long word in *Love's Labour Lost* had 287 as its "total figure equivalent." These arithmeticians of the Rosy Cross find many other cases where 287 represents the number of words: thus in the Folio the first page of the Comedies has in the second column 287 roman words, while on the last page of the Comedies (if we omit the word "finis") there are altogether 287 roman words. With this method we could find any number of instances of 287 words. Thus, in the case of the Sonnets of 1609 there are, in the first eight lines of the first page, 287 letters. Again, six sonnets were omitted in the second edition of 1640, and the numbers of those sonnets in the first edition added together give us 287. Again, in the quartos we get 287 squeezed forth in all sorts of ways: thus, in the case of "The Tragedie, 1595," we are told that "the last two pages contain roman and italic letters, including heading on right-hand, but not 'Exeunt Omnes,' 287"; but these patient Brethren add: "This solution is rather forced, and therefore doubtful." The Fratres might well realise that all these "solutions" are forced and meaningless. However, they go on to supply dozens of varieties of 287, and add: "The person or persons who set these problems for discovery probably assumed that the discoverers would gradually become aware of the subtle variety with which the puzzles were schemed, and be prepared to find them out." However, we are given to understand that 287 is a secret sigil to be found in many English books. What does it mean? It seems a shame to give away a secret that has been so well kept so long, but it must be done. By giving values, called positional values, to letters, the dreadful truth is revealed that 287 represents "Fra Rosicrosse." These authors tell us, disappointingly, that it is not yet ascertained "when the English Secret Fraternity of the Rosy Cross was founded." However, we are in the presence of a cipher: Under what is called here the Kaye Cipher (in which the alphabet begins with K = 10), 287 represents Fra Rosi Cross, 111 represents Bacon, 282 Francis Bacon, 222 Fra Baconi, and 259 Shakespeare. Under the simple cipher (where a = 1, and so forth), Bacon is 66 and Shakespeare is 103. We wonder if this has occurred to the Brethren. "Fra Rosi Crosse" under the two systems equals 444; if to this we add Fra Baconi under the Kaye Cipher, we get in all 666, the Number of the Beast. The result is dreadfully realistic, and as it seems to us, inevitable. Again, the introductory part of the "Epistle Dedicatorie" to the 1611 edition of the Bible contains 287 roman letters. To think of it! Fra Bacon clearly means Roger Bacon (Brother Bacon), using "Fra" in the same meaning as in Fra Rosi Crosse. Under the simple system, Bacon is 33 and Fra Bacon 66, so that Fra Bacon is

twice Bacon, or Roger is twice the value of Francis, which is probably true. However, almost as many of the plays are sealed for Roger Bacon as for Francis Bacon, and it is difficult to believe that Roger Bacon really wrote *Much Ado About Nothing*, which is, however, sealed 66. It is cheering to learn that the *Advancement of Learning* is sealed 33, but we are sorry to see that Milton's poem on Shakespeare is sealed 66. The fact puts, to use a familiar phrase, the lid on the witches' cauldron. Meantime, we hope that the "Fratres Roseæ Crucis" are in the trenches. It is the only cure.

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Mr. W. G. Clifford, late a gunner of the Royal Regiment of Artillery, has written an important volume entitled, "The Ex-soldier by Himself: A Practical Study of the Past and Future of the Ex-soldier Problem, with Special Reference to the Situation Created by the World-War" (Messrs. A. & C. Black, price 2s. 6d. net). The neglect of the ex-soldier during the nineteenth century was shameful. As late as 1909 the Poor-Law Commissioners declared that the Army furnishes "the largest contingent of the floating population of the casual wards." It was not so in the days of Queen Elizabeth. England was threatened with the same evil, but special legislation in 1601 dealt with the whole problem on a non-Poor-Law basis. That must happen again. The problem is going to be a vast one, and must be solved in advance. We therefore commend Mr. Clifford's clear and fair book to Members of Parliament especially, though we are sure that the general public also should read it. Compulsory Service has not altered the problem. "Personally," writes Mr. Clifford, "speaking as an old soldier who enlisted and 'did his bit' years ago, I have no sympathy with those eligibles who waited until they were fetched. But it is mere nonsense talking of penalising them for the remainder of their lives because they kept out of khaki until they were forced into it. When peace comes, they and theirs must live, that's the vital point." Mr. Clifford tested in a most amusing practical way the "Friend" system, and found that it was exploited by tramps who had never trundled a pike, and was also ineffective from the point of view of the Soldier's Friends themselves. Mr. Clifford agrees with the Disabled Sailors' and Soldiers' Committee on the question of training men for employment and placing them in work, but does not agree that executive power should be allocated to the Statutory Committee of the Royal Patriotic Association. Moreover, "the needs of the disabled form an integral part of the ex-soldier problem as a whole, and should be handled by a department of an organisation set up to deal with every requirement of the ex-soldier." Mr. Clifford is afraid that when the war has become a memory, the needs of the men will be forgotten, as they were, beyond doubt, forgotten after the Crimean and Indian wars, and he asks that the Prince of Wales's splendid words on the whole subject "will be supplemented by such expenditure of public money and concentration of specialised and organised effort as may be necessary to effect the desired end." We have to remember, as the Elizabethans took very great care to teach us, that the helping of the ex-soldier is not a matter of charity. It is a matter really of right. The country is enormously indebted to the men who have striven for its safety. They should not be allowed to drift into "the danger zone." In France there really is provision for the ex-soldier. In England, after twenty-one years' service, he has a life pension of thirteen pence a day. "The ex-soldier neither expects nor desires to have his bread buttered on both sides and crammed

"down his throat at meal-times, but he has an unqualified right to a fighting chance in life as we live it. That is all I ask for the class to which I am proud to belong. I crave no favours, scorn all charity, and boldly demand for the ex-soldier nothing more nor less than his bare rights in equity." The whole question is really a business question. We need, and must have, a new permanent Royal Commission composed of business men representative of all interests, including both Services, and all Government Departments concerned, with an Executive Committee that can in all cases act without any delay, and be in full touch with machinery that controls the entire question of employment for ex-soldiers. The case for such a Department of Government is well put, and certainly Mr. Clifford is again "doing his bit" for the Army and the country in producing this practical, well-written, and in many ways entertaining book.

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Father Nicholas Velimirovic, professor of theology at Belgrade, in his book, "The Soul of Serbia" (The Faith Press, 22, Buckingham Street, W.C.), now in its second edition, dwells on the fact that it is the Soul of Serbia, as well as its physical self, that has enabled it to survive five centuries of slavery and the wars, successful and unsuccessful, of the past four years. Serbia may seem crushed to-day, but "Killers of the body are not killers of the soul"; and she is no more dead than Belgium is dead, the two victims of the Germans of our day. The Germans complain of the English blockade, and yet "they drove away all the Serbian population from all the northern districts into which they came . . . in order to take corn, hay, cattle, metals, and everything from the deserted houses. And so they killed thousands and thousands, not directly with their hands but indirectly through hunger. And then they plundered all the towns and villages under the pretext that they found them deserted." This scholar of Belgrade tells us that "the old men, the sick and wounded, the crippled and blind have been slaughtered with joy and satisfaction. The houses, schools, and haystacks, with the sheltering Serbian fugitives, have been burnt, the bishops and priests insulted, the churches transformed into stables, the beautiful Hebrew synagogue in Belgrade reduced to ashes. The whole Serbian land is now nothing but the clay of the bodies of the innocent—nothing but a chaos of dead human bodies, with the criminal spirit of the killers triumphing over that chaos. . . . Serbia's body being dead, Serbia's soul is now more alive than ever." The Serbians are naturally a tearful people. They have seen so many centuries of woe: "the Serbian democracy was born in tears." They are an heroic people. The Serb has no fear of death. He has inherited the blood of the martyrs. The Serbians, in all these centuries, have preserved their souls alive, and these form the imperishable Soul of Serbia. Professor Velimirovic shows us Serbia's place in human history, and claims that she has always been true to her own self. She has always struggled for a Christian idea. When the peace comes, he claims that "she will prove as heroic in peace as in war." We are led on to the story of religion and nationality in Serbia, and are given some final words on "Serbia's Tragedy," a tragedy largely springing from the fact that she lies on the only high road between Europe and Asia. One day that tragedy will bring its own compensation, and Serbia will at last benefit by her geographical position. This clerical Serbian writer strikes a thrilling note when he writes "Serbia is now, and will be henceforth, the conscience of her enemies and friends." What, indeed, must the

theologians of Germany think, in their hearts, of the treatment of Belgium and Serbia by the Germans! Will they ever have the courage to face their own national tragedy: if not, the Soul of Germany is in greater danger than the Soul of Serbia.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Miss St. Clair Livingston and Miss Ingeborg Steen Hansen have written a book of real interest entitled "Under Three Flags: With the Red Cross in Belgium, France, and Servia" (Messrs. Macmillan, price 3s. 6d. net). The introduction contains a notable word picture of Berlin on the outbreak of war, which found the authors peacefully motoring through Germany. The news of mobilisation reached us on the outskirts of Berlin, and burst upon us, with something of its full meaning, in the Friedrich Strasse, when our road was blocked by vast numbers of students marching through the streets and shouting "Nach Paris!" These tumultuous demonstrations continued both day and night during our forced stay in Berlin. Sleep was out of the question, as, until daybreak, the city rang with trampling footsteps and the thunderous strains of "Die Wacht am Rhein" and "Deutschland, Deutschland, über Alles!" The picture recalls the Paris, depicted by Zola, of 1870, and the cry of "à Berlin!" It is a year and ten months since the German légions started for Paris, and yet they claim victory. Somehow the travellers got back to Paris. "We had never seen the French people as they really are, until those first days of the war lifted the veil from our eyes, and caused us to see deeply into their hearts." There was no shouting in Paris and no tears, no emotion. One cabdriver was in tears: his horse had been requisitioned; "he is young and strong, and can serve his country, while I am but a lump of useless clay, sixty years old!" These ladies of the Red Cross were for two months in Charleroi before and after the German occupation. We see the Germans entering: "haggard, wild-eyed civilians of every age and condition, forced to march in front of the Germans for their protection, flashed past, stumbling, falling, and fainting with fear and misery, and kicked aside to die, when they could march no longer, we rescued them as they fell bleeding from wounds, both French and German." We sincerely hope that this book will be well read in America. "With devilish purpose, the Germans had set fire to the front of all houses along the principal street. In front of the hospital we met some German soldiers wearing Red Cross armlets, who, notwithstanding our own Red Crosses, the tiny baby, and the crippled man, fired at us." The occupation of Charleroi was characteristic of the *morale* of the German army. New-born babies had to accept German names, and were registered as "Born in Charleroi, Belgium, Province of Germany." The account of Serbia is at least as vivid as that of France and Belgium, and the book is one that is certain to be widely read.

It is a pleasure to commend the very charming little volume of stories related directly or indirectly to the war, by Mrs. F. S. Boas, entitled "Comrades-in-Arms" (Messrs. Wells, Gardner, Darton & Co.) There is certainly, and rightly, a large demand for this class of story at present, provided that it contains literary charm and probability. That is certainly the case with these six stories. The first tells

us of a "failure," of a man who somehow or other, from school and Oxford days onwards, never seemed to succeed, while his brother was always successful. But "failure" had been building up character, as it always does if there is good material for failure to work on, and when the trial came, in the war at the front, the man died not a failure. "The Offering" is a charming story of London street-children, and of their essential generosity and ultimate sense of honour. The story may be only a story, but the underlying fact is true. Again, "On Strike" is to be greatly commended. There is a certain touch of a George Eliot about it.

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Dr. A. Eaglefield Hull has translated, with an introduction, M. Romain Rolland's interesting and suggestive volume on "George Frederick Handel." (Messrs. Kegan Paul, price 2s. 6d. net). Dr. Hull declares that "we have hardly yet recovered from the false position into which we have all helped to place Handel. He was never the great Church composer which has been assumed for so long. Perhaps, rather, he leaned to the pagan side of life in his art." His oratorios were, indeed, written for the theatre. M. Rolland brings an unbiassed mind to bear on the problem of Handel's genius, for the musician of Halle was never in touch with France. Born in 1685 at Halle, he died in 1759 in England, and was buried in the Abbey. He came to England, imbued with Italian and German influence, in 1710. He became a naturalised Englishman in 1726, and it was the English sentiment that gave a definite aspect to his genius. M. Rolland says that his artistic will was "mainly objective," and accommodated itself to his environment. This "superior impersonality" was "the hall-mark of Handel." His instrumental music was "a perpetual improvisation." Handel, M. Rolland concludes, "was in the robust line of Cavalli and of Gluck, but he surpassed them. Alone, Beethoven has walked in these broader paths, and followed along the road which Handel had opened."

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Here is a volume that may well be regarded as both of topical interest and a work of reference, "Shakespeare's Theater" (The Macmillan Company, price 10s. 6d. net), by Mr. Ashley H. Thorndike, Ph.D., Professor of English in Columbia University. He has "tried to survey all the information that we possess in regard to the Theater of Shakespeare." We regret that he spells theatre in a way that the Swan of Avon would have laughed at. Our knowledge of the theatre of Shakespeare's time was very limited, despite the efforts of Malone, Collier, Halliwell, Fleay, and others in the century from 1790, but in the last quarter of a century there has been a great advance of knowledge, and the book chronicles and collates in very useful fashion the mass of material now available. The analysis is very thorough. We are shown the place of Shakespeare's theatre in the history of the English stage; Shakespeare's London, "a grove of spires clustering about the great central tower (see Spire?) of St. Paul's"; the playhouses; "the physical stage," with its front and inner stage; the method of stage presentation; the Court Theatre in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, of James I., and Charles I.; the regulation of theatres; the companies; the dramatists; the actors and acting; and, lastly, the audience. It is a very full picture of a wonderful aspect of a wonderful age, and Professor Thorndike is to be congratulated on this useful piece of work and on the valuable illustrations and bibliography. To the books we may add Mr. Hubert Ord's "Shakespeare's London," reprinted from this REVIEW; a monograph that contains a map of London, showing every street, &c., named by Shakespeare.

We heartily commend to the notice of both employers and the employed Professor Frank Tillyard's book on "Industrial Law" (Messrs. A. & C. Black, Ltd., price 10s. net), based on lectures delivered in the University of Birmingham "to an audience consisting partly of undergraduates reading for the Commerce Degree, and partly of students aiming at the Social Study Diploma." It is primarily addressed to employers of labour, economists, social workers, and officials, whose duties bring them into contact with industry. At the same time, the book has been planned on a scale sufficiently ample for its use as a work of reference, and lawyers may find it useful. The range of what Professor Tillyard calls Industrial Legislation is vast, and the output enormous. Here we have the famous Common Law of Master and Servant, the Truck Acts, now ripe for amendment (followed by the recent Minimum Wage legislation), the law on employers' liability for accidents—a subject of extraordinary difficulty, a history of factory legislation, with a classification of the Factory Acts, the law as to national health and unemployment insurance, the problems of trade unions and trade or employment disputes. We have a series of appendices of the highest importance dealing, *inter alia*, with hours of work, with the Trade Boards, with workmen's compensation, the employment of women, young persons, and children, the Factory and Workshop Acts. The book is well arranged, and should be of real value; though, naturally, we have been unable to test it in elaborate detail. Law books, of course, live or die by the test of actual use and practice, but the notion of a book embracing the main branches of Industrial Law is one that is likely to have lasting results; yet we should like to have seen more use made of case law, as this plays a great part in industrial law.

We must also draw attention to the publication by Mr. John H. Greenwood of a book likely to be very useful to artisans and to those engaged in industrial problems: "A Handbook of Industrial Law: A Practical Legal Guide for Trade Union Officers and Others" (London: University of London Press, Ltd., price 3s. 6d. net). The work opens with two long, useful chapters on the law of contract, the law of torts and crimes. We are not sure that it is theoretically true to say that "contracts under seal . . . are binding without consideration." Surely the seal imports consideration; but in practice it is true if we define consideration as an equivalent or return for the thing promised. Crimes under the Defence of the Realm Act, or, indeed, the variation of the law as to industry by war legislation, do not seem to be dealt with, though it is noted in the chapter on trust and trustees that "the War Loan is, of course, an authorised investment." Mr. Greenwood gives us a chapter on the legal position of trade unions, in which the Act of 1913 is discussed; and there are chapters on securities and investments, National Health Insurance, Unemployment Insurance, and compensation in respect of industrial accidents. The book, so far as we are able to see, is a good one, and certainly it is of a really practical kind, with a useful list of cases and a moderately full index. The book is "the outcome of a number of courses of lectures on industrial law delivered at Ruskin College, Oxford, during the last five years." It was the experience gained at these lectures which showed the necessity of the chapters on contract, tort, and criminal law.